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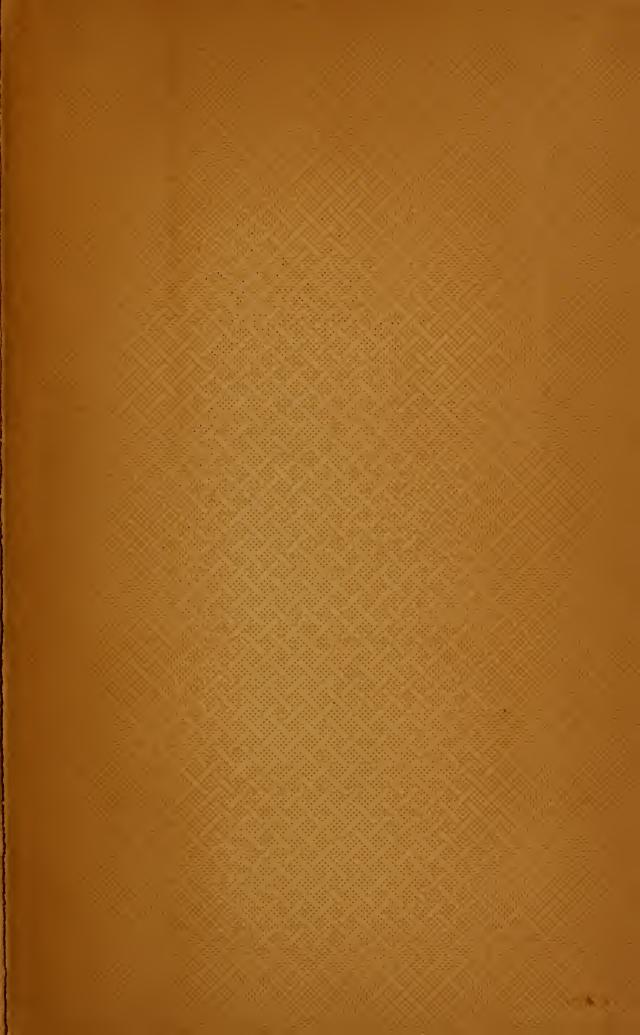
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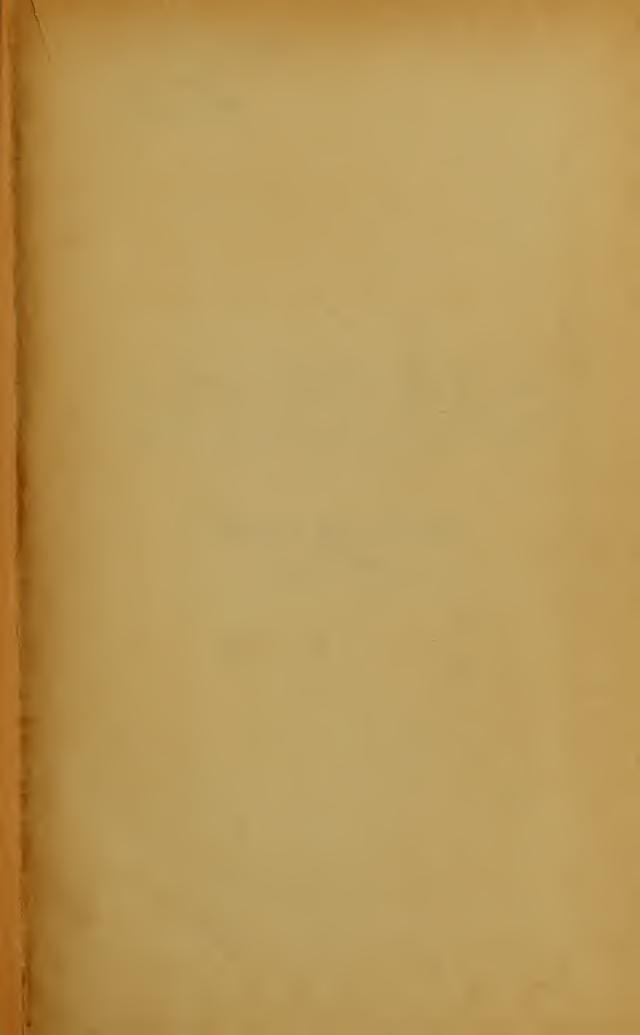
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SPLINTERS

Rogers Hall School, Lowell, Mass.

SPLINTERS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Editorial												1
A Day at Princeton												3
The Carlisle House									•			6
A Vaudeville Surprise	9										•	8
A Dream		•					•					10
Amateur Kidnappers		•			•	•	•	•	•	•	•	11
An Indian Legend	•	•				•	•	•		•		14
		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	16
	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	19
	•		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	22
Children's Page .		•		•		•	•	•	•	•	•	25
		•			•	•	•	•	•	•	•	29
		•		•		•		•	•`	•	•	49
Alumnæ Department	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	52

This year four numbers will be issued.

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SPLINTERS.

Vol. 7.

December, 1906.

No. 1.

EDITORIALS.

Another year has set in for Splinters, and, let us hope, for the honor of that magazine and all those concerned, that this year will be as prosperous a one as all those others gone before, of which a chief reminder now is the pile of modest green and white bound volumes lying on our shelves. In some cases the pile is large, in some, small; while there are some instances in which this number will be a foundation for others in the future.

Several changes have been made at Rogers Hall since last year, among these the more important are the three new recitation rooms and two practice rooms on the third floor, where once we used to dance away the Saturday evenings on our "light fantastic toes." Then there is the new "Cottage," just across the street from the East gate, which has been fitted up very attractively, where two teachers and eight of the girls have their rooms. It is a great success already, the new house, and is a popular place to visit during recreation hours. All the changes are thoroughly appreciated as making the school more complete, and so giving further opportunities for study.

Some girls like to study, some are indifferent, and some really enjoy their work; yet even these are slow to admit they are really and truly fond of studying. I don't know what the reason is: I suppose the girl is afraid, perhaps, that her friends will think her a bookworm, or the "Too bright for us" kind. But even when friends do criticize and disapprove, if the girl herself feels she is gaining anything from her work, the criticisms do not matter, and though the friends frown they admire her for her perseverance, just the same.

For those who do not happen to be as fond of the "three Rs" as the class just mentioned, there is always a great deal to

be gained from good reading. Bacon says in one of his essays, "Writing maketh an Exact Man; Conference a Ready Man; and Reading a Full Man." Some people think that a person who reads very much loses his originality, but I think that the broadened view of life and the insight into characters and conditions which we would probably never comprehend otherwise, and which make us "Full Men," compensate for any possible lack of originality in one's views and opinions.

Other people think that we start in to read a book with minds perfectly devoid of personal opinions, ready to absorb anything and everything the writer states. But that is not our purpose in reading. It is mainly to get new conceptions; whether or not we agree ultimately with the writer's views.

There never was a girl yet who did not like to feel that she had a power of her own to criticize and judge. It seems to me that everyone must have his own opinions of the questions discussed in the books selected and, therefore, it is interesting to read and find out the opinions of other people on those same subjects.

Still, how many people there are who take up reading or some other pursuit because it is the fad and because everybody else does the same. Perhaps they do not really care at all for this fad, whatever it is, but think they must pretend they do because it is the fashion of the hour. There are many of this kind who claim to be musical, for hours at a stretch they will sit through a long Symphony, trying hard to appear interested and to enjoy and appreciate it, just to keep up their reputation of having an "ear" for music. This is all sham. The reason we "go into" something should be because we like it ourselves and are interested in it, and not because others have taken it up.

In psychology we learn that every time we make a decision a tiny channel is furrowed in the brain. If we are always influenced by our friends and invariably let others make our decisions for us, how purposeless a thing our brain, without a single microscopic groove to be seen, must appear!

Above all things, let us think our own thoughts, and have our own beliefs to express when occasion offers.

Josephine Morse.

"All aboard for the Princeton Special! Eleven o'clock Section!"

It seemed as though the entire crowd in the station was making for that train and to see the Princeton-Yale football game. As usual, everyone tried to get aboard first, and I, of course, did my share of shoving and pushing, but then wasn't I going to Princeton, and certainly I neither could nor would be left behind.

At last I was on the train and glad to find that the rest of our party, whom I had entirely forgotten in the excitement, were all there looking as though they had passed through a life and death struggle. Such small matters, however, were soon forgotten, for by this time the train had pulled out, and every minute we were getting nearer the desired spot. time and train really dragged along, but I was amused for a good part of that long hour and a half, by looking about the car where almost everyone was displaying some sign of either the blue, or the orange and black, the Yale sympathizers wearing violets, and the Princeton huge yellow chrysanthemums. colleges were very equally represented, and I found myself wondering how such very attractive looking girls could consent to wear the blue on a day when they could have shown the orange and the black. However, they did, and what was more, they looked just as sure of victory as I felt.

All this helped to pass the time, and at last, after what seemed like a day, we could see the college buildings in the distance. Then it was no time at all before we were really there, shaking hands until our arms ached, all talking to the same person at the same time, repeating our questions louder and louder until we decided to walk on and be satisfied to talk to one person, for the time at least.

We went under the white arch at the station and then were right on the campus. I never saw it so attractive as on that day. The leaves were in full autumn glory, and many had fallen and were being blown about. The vines had turned to beautiful rich reds and browns, in vivid contrast to the white stone of the building. From all the building flag staffs floated huge banners of the blazing orange and black, which seemed to embody the spirit of the day, and to make our assurance of victory doubly sure.

We walked over to Witherspoon Hall where luncheon was to be served for our party in one of the boys' rooms. We were all hungry and ready to start in, but first our luncheon which had been already prepared by a caterer had to be heated again on a chafing dish. Here was a chance for the girls of the crowd (not I) who wished to appear very domestic and skilled in the art of cooking, but alas for them! After one or two almost fatal accidents, they realized that they were more useful in the audience and resigned in favor of the chaperons. proved great successes, and I am sure that none of us could have yelled so loudly had it not been for our substantial luncheon. We started for the game in the best of spirits, walking along past the two society buildings with their Grecian architecture, past historic "Old Nassau" and to the avenue-avoided by Freshmen—where the upper class Clubs are situated. These clubs take the place of Fraternities at Princeton, and are as different as possible from the cold mysterious fraternity buildings of other colleges. They are like country residences with large piazzas and lawns. We passed about six, all so attractive and artistic, and soon found ourselves at the gate of the field. Here again we had to wait because of the crowd, and every minute seemed an hour, but finally we did get in, and were ushered to our seats which were very good, on the Princeton side of course, about opposite center field.

There were still a few minutes before the game, but it was perfectly fascinating to watch the people. Across from us was the immense Yale grand stand, which looked like one mass of blue. In the center of the stand was the cheering section with all the seats filled with college men. The Princetonians were gay and festive, with orange and black in every conceivable form—flowers, badges, buttons, sleeve bands, and a new pennant came into view every time you turned your head. Our

cheering section was just opposite Yale's. Everyone was so excited, especially the cheering leaders who walked up and down in front of the grand stand, urging on first one and then another crowd of men—"Yell your loudest fellows, for you know we can help win." Then we knew that something was happening, for the Yale people were cheering, and waving pennants, hats, and everything they could. Their eleven came running on the field looking strong and sturdy, ready to put up a good fight. Of course the Princeton people cheered them too, but I fear not to victory, for it was with such a different spirit that the men of the orange and black were greeted when they came on.

Then the game began. The men on the field fought with all their might, and the cheering sections worked equally as hard. It was soon seen that the teams were very evenly matched, and only with a hard struggle could either push through the opposing line. First Yale gained five—yes, ten yards, and her sons were cheering them on with "Down the Field," when Princeton took the ball, pushed them back and gained five yards. Then rang out the deafening,

Tig! Tig! Tig! Sis! Sis! Sis!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Ah!

Princeton! Princeton! Princeton!

Another five yards were gained. But the men of blue were determined for that ball, and have it they did, and back it went over the five yard line. Neither team seemed able to hold its own long enough to make a touchdown, and they kept up this see-saw play until time was up for the first half, and the second half was started, neither side having scored. However, Yale seemed to have the advantage now, and slowly but steadily crept down toward her goal. The Princeton team still were in splendid spirit though the cheerers seemed just a little depressed. Now the ball was within ten yards of the Yale goal and surely a touchdown would be made! Their grand stand was wild, when from our Princeton cheerers rang out "Old Nassau" with more spirit than I have ever heard it given. Then came an awful silence which was followed by wild shoutings—A Princeton man had the ball and was tearing down the field! He came on

and on, until he crossed the line, gaining five yards for Princeton, and then was tripped up. They must score before time was up! Would they cross the line? Yes, they would and did. Over the line and a touchdown! Then the shouting and the silence until the goal was kicked. Then a series of "Tig! Tig! Tig." That was all the scoring done that day, for barely had they started playing again, when the whistle blew and time was up. Princeton had won the day!

Strange enough it wouldn't have been necessary for one to have seen the game to have known the victorious team. The Yale people told the whole story. Now they didn't need any banners or sleeve bands, for they showed plenty of blue,—or blueness,—right in their faces. We Princetonians walked along to our train ready for another game and another fight, and another victory.

I do feel lonely up here in this Yale country, with so few Princeton supporters, but I'm willing to wager with any of you girls that nowhere in all your Yales, Harvards, or Dartmouths will you be shown a better time than at Princeton. Wait until you try it! Then you will know! Helen B. Huffman.

THE CARLISLE HOUSE.

T

In Alexandria, Virginia, that town so rich in historical tradition, there stands the old Carlisle House, built before the Revolution and used during that time as a barrack and commander's residence. In the old days the Potomac flowed past the house, so close that one within could hear the lapping of the water against the walls.

Very little is known about the life of the commander-in-chief. Some think he was killed in a skirmish and buried here; others, that he returned to England; but there is no doubt that the

Carlisle House was the center of the social life of the county. Many and brilliant were the routs held in this old mansion: charming colonial maids and stately dames danced with scarlet coated officers, cut glass and plate gleamed upon the mahogany sideboards, the spacious rooms resounded with music and laughter. Who would think that in such a place where festivity seemed to reign that secret passages were necessary or a specter of horror lurked? Yet there were rumors of a secret passage under the Potomac, known only to the commander; also of British documents of great value, and plans of this old house, hidden in vaults down there.

Rumor had it, too, that deep down in the foundations of the house, under the water, were dungeons so small and dark that rebel prisoners lost all count of night and day, and heard no sound save an occasional whisper from the revelry above, or the lapping of the water, which seemed to try in vain to break through the masonry and claim for its own the unhappy victims within.

There was a hanging room among the dungeons, with a hole in the ceiling and one small door in the wall, each large enough to admit the body of a man. The rebels hung suspended from the hole until dead, then the door was opened and the hungry waters were satisfied for a time.

But these were only rumors, for they were no fit subjects for discussion; and if perchance there were a few curious persons who asked concerning these things, their curiosity was not satisfied, for those in authority told no tales, and no one who entered there returned, save only the executioner.

II

It is more than a century since the house was occupied and now the old place is going to ruin. The large bare rooms resound by day with footsteps of those who come to gaze and question. Bereft of all the furniture but one or two old pieces, the walls battered and stained, it gives no hint of its former splendor. At the rear of the house, where the river once flowed, are the backyards of small stores and houses. The musty, gruesome

dungeons have been opened and now admit sunlight and fresh air within their empty walls. The whole atmosphere of the place is of decay and desertion.

Yet after all these years it is not deserted, for in the small hours of the night are heard strange sounds of shutting doors, of ghostly music and laughter, and the clinking of glasses. Weird white shadows of powdered dames and beruffled lords are seen floating through the rooms—ghosts of the former inhabitants.

In the empty dungeons groans were heard so real as to lead to investigation. Some of the walls and floors when sounded were found to be hollow. Perhaps when they are opened the old documents and secret passage will be discovered!

In some of the underground rooms are mysterious boxlike projections of brick built from the corners of the wall. The keeper of the house opened one of these boxes and discovered the body of a man, nearly seven feet tall, lying there buried in his uniform. The water had washed the lime from between the bricks and preserved the body so perfectly that it was at first thought by some to be a plaster cast placed there to attract attention and obtain money. The excitement was so great that five eminent doctors from the Smithsonian Institute came to examine the figure. They pronounced it genuine! It is not known why the body was buried there instead of in consecrated ground, and the body has not been identified.

Perhaps it will prove to be the commander-in-chief himself, thus old traditions will be verified and the mystery of the Carlisle House cleared away.

FARRELL S. DURMENT.

A VAUDEVILLE SURPRISE.

Every seat in the house was taken and people were standing, two and three deep, waiting to see the wonder of the season. And very impatiently were they waiting, since they cared little for the common place jugglers, monologists, and fancy dancers, who were merely filling in the time; for when there is one star attraction the remainder of a vaudeville program is very apt to consist of second rate performances. Now there was but one act left before Serge Oberloff's daring jumping act, and the people were growing every minute more restless and were hoping that the violin soloist of whom they had never heard would finish her number quickly.

When the curtain finally rose a young girl dressed in white walked slowly to the center of the stage, carrying a violin. was greeted with little applause and this soon died away, leaving only the murmur of a few voices discussing Serge Oberloff's daring act. For a moment the girl looked around on the audience. and then, raising her violin, she commenced a sweet low melody that hushed every voice in the place. The melody grew and swelled until it reached a wonderful climax, and then it grew softer and lower, and finally died away, leaving a dream of quiet sunny fields, of white dasies, and warm summer days. And then, before the audience had recovered breath, she broke into a most beautiful nocturne that swept the audience off their feet. When the last note died away, the wildest, most enthusiastic applause broke out that shook the very building, but stopped quickly when the familiar strains of Auld Lang Syne were heard. Without much variation the simple, delightful melody rang out, but this time when the violin dropped not a sound was heard until the girl turned away, a smile on her lips, and her dreamy eyes scarcely noting the silent house. movement broke the spell and again the generous applause followed, though many were standing for another glimpse of their new favorite, and again and again the young violinist was called to the footlights.

When some minutes later Serge Oberloff appeared to perform his remarkable feats he found a partly emptied house, for the people had gone away, their "wonder" forgotten, to keep with them the memory of the innocent girl and the familiar air, whose beautiful appeal had gone straight to their hearts.

CALLA WILSON.

A DREAM.

The afternoon was almost done and the sun hung low and red in the west. Long shadows with indefinite gray edges stretched across the valley and the atmosphere was hazy and warm. All nature seemed preparing for a dream and I, too, felt the influence of the hour and the place.

It was in Southern Greece where the breezes blow in moist from the Mediterranean bringing with them spicy suggestions of far Eastern countries.

Along a road in the valley I passed. Above me loomed a hill with the last rays of the sun bathing it in a flood of light. In the valley the first gloom of the evening had settled. I sought the hill in the sunshine there to dream my dreams.

* * * * *

There came to me a radiant child, clad all in white and with a wreath of roses hung about her neck. At first when she came dancing forward in the sunlight I thought she would not stay, and so I stretched out my hands to her, and she, taking pity upon me, came, and sitting beside me on the grass, told me about herself.

"I live in the sun country where the storms never come," she said, "and all the day I am busy and happy. One person I must obey, however, and that is the great sun father who lives in the sun and rules our country and this one of yours. Love makes our obedience pleasant, and every morning when our golden chariot has rolled us to the edge of your world and the great father has bidden us all depart to spread joy and beauty among mankind, we hasten in all directions to do our best for him.

"We awaken the children who laugh at us, and plant joy in their mothers' hearts. We call the farmer to his work, and he forgets his weariness at sight of us. We visit the woods and the flowers, and, penetrating to their hearts, create their fragrance and color. "All these things we do, but only for the love of our father who is king of all beauty and kindness.

"But we have a wicked enemy who dwells here on your earth. His name is Nimbus, and because he cannot rise nor move without the will of the father he is mad with jealousy and hatred and is always plotting against us. Each day he entraps some of my sisters and brothers who have come upon errands of love. Weeks he holds them enchained until he thinks that enough are captured. Then he harnesses them and makes them carry him and his army against the father, but in vain. For with one mighty blow of the great thunder hammer Nimbus is shattered to bits and falls back to earth to be absorbed into her kindly soil, until gathering his scattered forces he again rolls forth in some river or ocean.

"And at his fall we who are freed from his harness dance away and flaunt ourselves in his face and race over the arch of heaven to tell the father that we are safe, and to men that we shall return again to gladden their hearts and to help with their harvests."

The voice ceased. I looked up to the spot where the child had been and in her place was a beautiful rainbow. This vanished and left me in darkness, for the sun was now fully set.

AMATEUR KIDNAPPERS.

One night several summers ago, six of us girls decided to paddle down to the beach and go in bathing by moonlight. Of course we had to take a chaperon, and as the canoes could only carry three people apiece, I said that I would be the one to ride down on my bicycle, as the distance was short, a mile by the side path.

It was a gorgeous evening in the last of June. The moon was just full, and the air was warm, but not too warm to prohibit our having a fire when we should reach the beach. Far

back of us rose the great hills, soft and dreamlike in the deep shadow of night. In some places the landscape became indistinct, fading away into the silvery mist. To the right, standing out boldly in relief, was a steep ravine, receding in darker and darker distance, until it seemed like one of the fabled passages to the lower world. As I rode along, all these familiar beauties seemed to cast a strange spell of fear and foreboding over me, as strange as it was inexplicable.

I arrived at the beach before the others and I noticed as I crossed the bridge, just before I reached the sand-dunes, that there were two men's wheels lying in the grass by the road, partly concealed by coats thrown over them. I was very much surprised to see them, as no wandering men ever came to "Wanasagapona." But since the beach was deserted and no one in sight, I decided that they were probably servants who had gone farther up the beach to the "Lobster House."

When the others of the party arrived in their slower canoes, we were so busy collecting drift-wood for our fire that I forgot all about the two bicycles and did not say anything to the girls about them.

After our salt plunge, we all sat around the fire telling stories, toasting marshmallows, and drying our hair. For some reason or other my hair was very long in the process, so I stayed by the fire while the others walked up the beach a little way and sat down to enjoy the moon.

I must have been half asleep, when suddenly I became conscious that someone was looking intently at me, compelling me to look up. As I fearfully raised my eyes, I encountered the fixed gaze of the most horrible looking man imaginable. His face was bloated, his eyes blood-shot, across his forehead was a long, nasty gash, and he grinned across the fire at me with an open, toothless mouth. I lay there perfectly fascinated for what seemed to me an eternity, unable to take my eyes from his face. Finally with a kick at a burning log, which had just fallen from the fire, he walked off down the beach.

As soon as I had recovered a little from my agony of fear, I went over and joined the rest of "the crowd," but said nothing about the man, as they were all very much interested in a

burglar story which Mrs. Bailey was telling. After about fifteen minutes, my sister got up to put some more wood on the fire, and as she did so, she saw down the beach a man lying on the sand and rolling over and over towards us. As long as we were sitting down we could not see him because the beach shelved very abruptly right there for about four feet.

Mrs. Bailey decided that we had better all start for home as we did not know what desperate plan the man might have in his mind, or what he might do if we remained there any longer. All those who had paddled down started over for the canoes, and I went up to the pavilion to lock our bath-house door. Just as I reached the steps, I heard sister scream, and looking around saw that "the man" was running up the beach towards the bath-houses where I was. Sister cried to me to run for all I was worth—a needless warning, for I was already doing my best. When I reached the bridge where I had left my bicycle, I glanced back an instant and saw that another man had come down from the sand-dunes and was also coming in my tracks as fast as he could.

I jumped on my wheel and had quite a head start; every few minutes I kept looking back to see if the men were gaining. They were gaining—slowly but surely gaining—what should I do? Could I keep ahead of them for the long mile until I reached home? As if the situation were not already desperate—my front tire punctured! I felt that I might as well try to pedal an ice-wagon, but I had to keep on.

How I ever managed it—to stay on that wheel and get home—is more than anyone knows. As I turned into the driveway I gave one scream which brought father to my rescue, and sent my would-be-kidnappers fleeing in their turn.

MARGUERITE WESTON.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

In an Indian village in the west there lived, many years ago, a young and beautiful Indian girl named Grey Cloud. Her father was chief of the Clatsop tribe and he loved his daughter with all his heart. The girl had many lovers but would have nothing to do with them, although her father tried by bribes and threats to make her marry the young chieftain Two Moons.

This young Indian was very jealous of Grey Cloud and spent a great part of his time spying upon her. Several times he noticed she would start out in her canoe early in the morning and would not return until evening. This naturally made him very suspicious, so one morning when he saw that Grey Cloud was making preparations to be gone all day, he confided in one of his faithful braves and made ready to follow her.

She soon was paddling down the river with steady strokes and was hardly out of sight before Two Moons had started too. After a journey of about two hours the Indians, who had kept slightly behind Grey Cloud all the way, saw that she had landed and had gone ashore. Then they, too, disembarked, and after following her tracks through the woods they heard voices, one of which they recognized as Grey Cloud's. Two Moons, telling the brave to stay behind, crept softly up and soon saw Grey Cloud in conversation with her lover, a young Indian of the Chehalis tribe, which was hostile to her own. Two Moons, mad with jealousy, called to his brave and seizing his tomahawk sprang upon the girl's lover. The young chief was soon killed, and Grey Cloud, captured and bound, was taken back to the village.

When Grey Cloud's father heard what had happened he was overcome with grief. However, he dealt just as sternly with his daughter as he would have with any other person, and she was given her choice of death or banishment for life.

Grey Cloud instantly chose banishment and, swearing revenge on Two Moons, she started off, not, however, without bidding her father a sorrowful farewell. She decided at once to go to the tribe to which her lover had belonged and without further delay paddled her canoe in that direction. The next day at almost noon she reached the village and going at once to the chief she told him her story. He took pity on her and gave her a home among his people, treating her as he would his own daughter.

Here she remained for about four years. She lived a happy contented life, except that she still mourned the death of her lover and also often wondered what had become of her old father. At last growing very restless she decided to return to her tribe and try to see her father, if only for a short time. She obtained the chief's consent, and accompanied by two Indians she started for the village where she had lived when a child. She reached her old home at night and finding a favorable hiding place she sent the two Indians to find out what had happened during her absence. Next evening they returned and reported that Grey Cloud's father had died, and that Two Moons, who now had a wife and child, had become chief. When Grey Cloud heard this she was overwhelmed with grief and decided that the time had come to avenge herself. She quickly decided upon a plan, and the next day as Two Moons was hunting and his wife was out talking to a neighbors, he quietly slipped in and taking the child, a boy about a year old, she moved silently and carefully to the canoe. Here the braves were waiting for her and they soon were far down the stream.

When they reached the village Grey Cloud immediately went to the chief and showed him her captive. The chief gave the child to her telling her to keep him and bring him up as a member of their tribe. She received him gladly and took good care of him all through his boyhood, calling him Little Heart.

Meanwhile the other village was in an uproar. The chief's child was missing and no trace of him could be found. The Indians searched for him for days and at last gave up in despair and decided he had been taken by the Great Spirit. The search stopped and matters went on in their usual way.

A number of years passed and the Indian child grew up to be a strong and active man and was one of the bravest in the village. In the mean-time there had been a long truce between the Chehalis and Clatsop tribes, but at last war was declared. Little Heart prepared for battle with the greatest zeal. It was his first fight and he was overjoyed at the prospect. The eventful day soon came and Grey Cloud watched them out of sight with a fast beating heart.

The Indians filed silently along and at last reached the enemy's village. Then with a piercing war cry they sprang forth and fell upon their foes. The fighting lasted almost all afternoon and Little Heart was in the thick of it. Time after time he lifted his tomahawk and struck down his enemies. Two Moons also fought with fierce bravery and at last came in contact with Little Heart. Fiercely the two came together and a terrible fight ensued. Finally with the last of his reserve strength, Little Heart sprang upon Two Moons and letting out a horrible scream he buried his hatchet in his father's head. Thus ended the fight, the Clatsops losing all courage at the death of their chieftain.

The Chehalis tribe then quickly hurried home where Grey Cloud anxiously awaited the result of the battle. When at last she learned how the fight had been won and of Little Heart's achievement, she was filled with triumph. At last her hopes were realized and her revenge complete. She could now live perfectly content, knowing that by her means her lover's death had been avenged.

CORNELIA COOKE.

SAPPHO.

It is really a wonderful thing to be perfectly happy; true, perfect happiness is an illusive quantity, and disappears when one least expects it; but Sappho did not know this, and could enjoy her good fortune without a thought for the future. So her brown flag waved contentedly as she trotted along, and her

wonderful eyes looked up at her master with perfect love and adoration shining from their depths.

"Pretty tired, old lady?" said the kindly voice she knew so well. "We're most there, Sappho, but it's been a hard day, hasn't it, girl?"

Sappho did not agree with him in the least, though she was too wellbred to say so. The day had been more interesting than any she had known as yet. Ever since four o'clock that morning she and her master aided by two other men, had been driving sheep along the white road, up higher and higher into the New England hills, until finally they found themselves driving their woolly charges up the side of a mountain that seemed to tower above all the rest. She was tired, but supremely happy. The keen air made her give little short barks of pure delight, to the astonishment and terror of the sheep; and then, as she came to the summit of the mountain, she raced madly 'round and 'round the three men, as if to express her approval of the scene. A small white house stood on one side of the road and on the other a huge, unpainted barn. All around stretched acre upon acre of splendid pasture land, enough to delight the soul of any farmer.

"Well, old dog," said the master's voice, "how do you like Christian Hill?"

Then he put his hands to his mouth, and sent a long "Halloo" across the fields. Out of the barn tumbled three children, who welcomed him with joy, as, "You dear, dear Daddy, I'm so pleased you've come." Then they embraced Sappho effusively and inquired, "And did the lovely doggie get tired of driving those nasty old sheep all day? And was she hungry?" Sappho responded graciously to their caresses, but kept her eyes fixed upon the master. A man was coming across the fields, a long, lean, brown man, with a homely, kindly face, and he was smiling in the most cordial manner.

"How-de-do, Mister Lowe!" he called, "you made pretty good time, didn't you? I wasn't looking for you much before eight. Shall we put these sheep into the south pasture? And so this is the new collie, isn't it? Well, old lady, how do you think you'll like it here?"

"I have to start back the first thing in the morning, William," said the master, and "I'm going to leave her here with you. Mrs. Lowe called her Sappho, but if it doesn't suit you, she's so young that you may change it. The children are only going to be here a week, so they won't have time to spoil her. And now we'll see about putting these sheep in."

The next morning when Sappho awoke from her comfortable snooze on the barn floor, one of the men was unlocking the door; Sappho greeted him kindly, and watched him with a puzzled expression while he harnessed black Dan into the democrat. Soon the other man and the master came out and climbed into the wagon, so Sappho made ready to accompany them. But William, arriving at the barn door just then, laid his hand on her collar. With a short protesting bark, she tried to wrench herself free.

"Mr. Lowe," said William, "tell her you don't wish her to follow. She doesn't understand."

The master jumped down from the democrat, and laid his hand on the dog's head. She caressed his other hand with a pink tongue, and thumped her brown flag vigorously on the ground.

"Sappho," said the big gray man in his gentlest voice, "you're to stay here with William, and learn to guard the sheep. You're not to follow the trap, but be a good girl and mind William. Goodby, old lady."

The big wondering brown eyes followed him reproachfully, and she made one more effort to accompany the wagon. But the master said, "No," so she sat down beside William, and watched the democrat disappear. Then she buried her nose between her paws and howled mournfully. William stroked her two or three times before he left her to her sorrow, and went to get breakfast for the children. Sappho looked after him, dumbly grateful to him for letting her alone.

After breakfast the children came out to offer their sympathy, and a fat black cat stood in the door eyeing her gravely. But Sappho only buried her nose deeper between her paws, and mourned in silence.

"William can make you feel better, old doggie," said the

little boy. "Do you remember, Beatrice, how William made the kitty-cat feel better? And the kitty-cat was awfully homesick, too."

"Oh, yes, doggie dear, William can make you feel all right and nice," Beatrice assured Sappho.

Then William appeared with a big plate heaped high with bones, and set it in front of Sappho. Sappho was very hungry, but did not feel that grief would allow her to eat anything, so she drew a little back from the food, and gave herself up to her grief. William whistled shrilly, and waited. Soon an old rooster poked his head 'round the door; he was followed by a portly wife, and two or three venturesome young pullets.

"Come, chick, chick, chick," said William encouragingly and a whole flock of hens came on the run. They hesitated at the sight of a strange dog, but William was there to protect them, so they grew bolder and walked up to the dish. When Sappho looked up, the hens were picking busily at the bones, just as if they thought it was their breakfast. Now Sappho had declined to eat that same breakfast, but still it was hers to dispose of as she willed; so she barked excitedly, and walked toward the plate. The hens fluttered away, cackling in amazement, and Sappho finished the bones, uninterrupted. William chuckled to himself.

"Sappho is all right, children," he said.

VIRGINIA TOWLE.

DAILY THEMES.

HALLOWE'EN AT A CONVENT.

At Catholic Convents the usual Hallowe'en festivities are concluded in a way which seems very peculiar to a Protestant. I shall never forget my first Hallowe'en in a convent. Through the evening we played all sorts of games and feasted on taffy and peanuts, but at nine o'clock we were marched to the Chapel.

When we were seated, to my great surprise I found myself

looking straight at an enormous coffin which was directly in front of the Altar and draped with heavy black crape. On each side stood a very tall candle. This was the only light in the Chapel, and the flickering of the candles threw mysterious shadows on the ghostly white Altar from the heavy carvings of the pews and arches. To add to the somber effect of the scene, we, as well as the nuns, were dressed in black with long black veils over our heads. Our object in coming to the Chapel that evening was to pray for the souls of the departed and for those soon to die. The bier was to remind us of dear ones who have gone before, as well as to signify that everyone rich or poor, black or white, must in the end travel this same road, for "Dust thou art and to dust thou must return." We sang the most doleful of hymns, and after several prayers we left the Chapel and went soberly to bed.

Although it was a short and unceremonious service it was impressive, and gave me a decidedly new conception of what All Saints' Eve really means. ELISE GARDNER.

EL SALTO GRANDE.

From the camp with its low white buildings the trail wound down and around and down again, steep and narrow all the wayhard work for the ponies. A sudden turn brought the rider to a point from which one of the most beautiful scenes in the world lay before him. Directly opposite was a clear, straight fall of water, which dropped seven hundred and forty feet from the mouth of a narrow gorge into a foaming pool. From this the river ran in an everchanging silver line far as one could see to the eastward, while the sun setting behind the mountains touched all the land with a faint ruddy tinge, making even the dirty little village, huddled near the foot of the falls look less squalid. Gazing on all this beauty one wonders whether man has a right to disfigure the landscape with a noisy Power House and to turn into electricity this dazzling leap of water, rightly named El Salto Grande. JOANNA CARR.

FROM THE BACK SEAT.

(A Monologue.)

Frank, don't you think you're driving too fast around these corners? I wish you'd go slower, for I'm sure that steering-gear is loose, and it makes me nervous. John, did your father hear what I said? Ask him what that funny bumping noise is. sounds as if it were down inside the car-no. I don't mean the engine—it's something else. No, John, it wasn't the engine, and I'm not imagining things. Don't you speak to me that way again. Tell your father to toot the horn—there's a team ahead. Well, if he saw it, why didn't he toot the horn long ago? I thought perhaps he was making so much dust he couldn't see ahead of him. Frank, I think the gasoline tank leaks. Yesterday when we met Mrs. Hall she could smell gasoline awfully, she said. I wish you'd have it fixed, it's so unpleasant for other people when you pass them. What are you going to do now? Frank, if you let that boy run the machine, I shall certainly get out. Yes, I shall; I don't care, John; I should as soon think of running the auto myself as letting you run it. I've risked my life too many times already to give you pleasure. I've let you have a pea-shooter, and a double-runner, and a gun and a football—but I absolutely refuse to sit in the machine when you run it. No, it isn't that, John, I know you can steer straight, but you'd want to go too fast, and ten miles an hour is plenty fast for me. All right, we will go in, then. I'm sure I'm willing. And the next time we go out, John, I don't want you to keep arguing with me. I haven't enjoyed the scenery at all this time, because you've kept talking every minute.

VIRGINIA TOWLE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"CONISTON."

Winston Churchill in his new novel "Coniston" writes about the period just succeeding that which he describes in "The Crisis." As a politician and an author, he is well able to tell of the life of a political "boss" in the State of New Hampshire, where he has recently run for the gubernatorial nomination. His character of Jethro Bass is said to have its original in a man by the name of Ruell Durkee, once the "boss" of that state and not yet forgotten by those who knew him. Indeed, his friends say that Mr. Churchill does him a great injustice; that he was by no means so uneducated as he is pictured, and that he gained his power honestly.

In "Coniston" Jethro Bass is represented as the uneducated son of a tanner, brought up in the small New Hampshire village the name of which forms the title of the book. He loses Cynthia Ware, the parson's daughter, whom he really loves, because he will not give up the wrongfully gained political power which he had just acquired. After her marriage he devotes himself entirely to becoming the "boss" of the state, and, when he first sees little Cynthia Wetherell and is adopted by her as "Uncle Jethro," he is the most powerful and most feared man in New Hampshire. On the death of Mr. Wetherell, Jethro becomes Cynthy's guardian, as her mother had died several years before. and keeps her with him until she is about eighteen years old, when he sends her to a fashionable Boston school so that she may "become a lady." While there she renews an acquaintance, begun when she was very small, with Bob Worthington, the son of a former lover of her mother's, who has since become very wealthy through his mills but who is a thoroughly unscrupulous man. Bob is a direct contrast in character to his father.

When Cynthia learns, through a newspaper attack on Jethro, how he has obtained the money with which he is supporting her, she goes immediately to Coniston to find out the truth.

Jethro is unable to deny the accusations, but promises Cynthia to give up politics entirely. Though she still loves him, she feels that she cannot any longer be dependent upon him, and, refusing Worthington's offer of marriage because his father's consent cannot be obtained, she becomes a school teacher in a nearby town. When Worthington comes back from a western trip he has her removed, and by so doing rouses Jethro, who had kept his promise and was considered politically dead, to take the field again. Finally Jethro tells Worthington that his "price" is the latter's consent to Bob's marriage with Cynthia. We are all glad that Jethro lives to enjoy the happiness of Bob and Cynthia, as a reward for his sacrifice of power.

The illustrations by Florence Schoville Shinn are pen and ink sketches, well in keeping with the characters of the book. Particularly is this true of Jethro's friends and constituents, old country politicians with their stove-pipe hats, swallow-tailed coats and high cravats. We wonder how the artist is able to make her faces so expressive when she uses so few lines.

Churchill is particularly good as a portrayer of character. It is in the character of Jethro Bass and its development that we are interested even more than in the plot. One of the most interesting scenes in the story is the interview between the taciturn New England politician and President Grant, who beats Jethro at his own game, keeping silent and making the other man talk. The incident is an opportunity in Churchill's hands for a masterly sketch of the General as President, and as such still the friend of the soldiers. The chapter recalls very vividly to readers of "The Crisis" the many characteristic anecdotes of Lincoln given in the earlier book.

Churchill's style has improved in "Coniston"; he draws his characters more skillfully and the suspense is kept up until the end. The scenes between Cynthia Ware and Jethro, and later between Cynthia's daughter and Jethro, are very strong. In both he is urged to give up his dishonest methods; in the first, he has just tasted power and found it too sweet to relinquish; in the second, though his love of power is still great, his love for Cynthia is greater, and he abdicates, leaving the "Throne Room" empty.

As is the case with all of the author's books, the story is long drawn out, but, in spite of this, when we have finished reading the story of the life of Jethro Bass, we find ourselves hoping that Winston Churchill will soon write another novel.

JOANNA CARR.

PUCK OF POOK'S HILL.

By Rudyard Kipling.

Kipling's latest work is a collection of most delightful stories of English history for children. Dan and Una, two children of modern times, play on Pook's Hill, and one day they meet Puck, who promises to introduce to them all the fairies that are left in England. After that, when they come to the hill to play, they meet each time a fairy, or a person who lived centuries ago, and who tells them his story.

Sir Richard Dalyngridge tells them of his wild life on the seas when William the Conqueror was fighting for England, and of "Weland's Sword," wrought by the god Weland for Hugh the Monk, that had runes engraved upon it, and that sang a battle song when a fight was impending.

Next the children meet Parnesius in his shining armor, and hear of the days when Rome ruled Britain, and of the life on the Great Wall protecting the Roman dominion against the fierce savages of the North.

One rainy day in the barn, they find Hal o' the Draft perched on the rafters, and he tells them about his life.

There are many other tales of different periods in history, and they help to fix the great important events in children's minds. Kipling is an adept at pleasing children, and never neglects to ask the questions a child longs to know, as "What did you have to eat?"

The pictures of the life are so perfect that we feel the spirit of the time and wish that we, too, might have sailed the South seas with Witta, spending the long sunny days in counting the gold of the cannibals and throwing the dust up into the sunlight. The parrot swinging on his ring and screeching at the sailors, the Roman soldier on his first march, and the bee-boy who is not quite right in his head, become old friends, and it is with a feeling very like regret that we close the book and know that pirates no longer sail the seas and that fairies left Britian centuries ago.

Margaret Blanchard.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

THE GOOBERGOO AND THE KANTAN.

The Kantan was tired. He stretched his long, angular body on the leafy couch where he was lying and yawned. With a deep sigh he turned to the Goobergoo and said:

"Why must children be bad, anyway? Here I've been out since morning punishing naughty children. The first one was a little girl who wouldn't get dressed, so her nurse sent for me. Then I was summoned in haste by a distressed mother whose little son refused to eat his oatmeal. My! how he yelled when I pinched him!" And the Kantan laughed heartily at the recollection.

The Goobergoo shuddered. "My dear cousin," he said, "how can you find pleasure in giving pain? I, too, am tired, but I have a delightful feeling of sweet duties sweetly done. I have taken many pounds of candy to good little children, and when I gave it to them, I gave them each a kiss!" The Goobergoo was a fat little fellow, and when he said this he smiled so that his eyes quite disappeared behind his rolling cheeks.

"How can you!" said the Kantan.

Just then the telephone bell rang loudly. The Goobergoo took down the receiver, and after a few minutes he said, "This is for you, cousin. A bad little boy won't go to sleep, and his mother wants you to come and make him." The Kantan forgot his fatigue and sprang from the tree with a cry of joy.

The Goobergoo watched him till he was out of sight. Then, with a sigh at the perversity of his relative, he turned to the manufacture of bonbons for the reward of the virtuous on the morrow.

ALICE WESTON CONE.

AN AUTOMOBILE EXPERIENCE.

One day as we were riding in the auto we saw quite a number of cows ahead of us.

My cousin was driving the machine, and, as we neared them, father told him to be careful, but he was not; and just as we came to the last cow, one of the tires burst, and we knocked the cow head over heels. The owner was very angry and wanted to fight, but my father gave the man his address and told him that if any damage had been done he would pay for it.

We did not hear anything from the owner of the cow for about two weeks. Then he said that she had had nervous prostration, and he charged father quite a sum for her doctor's bills.

ELEANOR HUSE.

THE SCHOOL BELL.

Our lives are governed by a little bell,
Which weaves around our days a spell,
And holds us in its brazen thrall.
We answer to its beck and call.
It rings before the morning light,
It bids to us a fond good-night.
It rings us in, it rings us out,
It rings to all in school, no doubt.
It rings to call us to our meals,
All times of day and night it peals.
But Hark! I hear it ringing now,
And so, my friends, if you'll allow,
And if my Muse will let me be,
I'll turn to my Geometree.

HAZELLE SLEEPER AND ALICE CONE.

A ROYAL EXPERIENCE.

Some years ago my friend Margaret White and her mother were in Greece for a month. They were walking by the Royal Gardens one day, when, seeing the gate open, they went in. They had not gone far when they were accosted by a young Greek, who asked, in evident surprise, how they happened to get into the Garden. On learning that they were Americans he became very courteous, and the three had quite a conversation, after which the Greek said he should be delighted to show the Gardens to them, so he took them and showed them all the places of interest.

Till six o'clock they stayed, and then he escorted them to the gate, and the ladies noticed for the first time that everybody bowed low to him. When outside, Mrs. White asked a friend who the young man was that had escorted them about. The friend replied, "That was the King of Greece."

Margaret has been to many places since, and has seen many interesting things, but nothing has ever made quite such an impression on her as her adventure with the King of Greece.

ALICE T. BILLINGS.

BRAVE BESSIE.

Bessie was a little girl eight years old, who lived in the Rocky Mountains about the year 1850. At that time there were many Indians in the country, and there were continual battles between them and the white people.

Bessie was the only child of one of the head men of the settlement. She had a burro on which she often rode.

One day as she was taking a ride on Bunny, that was the burro's name, she thought she saw Indians who looked as if they were getting ready to fight. As she was on a mountain, it was very easy to see into the valley below where the Indians were. Bessie was only eight, but she was very bright for that age, and she guessed readily that they were going to make an

attack on the settlement where she lived with her family.

Bessie rode home quickly to tell the settlers of the Indians she had seen in the valley, and they had just time enough to prepare for their defence when the Indians reached the settlement.

Little Bessie was given a gold dollar for her bravery, which seemed a big sum to her, as she was poor.

ALICE McEvoy.

THE TALE OF A CLOCK.

"Yes, indeed, I love my clock," said Gerry gayly, as she surveyed the bulky parcels in her arms. "You know, it always keeps such perfectly great time that I couldn't bear to give it up, so I kept it till the frame lost all its legs, and then I had a new one put on. I just got it down town this morning. Come up and see it."

Was it possible that the clock remarked "Hum" in a very tick-tocky voice?

Three days had passed when I again called on Gerry. I found her standing by her desk, holding the old clock in its dainty hand-painted frame, and addressing it thus, "Why don't you go? Here I have given you the benefit of more advantages than any clock ever had before, and still you act like a baby."

Then, as she spied me, "Hello, Dot, sit down a minute till I wind this up, and I'll come with you."

As she spoke, she gave the clock a shake just hard enough to make her loosen her grasp on the frame and to let it fall to the floor, where it lay shivered into a hundred bits.

"There's six dollars gone," remarked Gerry savagely, as she scowled at the mess. "Well, back you go into your old frame, legs or no legs." And she popped it into the scarred and battered gilt case that lay on her desk.

Then, with a twitch, she held it up to her ear. "Well, of all things, Dot," she exclaimed, "it's going, just as it used to!" and Gerry glared at the clock, half angrily, half delightedly.

Then she seized me, "Come quick, Dot!" she almost

screamed, "if we stay here it will get scared and stop again," and she dragged me, reluctant, from the room.

Was it possible that the clock remarked "Hum" in a very tick-tocky voice? HAZELLE SLEEPER.

SCHOOL NEWS.

MISS ANNABLE'S WEDDING.

Miss Annable's wedding was on the evening of the twenty-first of September, and fortunately for me I lived near enough to go. The wedding was in the Unitarian Church at Belmont, which was decorated very artistically with palms and ferns. The wedding was at eight, but nearly all the guests arrived early. Promptly at eight the bridal party came in to the church, the bridesmaid first, then Miss Annable on her mother's arm; the two ministers and Mr. Trefethen came in from a side door and met Miss Annable at the pulpit. The service was short and simple but very impressive. There was no reception after the ceremony, and Mr. and Mrs. Trefethen went directly home to Waverly, where they remained until they started for Seattle, Washington, where they now are living at "The Lincoln."

THE DANCE FOR THE NEW GIRLS.

School opened Wednesday, October third, and the following Saturday evening the old girls gave a delightful dance for the new ones in the gymnasium.

Each old girl invited one or more girls to go with her. It was a rainy, homesick night, but nobody had any time for thoughts of home as dancing began at eight o'clock and we

were very much excited. Every girl wore her name and place of residence pinned on her blouse, an arrangement that made it very easy to find one's partners. Certainly every possible thing was done to give us a good time, and I am sure there was not a girl among us who did not have a jolly evening, thanks to the beautiful hospitality of the old girls. There certainly never will be girls who will make better hostesses than they did that Saturday night. They were so cordial that before the dance was half over we felt as if we had known them all our lives instead of for three days.

Light refreshments were served at nine o'clock, after which we danced until ten, when we said good night to Mrs. Underhill and to the girls who were all so perfectly lovely to us.

That first Saturday evening will be among our pleasantest recollections of Rogers Hall, as it showed us the true spirit of the school.

ELISE GARDNER.

THE MUSIC MASTER.

On the thirteenth of October excitement reigned throughout the school, for we girls were to take our first trip to Boston. At last we were to see David Warfield in "The Music Master." We had heard so often how sad it was that we all went supplied with numerous handkerchiefs—and most of them were used. Although the play is very pathetic, it is lightened by many humorous incidents, and these, together with its pathos, make it one of the most popular plays ever staged. For two years it has been drawing crowded houses in New York and is now touring its third season with the same success.

The main theme of the Music Master is the life of Herr Von Barwig. On the evening of his first great success at the Symphony he had returned home, to find his wife gone off with a trusted friend, taking her baby with her. Broken hearted, he gave up his hope of renown, left Liepsic, and followed them to America to get back if possible his little girl. Though he could find no trace of them he remained in New York, living with three other musicians in a boarding house kept by a funny landlady, who had a great fondness for the song "Hiawatha."

The Music Master became very poor and at last was reduced to playing at a dime museum. To accept such a position was so terrible a blow to his pride that he kept this fact a secret from his fellow musicians.

The first act shows these musicians in the Music Master's room. They are typical Bohemians, living along as best they can and loving their art above everything. While they are practising Herr Von Barwig enters. After they have welcomed him he invites them, although he has hardly a cent in the world. to stay with him to dinner. It is served in his room with Miss Huston, the landlady, at the head of the table. How we laughed at poor August when he tried, in vain, to follow "Fico's" famous act of eating spaghetti. Here we see a few of the traits which make Herr Von Barwig so loved by all, his cheerfulness conquering all obstacles, his generosity and thoughtfulness even at a time when his means were small and his heart sick. dinner the others go, leaving him alone—then for the first time we see, behind the mask of cheerfulness, the broken heart. How we all longed to comfort him as he sat gazing at the portrait of his wife and baby. With all hope gone of ever finding the ones he loved so dearly, he sits in the deepening twilight dreaming of the happy days in Germany. He has almost determined to return to his old home when there is a knock at the door. Helen Stanton, a rich society girl, seeking a teacher for a little boy of the slums, is shown in. Courteous, as he always is, the Music Master steps forward to greet his beautiful visitor, where she stands with the light of the dying sun upon her face, when suddenly he sees in this young girl a resemblance to his wife. Forgetful of everything else, he turns and raises the curtain, that he may see her better. In the meantime she tells him her errand and he accepts her offer. Then he questions her carefully about her home and her parents, and with each answer we feel more positive that she is his daughter. His acting here is very quiet, and we hardly know how he manages to make us feel so keenly his joy at having found her at last. Before she goes he persuades her to take lessons also, that he may go daily to her home. The curtain falls as he is departing for his hated task at the museum.

In the second act we are introduced to Helen's home, with its rich and dainty furnishings, where her birthday gifts are seen spread out on the piano. Such a contrast to the plain bare room of Herr Von Barwig! Helen is taking her lesson, but as her mind is full of other things she does not play very well, and stops again and again to point out some present or to ask a question. Through it all the Music Master remains patient,showing to the audience in a hundred little ways his great love for her, though she does not notice them. As it is Helen's day at home the lesson is cut short by the arrival of some guests Since two of her friends wish to take lessons she introduces them to her teacher. Certainly the exhibition of accomplishments that these flighty young ladies had or wished to acquire was very amusing. After they leave, Herr Von Barwig goes through the rooms to see the decorations. Mr. Stanton takes this opportunity of seeing Helen alone, to tell her that she must send her teacher away. The thought takes all the joy from her day, for she has learned to love the Music Master dearly. However, when he returns she does as Stanton bade her and, though the Music Master pleads most pathetically for one more trial, Helen remains firm, confessing finally, however, that she is merely carrying out her father's order. Furious at this injustice, Herr Von Burwig requests an interview with Mr. Stanton. Having called her father, Helen departs, leaving the two men alone. Now all Herr Von Barwig's righteous indignation is shown, and all the bitterness which all these years he has held in check breaks The only fact that restrains him in the least is the realization that he could never give Helen the advantages she now enjoys. This is the strongest scene of all, and the climax of pathos is reached when Helen and her fiancé enter, and in order that he may not stand in her way of happiness, the Music Master deliberately turns from his own and goes away without revealing himself to her. I am sure all the girls' hearts ached for this unselfish father when he bravely went back alone to his dreary lodging.

However we were not left to suffer long—for after the wedding, at last driven to justice, Stanton relates to Helen enough of the truth to reveal the Music Master's secret. She

goes to his cold attic and learns the reason for the wonderful attraction Herr Von Barwig had for her from the first. That meeting of father and daughter is too sacred and shows too great a depth of feeling for mere words to describe. In the end the Music Master returns to Germany, not alone as he had planned, but with those whom he would never lose again.

David Warfield is perfect as "The Music Master." Never throughout the play do we think of him as the actor, but always as the gentle, courteous Herr Von Barwig whose smile and thoughtfulness win the love of everyone who knows him, from the freaks in the museum to Helen's friends. He is supported by a very strong cast: Marie Bates, whose rôle as Miss Huston the landlady is difficult, impersonates the character perfectly. Who can help laughing even in the saddest scenes when her melodious voice is raised in the strains of Hiawatha. And yet we sympathize with her when with tears in her eyes, but the same tune on her lips, she turns from bidding the Music Master farewell.

Ruth McCracken.

ELECTION.

The school elections for self-government officers always excite great interest, as we all realize the importance of choosing the right girl for each position. Much thinking and talking is done beforehand and the qualifications of each girl for the various offices are carefully considered so that the election itself goes off quite smoothly and is often almost unanimous. This year the elections were held on the evening of October nineteenth, with the following results:

	HALL	HOUSE	COTTAGE
President	M. Roesing	G. Heath	D. Mercer
Vice-President	G. Moore	R. McCracken	M. McBean
Sec. and Treas.	M. Beach	A. Newhall	H. Huffman
Counsellors	R. Heath J. Morse	M. Weston	
	J. Morse	R. Sprague	
Entertainment	C. Cooke,	D. Downer,	
Committee	Chairman	Chairman	
	E. Gardner	M. Pierce	
	S. Fleer	E. Cushing.	
		Beatri	CE LYFORD.

AN AUTUMN DRIVE.

One day in the latter part of October when the trees had decked themselves in their brightest colors for the autumn, Dr. Sparks drove over and invited several of us to go for a dragride. After we left the car-line, the country road stretched straight before us flanked by yellow autumn fields interspersed with farm houses and groups of trees, scarlet and golden where the sun shone through them. We passed by the village of Tewksbury and then turned down another road where the scene changed. Instead of flat fields, on one hand we saw Catamount Hill and on the other a part of the Merrimack valley, beyond which stretched the hazy outline of innumerable hills. This road was edged with apple trees, and many were the frantic efforts to get some of the fruit which hung red and tempting just beyond our reach.

We passed the Hood farm and then turned homeward. Many groans were heard when the Hall was seen, for it meant that our delightful drive was at an end and that the next hour and a half must be devoted to study, which we all pretend to dislike more, perhaps, than we really do. Marjorie McBean.

HALLOWE'EN.

There have been so many successful Hallowe'en entertainments at Rogers Hall in previous years, that it seemed rather difficult this year to think of something original to do, but when a "Vaudeville" was proposed the idea was hailed with great delight. Accordingly on Saturday evening, October the twenty-seventh, all the girls met in the "Gym," arrayed in wonderful costumes. It was a queer medley, for one might have seen in a group laughing and conversing together, clowns and society girls, country bumpkins and demure Japanese maidens, ballet dancers and prim New England dames and spinsters.

Suddenly there was a hush, and familiar strains of music were heard, as the Florodora Sextet appeared on the "stage."

It was a fascinating and clever reproduction and one could easily imagine oneself at the theatre, for never did chorus girls flirt more easily and gracefully than the "Pretty Maidens." Very attractively attired were they, the girls in long white dresses with black trimmings and accessories—sashes, hats, boas and long gloves; the men in white flannel trousers, dark coats, and white felt hats turned up in front, while two of them were boasting pipes. "Oh, Tell Me Pretty Maiden" was sung so effectively, it was evident that all of the chorus had had much practice in the gentle art of flirting.

Following Florodora came the "Distinguished McGibbons Family" noted for their wonderful accomplishments: Margaret Blanchard as Mrs. McGibbons was perfectly splendid, and much credit is due her for making up her dialect speech on the spur of the moment. Frances Billings in her "star" act on the piano was especially enjoyed, as was also the McGibbons baby, Geraldine Simonds; and the twins, "Dummy" and "Mamma's Boy," certainly deserve honorable mention.

Natalie Conant's French Ballet was the third event and the intricate steps of the dance were very successfully and gracefully performed.

One of the prettiest and most effective events was the "Japanese Love Song," in which were Cornelia Cooke, Gladys Lawrence, Mildred Moses, Eleanor Huston, and Johanna Carr. The five little Japs came mincing in, in silk kimonas, little sandals, their hair piled high on their heads and gorgeously ornamented, their eyebrows well arched, the inevitable fan in their hands, and to all appearances each a model maid from the land of the chrysanthemums. They squatted down on the floor, then sang their little song, flirting assiduously the while, and forming a striking and picturesque scene.

"Hogarth and Gardner" were very good at impersonating two country girls—"Sally" and "Clorindy." Clorindy was especially funny, turning everything that Sally said into some sort of fun, and was capital at making jokes.

The "So Long Mary" chorus followed, making in their spiffy, up-to-date costumes a striking contrast to our country cousins. In this scene Marian Chandler starred as "Mary" and

did the weeping act to perfection, so that no one could believe it was the bright-eyed Marian suddenly become so sad.

Next on the program was the Highland Fling, danced so well by Anna Newhall. Her costume was truly that of a Scottish Highlander, and her dance was enjoyed by all.

A jingling of bells was soon heard and in came the two Heath jokers, Ruth and Grace, who amused the audience with their clever witticisms and characteristically enthusiastic gestures, "taking off" the various girls so that each recognized herself as in a mirror.

"Waltz Me Around Again, Willie" was the ninth event, in which Stella Fleer and I sang the verses—she taking the part of "Willie Fitzgibbons," and "Willie De Vere," and I of "Madeline Mooney." The chorus was sung by six other girls, while Stella and I endeavored to make ourselves foolish. Whether we succeeded or not in so unusual a role I will let others decide.

Eugenia Meigs, Marjorie Fish, and Helen Nesmith came next arrayed in wonderful baggy trousers, white, with generous red spots scattered over them, and a sign attached to the seat,—such as "Use Pear's Soap." These "clowns" performed their antics, then went out leaving the stage clear for the wonderful "Don Adriano de Armado," the Spanish magician, who performed wonders with a hair plucked from his short, curly mustache, balancing himself on it and walking across a dizzy abyss, the climax being reached when he knelt on his delicate support and calmly lighted a cigarette.

Another most attractive event was "Les Charmantee's Ballet" by Dorothy Downer and Elizabeth Wilder. They were dressed in gauzy pink tarlton dresses, and resembled two fairies, they were so graceful and charming.

But what is this figure so strange and weird, which is coming towards us, bowing and quack, quack, quacking? It is called "Jimmy Ducklegs" and he certainly is a queer looking object. A coat is tied around his waist, making his legs look about six inches long, and his arms hold up a skirt on which is painted a face. A truly original and unique idea, well worth remembering.

Last of all came the "Frivolette Orchestra," whose accomplished members are: Marjorie Fox, Helen Doolittle and Ruth

Sprague, who played mandolins, and were accompanied by Calla Wilson at the piano. First they played, "Poppies," and then "Dear Rogers Hall," which we all sang to the tune of "Sweet Adaline." This was a fitting close to a program enjoyed alike by audience and performers. Afterwards we danced until ten o'clock, interrupting ourselves more than occasionally for refreshments, true Hallowe'en goodies,—cider, corn cakes, peppermints, crullers and chestnuts. The evening was altogether delightful and jolly, a success in every way, and much of the credit is due, I am sure, to our Hall President, Marguerite Roesing, who was chief manager of the Hallowe'en celebration.

The program was as follows:

- I. Florodora Sextet.
- II. The McGibbons Family.
- III. Mlle. Conant's French Ballet.
- IV. Japanese Love Song.
 - V. "Hogarth and Gardner."
- VI. So Long Mary Chorus.
- VII. The Highland Fling.
- VIII. The Heath Jokers.
 - IX. Waltz Me Around Again, Willie.
 - X. Clowns.
 - XI. The Spanish Magician.
- XII. Les Charmantee's Ballet.
- XIII. Jimmy Ducklegs.
- XIV. Frivolette Orchestra.

BEATRICE LYFORD.

PETER PAN.

There is no actress on our American stage who could possibly have taken the part of Peter Pan so well as Miss Maude Adams. All our actresses have grace, and a great many have a fascinating manner, but Miss Adams has the greatest thing of all,—simplicity with charm.

The role is a hard one. A grown woman with a mind fully matured has to forget that she is "grown up," has to forget that there are troubles and worries in the world, and has to change herself into a happy, care-free little child.

A child is simple, unaffected, and natural, and Peter Pan is all of these. He is a little boy who doesn't want to grow up. He lives among the fairies and is the captain of a band of little boys who had "fallen out of their perambulators when their nurses weren't looking."

Miss Adams, or rather let us call her Peter Pan, has a sweet, musical voice.

An ordinary person might say the beautiful things which Peter says and they would sound—ordinary. But let Peter say an ordinary thing and it would become music. What wonderful music, then, when he gives expression to the lovely thoughts of Barrie's little boy from Never Never Never Land.

This is one of his pretty thoughts: Mrs. Darling said that she thought the fairies were all dead.

"Oh, no,—no!" Peter pitied her ignorance. "There are always a lot of young ones, because, you see, when a new baby laughs for the first time, a new fairy is born, and, as there are always new babies, there are always new fairies. They live in birds' nests in the tops of trees, and the white ones are girls, and the blue ones are boys, and the mauve ones are just dear little sillies that are not sure what they are."

Wendy is a dear little soul who does her best to be motherly. Never for a minute, from the time when she sews on Peter's shadow until she is leaving him and warns him to "be sure and remember not to bite his finger nails," does her motherliness leave her. She is a real little girl trying to affect a grown up, motherly air.

A child never thinks that his mother will worry when he doesn't come home at a specified time, and so little Liza, when she wrote the play, didn't let the mother worry much, and that is the reason that Mrs. Darling didn't seem real. At least that is the explanation I want to make for Mrs. Darling's lack of real motherly anxiety.

Mr. Darling, however, was the typical English husband, petted and spoiled by his wife, and feared by his children. He was very laughable when carried on the stage in Nana's kennel and assured by his wife that he really liked it, as he had been put on a pictorial postal-card, had received no fewer than twelve autograph-books, six invitations to dinner from leaders of society, begging him to come in the kennel; and because, too, the daily papers had asked him to write up their football news. Mr. Ernest Lawford, who took the part of Mr. Darling, also took the part of Captain Hook.

In a child's mind, goblins and monsters are just as real as fairies. So little Liza in her play has an awful band of pirates with a leader, Captain Hook, who is a sworn enemy to Peter. Hook is a dreadful creature with glaring eyes, a greenish skin, and a huge hook for a hand. He is afraid of nothing and of nobody, but a tremendous crocodile who chases him over land and seato eat him up.

Both the crocodile and the lion are touches to the play from a childish pen. The lion stays just long enough to have his tail pulled off, which is later taken home to Nana. Dear, faithful old Nana, the children's devoted slave and nurse! Her devotion is undying, and even when the children are gone, she remembers to hang out their little night clothes.

The last act of the play is a very beautiful one—too beautiful to have such a commonplace thing in it as Peter's little house. As he stood in the doorway waving a friendly good-bye to all who believed in fairies, I felt as though he were waving me away from him, away from the sweet beliefs of childhood, into the world, which hasn't half as much to it, the world of grown ups.

I think that James T. Montague in his Ode to Peter Pan, describes one's feelings toward the little boy from Never, Never Land better than anything else I have read.

"Oh, little, wistful fellow, reaching out a slender hand Beyond the rainbow bridge that leads to Never, Never Land, What magic drink have you distilled from morning meadow dew, To keep old vandal Father Time from laying hand on you? How often must you mix the charm, and from a buttercup Sip secretly, to hold you safe from ever growing up? "Oh, wonderful philosopher, how was it that you knew
That all the shadowy fairy folk were really, really true?
Who told you that in Grown-Up Land the things we call affairs
Are only trifling vanities, or hard and sordid cares?
Who made you want to stay a boy? Who taught you that sad
truth

That one goes on a weary road who travels forth from Youth?

"Oh, little, loving minister of simple childish joys, Worth more than all the lesson books to little girls and boys! The knowledge that is treasured most in wonder-loving hearts No dog-eared primer pictures forth, no pedagogue imparts. And many a child would never learn that fairy tales are true In all their dull and prosy lives, unless they learned from you.

"Oh, welcome, little wizard! How you wave the years away, And take us Grown-Ups back again to golden yesterday! A web of half forgotten dreams before our eyes you weave, And we behold your fairy friends; behold them and believe! Again their whispering in the trees we hear and understand, Again we walk the rose-strewn road through Never, Never Land."

DOROTHY R. MERCER.

THE HALL SUPPER.

The first Hall supper was given Sunday evening, November the fourth. Four chafing dishes were used, which were presided over by the committee who cooked the creamed chicken with great éclat. The supper was somewhat delayed as the chicken refused to cook, and so when the girls appeared they were ravenously hungry. Potato chips, olives, sandwiches, and all such good things vanished in a marvelous manner. At last the girls dispersed, appetites appeased, leaving five girls happy over the prospect of showing their wonderful skill (?) in dishwashing.

Cornelia Cooke.

THE HOUSE SUPPER.

At about six o'clock Sunday evening, November the fourth, a faint tinkle of the doorbell—Eleanor Cushing not being able to find anything better—was heard proclaiming that our first House supper was ready to be served.

Eleanor, with her usual daintiness of manner, served the chicken salad with great liberality. Lettuce and peanut butter sandwiches, olives and hot chocolate were also found in great abundance. For dessert we had a large plate of grapes.

The "æsthetic" committee set to work amid many protests, but when they once got started they made water and dish towels fly in all directions.

All of us had a most enjoyable evening, and the members of the entertainment committee are to be congratulated on the success of their first undertaking, and I am sure we all wish for many more evenings like this one.

MILDRED MOSES.

THE COTTAGE SUPPER.

The first Cottage supper-let us hope not the last-was given Sunday evening, November fourth. The knowledge that our entertainment committee was spending part of the afternoon preparing the repast caused us to gaze more than once with anxious eyes at the clock. At six o'clock six hungry people hurried into the kitchen, where we were invited to take seats on the floor, as the position most typifying the informality of the occasion. We found our president attired in a sewing apron, looking flushed and anxious, bending over some creamed chicken. which was sizzling in an alarming manner, but which, in its final form, fulfilled our high expectations. Indeed, the whole supper was delicious, and we appreciated it all the more because of the intellectual conversation accompanying the feast. After we had finished eating the two Virginias disposed of the dishes, much aided by advice from us all. Then we gathered in our cozy sitting-room for prayers. HELEN L. FAULDS.

THE ANDOVER AND EXETER FOOTBALL GAME.

"Which are you for? Andover or Exeter?"

"Exeter, of course. Can't you tell by my red suit and squirrel furs?"

This was the most important question among the girls on Saturday, November the tenth, for that was the day we went to the annual football game between Andover and Exeter. Each academy had its share of supporters and all were equally loyal.

We took the train that leaves the Lowell Station at twelvefour and arrived in Andover in plenty of time to pay a visit to a drug store where many of the girls burned their tongues on hot chocolate and others purchased souvenirs to send away to their friends. It was quite a long walk to the ball field, but we all enjoyed it as a great crowd was going in the same direction.

We arrived at the field in good season, and had no sooner settled ourselves comfortably than a band was heard. Immediately the girls grew interested and all eyes turned towards the gate. Soon the Andover boys came marching in, with the band in front playing "Old P. A." and all the boys singing it. The girls whose sympathies were with Andover grew more and more excited, for the boys certainly did look well marching around the field. It seemed as though they never would stop coming, for they came running in by scores and joining the procession. Exeter did not make as good a show for they had no band and simply marched in and took their seats.

Soon each team appeared on the field and each was cheered heartily. Our seats were on the Andover side and we could see the game very well. At first it was hard to tell which had the better team, for they played equally well. Neither side scored until about ten minutes before the first half was over, and then Andover made a touchdown, and a goal was easily kicked, making the score 6-o.

In the second half Exeter seemed on the point of making a touchdown, but Andover proved too strong for them and each time held them down. Much to the disappointment of the Exonians time was called before they could score, thus ending the game with a victory for Andover.

We had about an hour and a half to wait before our train came, but time passed quickly. There was a great crowd down at the station, and much to our surprise there was no excitement at all, but we soon found out the reason. One of the Andover students had accidentally shot and killed a fellow student, a member of the team, that morning, and there was to be no celebration of any kind.

We were all more or less tired when we arrived home, but we had all had a fine time. The weather had been ideal—neither too warm nor too cold, thus making the game all the more enjoyable, and we shall all, I am sure, remember November the tenth with much pleasure.

MILDRED Moses.

THE HARVARD-CARLISLE GAME.

The crowd at the football game between Harvard and Carlisle was much larger than usual this year. The Stadium has always been well filled, but this year the Harvard Athletic Association found it necessary to put up wooden seats, and even then hundreds were turned away at the gates.

Instead of each squad entering separately, as in previous years, they now join in front of the Locker Building and trot onto the field together, so when the spectators saw the thirty-odd men in their crimson and orange sweaters appear, a shout arose, and after a five minute "warm up" the game began. After this there was very little cheering, for Carlisle sent no cheering section and it would not have been college etiquette for Harvard to have volleyed all her songs and slogans at her opponents when they could not return them.

The reform football is far more interesting than the old game, as the play is open, there is much more punting, and the whole game is cleaner.

The Redmen were quick and light, but they of the crimson sweaters even more so. Yet, when it came to making a line to break through, the Indians found them extremely heavy and powerful.

Captain Foster of Harvard, who makes particularly good runs, did not play on account of an injured knee, otherwise it is probable that the Cambridge team would have run up a far larger score. As it was, though, when the game finished with a score of 5-o, the Indians not having scored on their opponents, every one was perfectly satisfied.

It seemed to me, trying to catch an early train, that the cars going in town were more crowded and delayed than ever. I finally did get a train, some hour and a half later than the one I had intended to take, "Via Western Division," (possibly some of you know the wonders of that road,) and arrived at school late, but joyful to think that Harvard had beaten Carlisle's wonderful team.

Eleanor Stockbridge Cushing.

THE READING BY MRS. RICHARDS.

On Monday afternoon, the twelfth of November, about forty of the Rogers Hall girls went to hear a lecture at the Woman's Club in Colonial Hall by Mrs. Laura E. Richards. After we had been seated a very few minutes, Mrs. Richards was introduced by the chairman of the club.

I think that everyone of us at some time or other must have read at least a few of Mrs. Richards' books, and had formed some idea of what she would be like; but I must confess I did not find her at all as I had pictured her. What we saw was a slender, rather bent-over, little woman, somewhat past middleage. Her face was one of the sweetest I have ever seen, and its sweetness was accenuated by her snow-white hair. Altogether, she seemed very motherly and gentle, and I think it would make anyone feel better and pleasanter just to look at her. Certainly no one could be long cross or disagreeable in her presence.

But to return to the lecture itself. Mrs. Richards began by reading a charming but rather pathetic little story about a tramp who tried in vain to be a burglar. After this came two chapters from her delightful book, "Mrs. Tree," and she finally ended with four beautiful allegories.

I am sure that every girl was sorry when the all-too-short hour was over, and I am sure, too, that we shall all remember it as one of the pleasantest experiences of the term.

MARJORY FISH.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

On Friday evening, November sixteenth, a rather unusual incident occurred, as four birthdays were celebrated at once. This is the first time in the history of the school that four birthdays have been celebrated together. The lucky girls were Cornelia Cooke, Helen Huffman, Dorothy Downer and Helen Ramage. Each had a large birthday cake, with as many pink candles on it as she was years old. All the cakes were daintily and charmingly decorated, one with roses, one with violets, and two with carnations. After dinner we danced in the school-room, and it was an easy matter to know the birthday girls, with their arms laden with flowers.

Beatrice Lyford.

THE HARVARD-DARTMOUTH GAME.

To only three of us was granted the privilege of seeing this interesting game, and I, of the three, upheld the Green. The day was glorious for football, and everybody was in the best of spirits. Crowds left Boston for Cambridge, and every available car was pressed into service. After we left the street car the walk was a short one and seemed even shorter because we were so excited. Once my cousin and I were separated and lost in the crowd, but that seemed quite the proper thing in going to a football game, so I didn't worry, and we soon found each other without much trouble.

When we reached our seats I discovered that we were just above the Dartmouth cheering section and opposite that of Harvard. I had never seen the Stadium before and was greatly impressed with the cold, gray massiveness of the structure, already nearly filled with people. Soon after we arrived the Dartmouth team came on the field and was greeted with loud cheers from all sides, and a few minutes later appeared the Harvard men, who were also enthusiastically welcomed.

Then the battle began. Throughout the game the most noticeable characteristics of the two teams were Harvard's great weight and good running and Dartmouth's punting and ability to slip through the fingers of the opposing tackles. The first half was a great disappointment to the supporters of the Green, for Dartmouth scored but once and seemed totally unable to resist the rush of the crimson men. But it was truly a pleasure to watch the second half. Though every Dartmouth man was outweighed on the average of eight to ten pounds, and though seven of them were freshmen with no experience of big games, still they carried everything before them and scattered the Harvard team right and left. The spirit of the New Hampshire boys was up, and they gained yard after yard, punting, running, rushing, until a touchdown was finally made. Then the wild cheers, the sky rockets, the Wah! Hoo! Wah! resounding through the Stadium echoed and re-echoed. Dartmouth did not score again, but continued to outplay Harvard until time was called, with Dartmouth's ball almost at the goal.

Then there was the usual mad rush at the teams, from all sides people ran at a breakneck pace to offer either congratulations or sympathy.

And I, well, I left the Stadium feeling that, though I had witnessed a defeat for Dartmouth with a final score of 22-9, it was a glorious defeat, and that the good old fighting spirit shown in the last half must mean to the upholders of the Green quite as much as if victory had crowned their efforts.

MARJORIE F. McBEAN.

THE MUSICALE.

How much that word means to a Rogers Hall girl! All the girls are interested in music of one kind or another. Some of us are taking piano, perhaps, and then of course, we are the more interested in listening to Miss Glorvigen, or if we have violin or singing, we enjoy Mrs. Parke and Mr. Kittredge all the more. But the programme Saturday evening was so exceedingly attractive that I am sure all music lovers, whether music students or not, enjoyed every number, and our interest was increased by the presence of Mr. Manney, who played his own compositions.

One of the violin selections which seemed to be a general favorite was the Hungarian Dance by Brahms-Joachim; but when all are well rendered, it is very hard to pick out the favorites.

One of our pleasantest remembrances will be the Chopin Berceuse rendered with greatfeeling and with wonderful delicacy and sureness of touch by Miss Glorvigen. Her playing is always full of charm, for there enters into it not only unusual skill but her own rare personality, which makes her interpretation of even familiar compositions a new delight.

Of Mr. Kittredge's songs the Aria from "Eugen Onegin" was the most impassioned and difficult, and in it his dramatic power was best seen, but he was also exceedingly delight u in his French and English lyrics, which reached a splendid climax in his last selection, "I love and the World is Mine!"

Before the Musicale Mrs. Underhill, assisted by Miss Parsons, received the numerous guests of the evening. The scene was very pretty, as Mrs. Underhill had spared no pains to make the house very attractive by filling the rooms with flowers and plants. Especially beautiful were the lavender chrysanthemums that decorated the library. In the schoolroom opposite the library the blackboards had been covered with Japanese paper, and easy chairs and cushions were everywhere. This seemed to be the favorite place for the girls and their guests who were not lucky enough to have seats in the large schoolroom or dining-room. Here, too, the drawing-room ushers rested from their labors, more than one of whom had been heard asking,

earlier, in anxious tones, such questions as these: "Which name shall I say first, Miss Parsons?" "Do we escort the guests to the schoolroom ushers, Marguerite?"

After the Musicale, there was dancing for the girls and their friends. The chairs were taken out of the schoolroom and dining-room, and we danced in both rooms. Although there was only time for eight or ten dances, I think every one enjoyed those fully, and we feel very grateful to Mrs. Underhill for giving us such an extremely delightful evening.

The programme was as follows:

PROGRAMME.

Grieg	•	•	Sonata f	for Violin and Piano in G minor
			First Mo	ovement.
				. Aria from "Eugen Onegin"
Chopin				 . { Nocturne in C minor Berceuse} . Melodie Opus 25, No. 3 . Waltz in E major
Sinding				. Melodie Opus 25, No. 3
Moszkowski .				Waltz in E major
Aime Lachaume	e .			La Vie est Vaine Madrigal Timide
C Chaminade				An Pays Rlon
				(A Valediction
Cyril Scott .				A Song of London
				$ \begin{cases} A \ Valediction \\ A \ Song \ of \ London \\ A \ fterday \end{cases} $
Sarasate .				Romanza Andaluza
				Berceuse
				Hungarian Dance
Charles Fonteyr	n Man	iney	y {	The Blue Hills Far Away My Jean I Love and the World is Mine
	/D1	~		, ,1 D'

The Composer at the Piano

KATHARINE WOOD.

ATHLETICS.

A new year of athletics has opened and brought with it the usual sports and fun. Tuesdays and Fridays are looked forward to with anticipation, and exclamations of disgust are heard on all sides if the days are rainy, for that means hockey will be given up, and we shall have to play some game in the "gym." Basketball is usually played when the weather is too rainy for hockey, and though it is very popular in winter hockey is decidedly the game of the fall term.

There are several hockey stars among the new girls, who, fortunately, are divided fairly equally among the House and Hall.

In "gym" in the morning, we are learning to march like soldiers, pull chest weights and jump. Though chest weights are not a favorite exercise among us, we go through with it cheerfully as the means to a desired end—more strength for other things, jumping for instance, which every one likes; and if the beginning discloses the end, next field day ought to boast of its "high jumpers."

As usual, riding has been enjoyed by a good many of the girls, and nearly every afternoon we rush out from luncheon to see the riders start off. Some have ridden all their lives and go racing up the Park, while for others this is the first time, and they walk very slowly out of the yard, clinging tightly to the reins and ready to grab the saddle if by any chance the horse should go faster than a walk.

With riding, hockey games, and the indoor "gym" work, athletics is likely to play a very important part in our school life this year.

MOLLY BEACH.

THE FIRST HOCKEY GAME.

It was with a great deal of excitement that the girls looked forward to the first hockey game of the season on Tuesday, November thirteenth. Not for several years had the two teams seemed so evenly matched and the outcome so very uncertain, although Grace Heath, the House captain, was prevented from playing by an accident to her knee, and Anna Newhall, the House goal, was so unfortunate as to hurt her ankle on the very morning of the game.

It was a fine afternoon for the game, cold and cloudy, and by half past two the girls and teachers were assembled on the hockey field; the House sympathizers on one side waving their red ribbons and banners, and the Hall with their orange colors on the other side.

The game began with fast playing, and it was not long before the House scored a goal, a victory which was soon equaled by the Hall. Then the teams went at the game in earnest, and the ball was driven several times from one end of the field to the other. The Hall had the harder goal to defend, for there was a slight slope towards it, and the House made two more goals, ending the first half with a score of 3-1.

During the second half fine work was shown on both sides, for both were determined to do their best, the House to hold the victory and the Hall to score if possible. Every minute was exciting, and for awhile neither side could score. The ball would near one goal only to be sent back towards the centre again. There was good passing and many good shots were made. Finally the House scored again, driving the Hall to a last desperate effort by which they secured their second goal.

Then the House seemed content simply to keep down the score, for the ball stayed on their side almost until time was called, with a total score of 4-2, in favor of the House. A great deal of enthusiasm was shown in the cheering. Both House and Hall had new songs and cheers, and the old ones were eagerly taken up to try and help the teams, whether fighting for victory or against defeat. The line up was as follows:

House.		Hall.
McCracke	n, RM. Roe	sing, Capt.
Moses		Chandler
Neldon	\ Rushes \	Coursen
Weston		R. Heath
Carr	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	Beach
Fish	\(\)	Boynton
Sprague		Fleer
Downer	Full Rooks	Lyford
Faulds	Full Backs	Woodbury
,	Goal	Lawrence
	Helen T. Do	OLITTLE.

THE SECOND HOCKEY GAME.

When Tuesday morning dawned there was hardly a girl who did not look to see if the day was pleasant; and why shouldn't we be excited when it was the day of the second hockey game? Of course the Hall girls were determined to make up for their defeat the week before, and the "orange breakfast" made them all the more zealous. The House girls, however, were favored with a "red luncheon," so when the time came to play every girl went on the field in the best of spirits.

Both teams were somewhat handicapped. Two forwards on the Hall team were unable to play and the House had to put in substitutes for their bully, two forwards and a back. However, in spite of this there was some very good playing. The one fault seemed to be bunching, but the passing on both sides was very well done. It certainly was an exciting game for us all; and it was hard to tell who was the most excited, the girls playing or those looking on. At the close of the first half the score was three to nothing in favor of the Hall. Time was called, during which knees were rubbed and hairpins replaced, while those who had any voice left cheered and sang. During the second half the excitement ran higher than before. The forwards and backs kept the ball well away from the goals, and

it was with difficulty that the Hall scored a final point during this half. The game closed with a score of four to nothing in favor of the Hall.

Hall.		House.
Roesing, Captain B	ully	. Moses
Coursen]		Downer
Lawrence		Fish
Wood	wards	Nelden
Chandler		Pierce
Fleer)		Faulds
Boynton \	f Backs	Sprague
Heath, R		Carr
Doolittle \	11 Doolso	Cushing
Lyford \	ll Backs	Burns
Newton	Goal	Mercer
	Anna Ne	WHALL.

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT.

Splinters wishes she might print for you a snapshot taken last May of the class of 1906, so that you could get some idea of the new members who have joined our ranks. The Association is growing so large now-fifty-six members in five years-that most of the old girls feel that they know very little about the Rogers Hall of the present; indeed, some of them fear that they have very little place here, even in memory. This is a mistaken feeling, as every girl who comes back to visit the school soon recognizes. New girls come to take the places of the old, but they do not entirely fill the vacancies made by the loss of the old girls. Each one of us has her own niche to fill, and, although sometimes the old niches seem hidden, they are always ready for their former owners. But one way to overcome this feeling of neglect is apparent, and that is for us all to come together at least once a year. Then we shall be able to see for ourselves how much Rogers Hall needs us still, and how much our school

days really meant to us. If the girls who are interested in renewing the Alumnæ Association, and in making it something more than an indefinite union, will communicate with the Alumnæ Editor of Splinters, they may, perhaps, as the fortune lady says, "learn something to their advantage."

To return to the ten new members: at least their names and their place of habitation ought to be known to you. usual, there is among the ten a goodly proportion of aspirants for college honors, or, to be more truthful, for college life and fun. Of these five, four have chosen Smith as their Alma Mater. With these four members of the class of 1906, should be placed Alice Bailey, who was graduated from Rogers Hall last year, but who, on account of illness, could not take up her college life at that time. She and Annis Kendall room together in the Tyler House, and are very gay Freshmen. Annis has made the Freshman hockey team, and so has Opal Bracken. Opal's address is 36 Bedford Terrace. The other Freshmen from Rogers Hall, Louise Parker and Hilda Talmage, are faithful to the house to which most Rogers Hall girls have gone, the Morris. The fifth college girl, Molly Pillsbury, is at Vassar. Although she is not athletic, her friends are encouraged to know that she rooms with an athlete, for they feel that she may develop unexpectedly by force of example. Her address is Box 55, Arlington, New York.

The other five graduates are living at home this winter and taking up the duties that arise from so doing; Bessie Hayes lives in Kansas City, Mo., Grace Smith is in Rutherford, N. J., and Dorothy Wright, in Lowell. Dorothy is taking lessons in elocution. Next fall she intends to begin a course at the Sargent Gymnasium, Cambridge. Helen Foster, although she protests that she is not socially inclined, is to be a debutante in Buffalo this winter. Her address is 891 Delaware Avenue. Polly Sheley has moved to Elyria, Ohio, and is taking violin lessons at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music.

These new members are not the only ones who have been busy since Splinters was last published. Four of us have been married, and several of us have announced our intentions of following suit in the near future.

Eleanor Palmer (R. H., 1900, Radcliffe, 1904) was married on August 22nd to Mr. Alexander Richardson Magruder of Washington. Mr. & Mrs. Magruder are living at the Stuyvesant, 17 Livingston Place, New York.

Marion Needham (R. H., 1901) was married on October 17th to Mr. Frank Appleton Tarrey of Groton.

Mary Titus was married on September 12th to Mr. Harry O. French of Shortsville, N. Y.

Clara Smith (R. H., 1901) was married on November 15th to Mr. Frederick Howard Case.

The girls who were at Rogers last year will be interested to know that Madge Mariner has announced her engagement to Mr. Norman Towne of Evanston, Ill., and that Louise Cayzer also has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert James of Evanston, Ill.

The Alumnæ Association is proud of her four new stepsons: Mrs. Oakes Ames (Blanche Ames, R. H., 1895, Smith, 1899) has a son, born in May.

Mrs. Harold Bruce (Elizabeth Taylor) has a son, born in September.

Mrs. Edward Everett Palmer (Armine Marsh) has a son, born in July.

Mrs. John F. Vaughan (Ellen Batcheler, R. H., 1895, Radcliffe, 1900) has a son, born in June.

After a year of slow, delightful travelling through Europe, Helen Downer (R. H., 1905) has come back to her home in Boston.

Edna and Helen Foster spent the summer travelling in Ireland and Wales.

On the first of November, Elizabeth Bennett (R. H., 1895, Wellesley, 1900), with her mother and sister, started for Europe. They intend to stay two or three years, and this winter they will be in Hamburg. Betty's address is Baring Bros. & Company, Bishopgate Street Within, London.

In February, Elizabeth James is going to Mare Island, San Francisco, for a two months' visit. As she is to be the guest of the Commandant of the Post, she is looking forward to a very gay winter. Her address until February is 408 West 115th Street, New York.

Bessie Ludlam is spending October and November with Mrs. Izaac Harter (Bessie Farrington) in Mansfield, Ohio.

Mrs. Alexander Hobbs (Louise Allen), who has been living in Norwich, Conn, for a year, is living now in Providence, R. I. Her address is 406 Brook Street.

Mrs. William H. Fox (Maria Stevens, R. H., 1898) is living on South Willard Street in Burlington, Vt.

Polly Farrington (R. H., 1905) spent the summer in France, but returned in time to enter Miss Spence's School, New York City, in October. Her address is 26 West 55th Street.

Three of our recent Alumnæ have this year become teachers. Those of us who are still at Rogers Hall are much interested in Bernice Everett's return to Rogers as a teacher. She was graduated from Wellesley in June, and comes as instructor in Mathematics and Science.

Alice Mather, also of the class of 1906 at Wellesley, is in the Lowell Training School.

Perhaps the most expeditious of the three is Dorothy Ellingwood (R. H., 1904). Besides finishing her course at the Sargent Gymnasium, she is giving lessons in fancy dancing in Lowell, with great success.

Of the six Buffalo debutantes mentioned in "Town and Country," three are from Rogers: Louise and Alice Ramsdell, and Edna Foster. Why, we wonder, was not Helen Foster included?

Francis Dice is another 1906 debutante. She is to give her "coming-out" tea in November, assisted by Helen Watters.

To Caroline Wright is accorded the honor of being the only Rogers Hall authoress of the season. She has written the book of a comic opera, "The Sky Scrapper," to be given at Radcliffe College on December 14th and 15th. Not only is the book her work, but she also has the whole charge of training the caste.

Hilda Talmage writes from Smith: "Mildred Wilson has made quite a name for herself here in a literary way; she is a member of the Manuscript Club, the head of the English Department of the Home Culture Clubs, and has had several successful articles in the 'Smith College Monthly.'

"Dorothy Norton, R. H., 1905, Smith 1909 took the leading part in a small play at the Hubbard House, and did it excellently."

Of herself and Louise Parker, Hilda says: "Both Louise and I are trying our hardest for the basket-ball team, but as there are about three hundred Freshmen trying, it is a bit discouraging. We don't know until after Christmas whether we make it or not, unless we happen to be dropped, and that may happen any time." Hilda also is teaching a class in spelling at the Home Culture Club.

Cards are out for a tea to be given November thirtieth in Chicago by Mrs. Bernard Eckhart and Dorothy Eckhart (R. H., 1902, Vassar, 1906).



SPLINTERS

Rogers Hall School, Lowell, Mass.

SPLINTERS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Editorial												1
A Morning Walk (Ent												
The Captain's Honeyn												
A Whiff of Lavender												8
Battle of Flowers .												9
A Moorland Dream												12
Bagging Snipe												13
Grandmother's Room												15
A Gentleman Burglar												17
Daily Themes	•											18
Book Reviews												21
Children's Page .							•					25
School News												31
Athletics												46
Alumnæ Department	•	•		•	•	•		•	•	•		48

This year four numbers will be issued.

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SPLINTERS.

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February, 1907.

No. 2.

EDITORIAL.

Well, another year has begun for us, another time has come for us to begin over again, to cover ourselves with glory, and to become shining lights of Rogers Hall. We all felt a little sad to see the old year die, but with most of us that was forgotten in the hope for new and better things in the year to come. Naturally, we look forward to something better, and it is well that we do, but most unnaturally, we look for them to come from other people, from other sources than ourselves. We all wish for improvement, so at this time let us look principally to ourselves, and find some way in which we need to brace up a little.

As we have entered upon a new year we have also entered upon a new term, the one that is thought by many to be the hardest of the year. But those long faces that we see when we hear, "Eleven weeks from day after to-morrow we go home," or "Those awful examinations; think of the cramming," don't help at all. Every time your face lengthens, the term seems to lengthen with it. We may feel a little blue, after such a gay vacation, to get down to work for those detested examinations, but do let us cheer up. The examinations aren't the most awful ordeal; think of all the beautiful times that are coming with this term: the Andover concert and dance, the Mid-year dance, the Washington's Birthday vacation, and innumerable other good times that most of us wouldn't miss for anything. Think of the efforts Mrs. Underhill and Miss Parsons are putting forth for our pleasure. I am sure that we can repay them a great deal by appreciating these efforts and by having the best kind of fun ourselves, and seeing that the others do. If we think and talk as much of the pleasant as we do of the unpleasant, we all will find our minds occupied most of the time with the pleasant. Then, if you forget to talk about the time to me, and I forget to talk about it to you, we will forget to count the weeks, and spring will be here before we know it.

But by the time of the spring vacation do let us feel that we have come forward a step or two in many ways. Each girl, of course, can decide upon these ways best for herself, but let us have one common improvement: let us have a better feeling for all the girls. To be sure, we have a circle of particular friends, and to them we want to be, and are, as pleasant as any one could wish, but I am afraid that sometimes we forget that there are fifty-two girls in school, not ten or twelve. So let us make these forty other girls feel that we know they are here in school, and that we like to have them here. Don't let any one forget that she is in school.

If we feel differently toward the other girls, do let us try to talk a little less about them unless we have something kind to say. We surely would not go to the girls themselves and talk as we do behind their backs, but almost invariably they hear what we say, magnified two and three times. Of course, we cannot expect to stop immediately, but do let us think about it, and there will be some improvement, I am sure.

Splinters wants an improvement, also, but unfortunately for her, she is entirely dependent upon other people. Her real New Year has already begun, but it is not too late now for us, upon whom she is dependent, to brace up and do better by her. We all want to see Splinters improve, and be a success, and even though it is very hard to find time to think up an article, how can Splinters improve if we do not take the time? The paper belongs to all of us; if it fails, the failure belongs to all of us just as much as the success does, if it succeeds. We wont even think of a failure, but let us all work for Splinters with as much enthusiasm as for the other branches of the work.

So, let us start upon this year, each with the firm intention of doing better, and let us look first to ourselves, for, even at first glance, I am sure we all shall find room for improvement.

Helen B. Huffman.

A MORNING WALK.

Entries in Three Diaries.

OLD SPORTSMAN.

May 24, 19—. Huh! Don't think much of that walk through the Duke's grounds. There are some fairly good coverts, but, by the Lord Harry! there isn't one good place in all that land where you can raise your gun and get a good sight at a bird. It's a beastly shame those blamed "landscape gardeners," or whatever they call themselves, were allowed to putter around planting trees and spoiling all the fine flights there must have been here a while ago. There's one small lake that has a few fish in it but not enough for any sport. I'd like to show the Duke a few ways by which he could improve the whole estate and make it an old corker.

By the way, that fox skin I got last week must be taken and cured to-day. I mustn't forget it.

AMERICAN MAIDEN LADY.

May 24, 19—. Oh, I've been on the most delightful walk to-day, through the Duke of Chichester's country estate, and it is ideal! How I wished some of the poor little children, now burying their lives in the slums of New York, could see and enjoy with me the beauty of that place! I made a remark somewhat similar to this to a young Englishman whom I sat beside at dinner to-day, and he said, "Oh, rot!" (I thought him rude and very slangy but endeavored to appear not to notice it) "I bet they're having a bully good time where they are. Why should they care anything about the beauties of the scenery when they've got hurdy-gurdies to dance to and plenty of dirt to play in! I'd let the poor kids alone. These people who belong to 'Fresh Air Funds' are always deviling them by lugging

them off into the country where everything is strange and awful, from the food to the big fields and the grass, and (worst of all) the cows." He seemed very earnest and emphatic but I am very sure he is mistaken, for what child could possibly help appreciating the beautiful woods, fields, brooks, and meadows which are on the Duke's estate. Ah! What views! The placid lake nestling among the hills, and the mountains blue in the distance. There was nothing to disturb the quiet and peace of the place but an annoying little dog which persisted in following me for quite a distance. I must own I was thankful when it ran away, for, though small, I am sure it must have been very fierce to bark in such a ferocious manner.

RICH WIDOW (Touring).

May 24, 19—To-day I took a walk through the Duke's grounds. It was very long and exhausting and I was tired out when I got back and was glad to lie down before dinner.

This Inn has good food but the place isn't very stylish, I don't think. I know if Jonathan was alive he'd want me to go to a better place than this, but there doesn't seem to be any here. However, I'll have to put up with it, though I think the people here are very disagreeable and common. Just a little "ordinaire," you know. As I was starting out this morning a boy called out after me, "Oh, see the fat old lady, Jimmy." I thought him very spiteful because I'm not fat. Just plump—Jonathan always used to say I was just nice and plump.

The Duke's land is very pretty, but I must say I think his house is nothing to brag of, considering he's a Duke. After Jonathan invented those hook-and-eye fasteners we had a house about as big ourselves. I saw the house from a distance and it didn't seem very grand to me. All covered with green vines. How they do disfigure a house! Now if he'd paint those stones red instead of leaving them gray, they'd be a lot nicer looking. Well, as I've always said, even titled heads are not always tasty.

JOSEPHINE MORSE.

THE CAPTAIN'S HONEYMOON.

At one time I spent my Christmas vacation in a small New England seaport. While there I became greatly attached to an elderly retired sea pilot and his wife. Evening after evening I walked out to see them in their little yellow cottage overlooking the sea, where, after we had seated ourselves around a log fire, the captain would tell me tales of the ocean.

The captain was indeed an interesting man, well educated and versed in the ways of the world. His life had been devoted entirely to the water, but becoming terribly crippled with rheumatism from constant exposure, he was obliged to retire and finish his life's work on land. On this last evening of my vacation he told me about his singular honeymoon voyage.

"When I was nineteen years old they gave me my first vessel. Two years later I married Clara, up a piece there on the hill, in the meetin' house. We thought Boston a likely place for the honeymoon, so we let sail the next morning in the Nellie B. with six crew and a steward.

"By George! I felt mighty pert, now, I can tell you, proud as a peacock. It was one of them clear, sharp days in January, a light sou' west breeze filled our canvas, and that broad blue Atlantic seemed mighty fine to us two. It all seemed clear sailin' because, well, jolly, I guess it was 'cause we was young and kind of foolish like." (The captain gave a low chuckle.)

"It wasn't a great while before we woke up though, 'cause just as we passed Nantucket shoals we struck the worst tempest I ever seen, and one of the heaviest the Massachusetts coast's ever known. I never see such a sight as them hailstones was; they was as big as chestnuts, and traveled at, I should say, fifty miles an hour. We knew trouble was brewing, so I schooled the men for the fight which I knew we would run against.

"Every second the storm got worse, and soon it wasn't just the wind the Nellie was tusslin' with, but great chunks of ice often blocked our course. We shortened sail but, gorry, that didn't help a mite, 'cause, 'fore long every sail was split and the halyards couldn't be moved for the ice on them. "Without a whole piece of canvas we didn't stand much show. Runnin' 'fore the wind was O. K., but the rub come when we tried to round the cape. Like a flash she struck a shoal, stovin' a nasty hole in her port side. The Nellie B. was a good old craft and a staunch friend of mine. I can tell you it hurt to see her goin'. But, Pete, that weren't no time for sentiment, 'cause in a minute the cabin was afloat. She filled so fast that we couldn't save a thing.

"We was about a mile from shore and it seemed foolhardy to try to reach it with the tender, which was one mass of ice by now, but George, reach it we would. There weren't no other way to do it than swimmin' in that freezin' water and jumpin' from block to block of ice. Now we had to think and act at 'All hands desert and fight for your lives,' the same time. I yelled to my men. Then I ripped off my oiler and wrapped it around the little bride who was standing at my side, a shiverin' with the cold, but with courage flashin' in her eyes. I'll swan, she was a wonder. When I tied that life-preserver around her she never moved an eyelash. Then I strapped her best I could to my back. With a good-by to my fast-sinkin' ship, I jumped to a block of ice about ten feet away. On my hands and knees I crawled from cake to cake, urged on by the plucky little woman on my back. Once I slipped and we both went into the water. Gorry! I can feel that water now. Well, I suppose it was a short time, but it seemed eternity itself 'fore I reached shore. My limbs was perfectly numb and was working like machines, and my right hand was frozen and absolutely no use to me. I'll swan, its always been a mystery to me how land were ever reached as I had to swim a sight of a way, and I could only use one hand.

"Three of my crew and the steward was lost, but the rest was waitin' for us on the beach. We managed to start a small fire to thaw out by. Sleepin' in the snow that night weren't much fun.

"At ten bells the next day the blizzard held up. Up the beach a piece, I sighted what I thought were a ship in distress. Misery loves company, so we went toward it. It were a three-masted schooner, high and dry on a bar. I hailed

her but there weren't no answer, so we boarded her and searched for the owner. At first we couldn't find no one. Far as I could see, the craft was sound as could be, except for the heavy coatin' of ice. A lamp burned on the cabin table and a sight of provisions was in the galley. I said to myself, 'Somethin' queer or else them folks that owned her deserted when she struck, thinkin' she would pound to pieces.' Later in the day, however, stowed away in the hole, I found a young boy. George, he was worse than nothin', 'cause he was off in the head and all I could get from him was that he "loved" the sea. At six bells the tide floated us.

"To attempt to retrace our course back to port through the driftin' ice seemed kind o' like flyin' in the face o' Providence, but that weren't no time for such thought, so I came about and let her go. Pilotin' the boat at this time was a mighty responsible position, but the boy didn't know nothin' about the danger, and I knew, in that case, nothing could make him lose his head. So I lashed him to the wheel, trimmed the sheets, pointed her head towards home, and ordered him to steer due south-by-west. Gorry, but it was a tough run. We made it though. Yes, Sir, we did. And without a remaining man injured except myself,—you can see for yourself what there is left of my hand. There certainly was five thankful souls on that schooner when she come up alongside the familiar old wharf in the good old town, and I reckon I can safely say that there weren't a man ever more relieved to end his honeymoon.

"I give the ship to the government and the boy was looked after till his death. All that was many years ago," the captain said, turning towards me. "The Almighty made life pretty tough sailin' those first days, but with His help, Clara and I are ending our life in the greatest calm man or woman ever wished for. All I've got to say about it is, if you're ever married, stay home for the honeymoon."

Slowly the fire died out; the captain closed his tired eyes, then his beloved pipe fell from his mouth, a sure sign that he was dozing. I picked up the pipe and put it on the mantel; then quietly opened the door and left the cottage.

ELISE GARDNER.

A WHIFF OF LAVENDER.

A huge touring car of the latest make was standing outside of one of New York's most fashionable clubs on Fifth Avenue and was surrounded by an admiring crowd of men and women.

The person who seemed to take the most interest in the beautiful machine was a little woman who looked like a wee bunch of country flowers. Her shining, awe-struck eyes seemed like the violets which are only found in the middle of a big stretch of cool woods. Her lips, with the quick breath of wonder slightly parting them, looked like one of the half-blown roses which are associated with an old-fashioned garden. The faintest scent of lavender came from her black dress and the bonnet which she wore was trimmed with tiny lavender blossoms. In one hand she held a very much dilapidated pocket-book which she half opened as the owner of the automobile made his way through the crowd. As he passed her she put out her hand and caught his sleeve. He stopped, a frown on his face.

"Please—please," she swallowed hard and then went bravely on, "Please, I want to hire that automobile."

"It's not—" he stopped and with a smile said, "O, very well, get right in."

The crowd, open-mouthed in astonishment, saw a happyfaced little woman nestle down in the soft, heavily upholstered tonneau as the big machine with a chug-chug was out of their sight in a minute.

That afternoon was the happiest the little woman had ever spent. After going a few blocks, the kind chauffeur stopped the car and made her change her place to the seat beside him. He pointed out everything and explained everything until her head was in a whirl and she leaned back and closed her eyes. Then he made her talk of herself. She told him that she was a milliner from a little country town in the western part of the state, that she came to New York once a year for a new stock of millinery, that she only stayed for two days at a time and had never seen anything more of the city than the shops where she bought her

hats, that her sisters had begged her this time to take an "automobil" and "see the sights," and that she hoped her afternoon's extravagance wouldn't be more than a dollar.

"Where shall I leave you?" he asked, as they were returning. "Just where you found me. I know the way back then," she replied.

With a final chug-chug the huge touring car came to a stand-still once more before the fashionable club, and the little woman sprang to the sidewalk. She held out her hand with simple dignity.

"Thank you very much for explaining things so nicely," she said, "and, oh, I most forgot! How much will it be?" She opened her purse, and he looked down into the blue eyes below him, eyes which made the man say meekly, "A quarter, I guess, will be all right," instead of "Nothing."

She handed him the quarter, and with a final "Thank you very much," she turned away.

"Thank you!" the man said under his breath, "you have given me a glimpse into something sweet and pure. Thank you."

But the little woman was out of hearing and missed something which, if she had heard, would have gladdened her heart. As she passed the big policeman at the crossing, he said, "Do ye know, ma'm, who it was ye was out a-driving with? It was Vanderbilt's son-in-law, Seward Webb."

DOROTHY R. MERCER.

THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS.

Of the Mexican holidays, one of the most important is the Cinco de Mayo (May 5), commemorating the victory of the Mexicans over the French in 1862. This day is always celebrated by a review of all the national troops at the City of Mexico, and a most interesting sight it is to see the regiments of foot-soldiers,

little brown men in blue uniforms, with big, heavy knapsacks, and the artillery drawn by black mules, six to a gun, but by far the best is the part of the cavalry known as the "Rurals," dressed in buckskin trimmed with silver, and mounted on perfectly matched buckskin-colored horses.

When the Fifth comes on Saturday as it did last year, the next day is made a holiday and the Battle of Flowers is fought. In the morning prizes were offered for the most beautifully decorated carriage, automobile, pony-cart, drag or float, though the latter are not seen so much as in the floral fêtes of this country. At about eleven o'clock President Diaz and his wife left the Chapultepec Castle for the beautiful Moorish Pavilion in the Alameda, the principal park. Here the "four hundred" of Mexico, the foreign ambassadors, and a few other fortunate people gathered to watch the awarding of the prizes. The President, though he has passed his seventy-fifth birthday, is very martial in his appearance. As he entered the Pavilion the Police Band, one of the best in the world, played the National Hymn, and everyone remained standing until he took his seat. This occupied some time as he stopped to speak to a number of people before he reached his chair in the extreme front of the stand which had been placed before the Pavilion.

As it was a warm, bright day, all of the ladies wore light-colored dresses of thin materials, a contrast to the gay, but uncomfortable looking, dress-uniforms of many of the men. The sidewalks were crowded with people, eager to see how far the decisions of the judges coincided with their own wishes, and even the roofs of the houses opposite the Alameda showed figures silhouetted against the deep blue of the sky.

Most of the carriages passed a number of times before the judges gave any of the gold and white, or blue and white, banners which signified first or second prize. A little ponycart which received much attention, and also a white banner, was made to resemble a bird cage with bars of white roses. Instead of birds there were four tiny girls dressed entirely in white. They were drawn by a little black pony that seemed to take most of the credit to himself and his rose-covered harness. A victoria, covered with beautiful orchids, was much applauded, as was

also one trimmed with white roses and the peculiar brilliant blue of the plumbago blossom. Not many automobiles were entered, as there are comparatively few of them in the City, nor do they lend themselves to decoration as easily as the low carriages generally used. There was one machine which was very cleverly made to represent a fish. It was built out in the back and front for the head and tail, and the scales were represented by blue flowers with their green leaves. Another automobile was covered with pink roses and ferns.

When all the banners had been given, luncheon was served in the Pavilion, during which the Police Band continued to play. About two, President Diaz returned to the Castle, and his departure was the signal for everyone to go home and prepare for the Battle that was to be fought late in the afternoon in Chapultepec Park. The crowds on the street had disappeared to take their daily "siestas," with the exception of the very poor people, who had no homes and were making themselves comfortable in the Park, listening to the music.

Toward five o'clock carriages began to make their way up the Paseo de la Reforma to the Park. Only automobiles, private carriages, and two lines of cabs were allowed to enter, and then on condition that they carried baskets of flowers. The road is over a mile long and wide enough for three lines abreast, so there were two lines entering and one going out. the people began to arrive, flowers were thrown back and forth between the slowly moving vehicles. Whenever a man saw a dark-eyed "senorita" who took his fancy, he threw a shower of lovely flowers at her, and if she, in turn, threw flowers to him, the gay battle was kept up until they were out of range. as it may seem, the few Americans and Canadians present were among the most animated fighters. As it grew later, the road became more crowded and the flowers flew back and forth so thickly that it seemed like a many-colored snow-storm. half-past six the beautiful flowers were lying nearly a foot deep under the wheels of the automobiles and the hoofs of the horses. It seemed a pity that so many of them should die, yet all varieties of flowers grow wild in great profusion but a few miles from the City, and the quaint Flower Market would be filled as usual on the morrow.

As no one is allowed in Chapultepec Park after nightfall, the short tropical twilight was the signal for the withdrawal of the Battle to the Paseo and the Calle de San Francisco, where all the buildings were decorated with flowers, flags and tiny electric lights. Here the fight was carried on with quite as much vigor as it had been in the Park. Many people left their carriages and went up into the balconies overhanging the narrow street and dropped flowers down upon the excited crowd below. Gradually fewer and fewer flowers were thrown, and by eight o'clock nearly everyone had gone either home or to some of the restaurants down town. The sweet perfume of the crushed flowers seemed everywhere in the City, which was quiet after the long, happy day with its beautiful Battle of Flowers.

JOANNA CARR.

A MOORLAND DREAM.

The soft breezes, heavy laden with the delicate sweetness of the heather, blew over the moor, inviting me to enjoy their frolic with them in the still night. I could not resist the temptation. I was not afraid, though the moor was wide and lonely, for in my childhood it had been my best, and almost my only, friend. The moon was not yet up but the stars were shining brightly, looking as if they knew and understood all things. Suddenly a bright light shone around me and, looking up, I saw the moon, full and glorious in her majesty, slowly rising. Outlined against this brightness lay the great burial mounds of ancient Gaelic kings, and magnificent pines keeping watch over the last resting-place of these mighty monarchs. I sat down on one of the mounds and, becoming absorbed in picturing to myself the life of the old warriors, I at last fell asleep.

I seemed to be in a large hut made of the sturdy trunks of

great trees whose branches, meeting overhead, formed the roof. On a raised throne sat a man, strong and handsome in his barbaric splendor, and about him stood his guard, clothed in the tartan. Before him stood a beautiful maiden whose dress plainly indicated that she was not of the Highlands. As the king looked at her the expression of love and admiration in his face seemed to belie the cruel cords which bound her hands behind her. To my astonishment I heard a guard say to his neighbor:

"He has vowed to keep her bound until she consents to betray her father's plans, and this time, again, she has refused."

And now, convinced that neither prayers nor threats would move her, he signed to the guards to take her away.

The thought that she might never submit to him and that he might never conquer her father seemed to trouble him, for he sat there preoccupied, frowning and careless of all that went on near him. As he mused thus, a messenger came in hastily, announcing that the king's forces in the Lowlands had been overcome by Lucus, the girl's father, and that even now he was on his way to rescue her. Like a flash the king was off of his throne, giving orders, buckling on his armour, and——

But what was this cold thing poking around my neck and licking my face? With a start I got up, feeling cold and stiff and disappointed that my interesting dream had been spoiled by our old dog, Jack. The sun was rising and, knowing well that Maggie would soon miss me, I sped home, filling out my dream as I went along, and in the end happily marrying the king and Lucus's daughter.

MARJORIE McBean.

BAGGING SNIPE.

It was my third day in the West, the real wild and woolly West, that I, the tenderfoot in the engineering camp, had read of so often. I was thoroughly in love with it all, the great mountains rising majestically about us, the atmosphere of freedom and the

delightful hospitality of the people. They asked for no long-drawn-out pedigree, no coat-of-arms as a certificate of worth, but to my chagrin I found that I did have to be initiated.

This third day of my new life dawned bright and beautiful. The whole camp seemed in the best of spirits; while the cook prepared the breakfast, of fried bacon and strong coffee, over the crackling fire, the men one by one rolled out of their blankets, washed in the clear, cool spring, and went about the preparations for this day's journey. Soon everything was ready and, laughing and joking, we all gathered around the fire for breakfast. Toward the end of the meal the talk turned to the gully in which we were to camp that night. It was said to be haunted by an Indian maiden, who, maddened by the faithlessness of her lover, had cast herself over the precipice above. Here in the deserted valley she wandered, and even now on moonlight nights her weird death chant echoed and re-echoed throughout the valley. One of the fellows reminded the boys that it was a great place for snipe, and that it would be a fine time to teach the tenderfoot the trade of bagging snipe, if he wanted to learn. Wanted to learn! Of course I did, and so they began to plan a fine trip.

We travelled all day and about seven in the evening arrived at the entrance to the gully. Here we pitched camp and had supper. The moon rose above the snow-capped peaks, brightly lighting the open spaces but casting long mysterious shadows through wooded valley. When the bag and all the trappings were gathered together we began the journey down the ravine. As I had difficulty in picking my way through the underbrush and made an unnecessary racket, the boys decided to leave me to watch the bag while they rounded up the birds. About two miles from the entrance, setting the bag on the ground, and placing the lantern in the back of it, they showed me how to hold the mouth of the bag open and still keep in the shadow. They explained that they would go and rouse the birds, who, frightened by the disturbance, would fly around wildly until they saw the light, then like arrows would dart to it, thinking that there they would find safety. I was to close the bag quickly as soon as a bird flew into it. I said I understood, so

noiselessly they all departed in different directions. After going some distance they began to whack the bushes with their long sticks, now and then giving bird-calls to keep each other in line with the trap.

The calls grew fainter and fainter and finally the sound of the whacking also died away. Patiently I waited, with my arms growing more and more tired. "They must be having poor luck tonight," I said aloud, looking at my watch to find that it was almost eleven. Frightened at the sound of my own voice, I started and looked around. As the tales of wild beasts and Indians thronged into my mind, a faint sound of singing reached me, suddenly swelling and fading away. I realized that I was alone in this haunted valley. For a minute or two I crouched there motionless, terrified by the overwhelming stillness; then it struck me that the whole affair was a huge trick and that I was the victim. Tenderfoot-well, I should say I was! As though any bird would be crazy enough to fly into a bag, or any Indian maiden's lament would still echo through the valley! Well, I had played my part of the bunco game to perfection.

Gathering up the bag and the lantern, I started back. It was a long, tedious way to find alone, but I succeeded, and there I found the fellows comfortably rolled in their blankets, lying by the dying embers of the fire. Quietly I unfolded my blanket, and rapping myself in it, took my place by the fire. Tired, yes, but much, much wiser.

RUTH McCracken.

GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM.

Of all places I loved in my childhood, my grandmother's sitting-room will always stand first in my affections.

It was not a very large room, but it held a great quantity of odd and interesting things. The very paper on the walls was quaint and pretty; with scenes of dainty little ladies stepping lightly into wonderful boats, assisted by besatined little gentlemen.

As I entered the door I nearly always saw Grandmother, arrayed in stiff black silk, the voluminous folds of which were carefully spread over the hearth rug. She usually was knitting, and often I have sat at her feet, gazing into the fire, hearing no sound but the click-click of her needles and the occasional sound of falling coals.

The fire-place itself was large, and the chimney was black with soot. On the mantel was an odd little mandarin from China, whose head wagged from side to side continually. There were queer vases at each end of the mantel and a cherub of thin wood was hung from it by a thread and was always kept in motion by the air from the chimney.

Back of Grandmother's chair was a heavily carved table, loaded with books and pamphlets.

My grandfather was a sea-captain, and many of the beautiful things he brought from all over the world were in this room.

The most interesting article was a high-boy, and in it were the things I loved best. In the bottom drawer were fig-paste and dandelion cordial, and many other dainties that only Anne could make. In the next drawer were dominoes of ebony with mother-of-pearl dots on them. I never knew all the things that were hidden away in that high-boy, but I knew there were jewels of distant countries, and chains and bracelets of every description.

Next to the high-boy and in the corner, stood the tall clock. The pendulum was a tiny acrobat that turned somersaults over and over again and never wearied. On the face of the clock were pictures of the moon that told the weather.

I have often thought since of that room and how I loved it, and I wonder if I ever shall have as interesting a place. It is gone now, and other people live in the house, yet I never pass by without a longing to see Grandmother once more in her accustomed place.

MARGARET BLANCHARD.

A GENTLEMAN BURGLAR.

One time last year I was visiting a friend in New York, and while there I had a curious experience with a caller in the middle of the night.

I was sound asleep when suddenly I awakened, aware that some one was moving around the room. I called out, "Who's there?" and was promptly answered by a voice saying, "Goodevening, are you Miss Boise of Cleveland?" I said that I was that personage and that, furthermore, I wished to know what on earth he wanted and what he was doing in my room. He calmly told me to keep quiet, as he only wished to find my grandmother's diamonds, which he heard I had with me. I told my new acquaintance, the burglar, that I was visiting, and that my trunk had not yet arrived. Thereupon the burglar said in a disguested, though still polite, tone, "Well, that's hard luck, isn't it?—Good-night," and that was the end of him for some time.

Several months later I was again visiting, only this time it was down in Virginia. I had been there for over a week and was going home the next day. My trunk had gone in the afternoon and I was leaving early in the morning. I was tired and had gone to bed early but, somehow or other, I could not sleep. I had a queer feeling that something unusual was going to happen. I must have dozed off, though, for the next thing I remember was sitting bolt upright in bed with cold shivers running up and down my spine. Someone was in my room again. "Who's there?" I called.

"Good-evening," was my answer, and again a light from a dark lantern was flashed in my face.

"By Jove, the same girl!"—and I recognized my gentleman burglar of two months before. "Has your trunk arrived yet?" he asked. "Yes," I said, "arrived and gone again. I'm leaving in the morning." "Well, that's hard luck, isn't it?—Good-night," and I was left alone to my own meditations.

MARGUERITE WESTON.

DAILY THEMES.

NEW BOSTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

In one of the many valleys of the New Hampshire hills the small town of New Boston is hidden from the cold stare of the outside world. It is a peaceful, old-fashioned New England village, and to see it no one would think that so small a place could help to feed the crowds of people who daily throng three large hotels of Boston, the Touraine, Young's, and the Parker House. There Mr. Whipple, the manager of these hotels, has his creamery and his piggery, which supply him with all the butter and pork used in these hotels.

Everything is run on a very sanitary and systematic plan. It is most interesting to go into the clean, sweet-smelling creamery and watch the employees making the butter, so many hundred pounds of which are sent each day to Boston. The piggery is even more interesting, as it holds between two and three thousand pigs. The mother pigs, with their young ones, stay all day in a long, low building. It is white-washed inside and out, the floor is covered with sawdust and the pens are as clean as a blueribbon dog and his kennel would wish to be. The other pigs are allowed to roam over a rocky hill by day, and at feeding time they collect at the gate leading to the feeding trough. As the gate is opened they make a rush for the trough, and such squealing I never heard before. Barrel after barrel of perfectly good muffins, rolls and bread are sent daily from those three hotels to New Boston. This bread is mixed with the skimmed milk from the creamery and fed to the pigs. It certainly makes far too good a meal for such animals, and I often think of the hundreds of poor people who would be more than thankful for such a meal as those two thousand pigs have three times a day.

ELISE GARDNER.

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He stood stiffly in the center of the field, his arms hanging limply at his sides, his grave brown face turned toward the west. From between the torn brim of his hat peeped a lock of straw-colored hair. His huge white-gloved hands were arranged artistically to hide the presence of two large holes which had appeared—sad to relate—in the blue jeans overalls, which covered him amply, having evidently been made for a man of greater size. He stood facing the storm, his apathetic face wet with the rain, and in the corner of each pale eye a tear, or was it only a rain drop? So he stood, and so I left him—The Scarecrow.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

A STORM IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Half way up the mountain we came upon a wide opening from which we could see mountain after mountain of the great range of which we were in the midst. On both sides of this opening huge rocks were piled high above our heads. Back of them, and stretching higher up the mountain, were the dense woods out of which we had just come, while in front of us a great rocky precipice went straight down to meet a line of thick woods. As we turned to look at the wide valley which lay to the left between enormous mountains, we heard the low rumble of thunder, and saw great gray clouds, lighted only by an occasional brilliant flash of lightning, coming swiftly towards us. With all haste we crawled into a cave nearby, and watched the heavy clouds as they drew near.

Little by little they settled down, and covered completely the huge mountains in their path. Great streaks and broad flashes of red fire rushed, time after time, through the black clouds, as fire darts through the smoke of a burning barn.

To the west of us a glorious sun and fleecy clouds made great patches of light and dark on the mountains the storm had not

reached. As we looked a ball of fire seemed to drop to the earth with a tremendous crackling noise. At once large drops of rain dropped, faster and faster, until they came down in a solid sheet of blinding water.

Through it all we sat in awed silence. It seemed as if we were in the midst of a mighty battle between great unknown forces of the heavens. Gigantic cannon thundered and belched forth fire on every side. The gray clouds that surrounded us seemed like the smoke poured from thousands of guns and batteries, while over all could be heard the sighing and whistling of the tall trees in the forest.

Helen Nesmith.

ÆSTHETIC (?) DANCING.

One day as I strolled down Nesmith Street I came upon a small child vigorously pumping an old accordion in the middle of the street. "What is that supposed to be?" said I. "Oh, I know, it's your hand-organ, of course. And who are you? How old are you? Oh, yes, if that's your hand-organ, you must be the organ-grinder." Then as she—or he (I can't swear as to the gender, but we will leave it as written, giving the ladies first choice, as is due them)—did not seem responsive, or at all inclined to talk, I began taking fancy steps on the sidewalk, among them pirouettes, which I had toiled long to make perfect. The child watched me with solemn wonder in her large, round eyes. "Do you know," said she, finally, "if this is my organ and I'm the organ grinder, you must be the—monkey."

Josephine Morse.

NEW YEAR'S.

New Year's is celebrated much more in Europe than in this country. The last time we were in Europe we spent New Year's at the "Hotel de Territet" in Switzerland, and we had a most delightful time.

On New Year's eve a dance was given for all the employees of the neighboring hotels as well as for ours. At one end of the ball room a colonnade was made, of temporary pillars raised for the occasion, and all entwined with green, where all kinds of refreshments could be had. None of the guests watched the dancing, but at twelve they all went into the ball room and everybody shook hands with everybody else and wished them "A Happy New Year," each one in his own language. Then everybody danced together for a little while, after which the guests retired.

The headwaiter, who had been escorting a German Baroness, and the head chambermaid, who had been receiving favors from a Count, and all the other head servants, who had been dancing with the nobility, then refused to do anything but look on, thinking it beneath them to dance with any but the guests. The rest danced until half past three, and thus the New Year was ushered in with much gaiety and good will.

DOROTHY DOWNER.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE DRAGON PAINTER.

The American occupation of the Philippine Islands, and the recent Russo-Japanese War, have awakened in this country an interest in things Japanese, which has shown itself in one way through the novels that have been written about their people and life. One of the latest and most charming of these is Mary McNeil Fenellosa's book, "The Dragon Painter." In it the girl and her lover are both Japanese. This is much more satisfactory than many of the modern stories in which the man is an American or an Englishman.

Old Kano, the artist, lives in Yeddo, the modern Tokio, with his daughter, Ume-ko, and an old servant Mata, who acts

as house-keeper. Although in a way Kano is proud of Ume-ko's skill in painting, he thinks that a girl can never paint the fierce dragons for which the family of Kano has been famous for generations. He has sought all through the Flowery Kingdom for a young artist, worthy to be adopted as a son, to keep up the honor of his name. He has about despaired of finding such a one and is lamenting that his name must die with him, when Ando Uchida, a friend who has been up in the northern mountains, brings Kano some drawings, made by a boy, who has never been taught but who draws on the bark of trees, on stones, or on stray pieces of paper that people have given him. Kano recognizes the true artist in the bits of work of Tatsu, the Dragon Painter, and sends money for him to come to Tokio.

When Tatsu finally arrives he is more like a wild, untamed thing than a man; he wears a torn blue kimono, his hair is long and unkempt, and he does not know how to behave in the house, which is so unlike his native hills. All his life he has dreamed of, and made pictures of, the Dragon Maid. When he sees the beautiful Ume-ko, she is his dream made real, and he wishes to marry her immediately. In spite of his weird appearance she loves him almost from the first, though she pretends that her willingness to marry him is merely the customary Japanese obedience to the wishes of her father, who has promised Tatsu that he shall marry her in a month, for Tatsu has threatened to return to his hills unless he can have his Dragon Maid. tiny house is taken for him and fitted up with painting materials, brushes and delicate squares of silk. Not fully realizing what is expected of him, Tatsu will not paint, but spends his time wandering about the city or dreaming of Ume-ko. One day in anger he throws a brush at a piece of silk. The line made is like the beautiful mountains of his home, and from that time until the wedding-day, he devotes himself to his art.

During the first weeks of their marriage he and Ume-ko are so happy in their love that neither thinks of painting. Old Kano tries to make Ume rouse her husband to his art in every possible way. At last Tatsu tells her that he cannot paint any more, his skill has left him. When she finds that it is because of her that he paints no more, Ume decides to leave

him, so one night she steals away, leaving a little note telling him that she is going to drown herself in the river near the willow-tree where they have often been together. She says, too, that he must not end his life because she is gone. Tatsu goes to the place near the river and slips in, but is rescued and taken to a hospital where he lies terribly ill for a long time. When at last he returns to Kano's home he can paint. After a month or more Kano takes Tatsu to the grave of Ume-ko's mother and there he finds Ume-ko who has been all the time hidden in a convent.

The illustrations are dainty representations of Japanese pictures and add very much to the book. No one can read the author's descriptions of the beautiful country and people without being more than ever interested in the Island Kingdom of Japan.

Joanna Carr.

WHITE FANG.

Jack London's latest book, "White Fang," is the story of a sled-dog in the country around the MacKensie River.

White Fang is half dog and half wolf. The first months of his life were spent in the wilds. His mother, Kiche, though a sled-dog, has for a year lived with the wolves. In their wanderings they come to a camp of Indian traders and Kiche, again feeling the power of the men-gods, loses her longing for the forest, and once more comes back to the ways of a sled-dog. Not long after her return she is sold, and when the Indian camp breaks up, White Fang falls to the lot of Gray Beaver, a trapper.

While with Gray Beaver, White Fang grows into a huge wolfish animal, hated alike by man and dog. He grows suspicious of men, but his long-inherited instinct tells him that the men-gods are to be respected and obeyed, and that a thing weaker than he is to be destroyed. During this part of his life he becomes "quicker of movement than other dogs, swifter of foot, craftier, deadlier, more lithe, more lean, with ironlike

muscle and sinew, more enduring, more cruel, more ferocious, and more intelligent." He has to become all these things else he could not hold his own, nor survive the hostile environment in which he finds himself. Along the MacKensie he gains a great reputation as a wonderful fighter, and a fine sled-dog. For Gray Beaver, he feels great respect as one of the great men-gods, but such a feeling as love, he has never known. So it is that, when Gray Beaver, through the power of fire-water, loses his money and is obliged to sell White Fang, the latter feels no regret at changing masters.

This new master is to White Fang a more terrible god than Gray Beaver. Beauty Smith had come into the world with a brute intelligence, and a coward's cruelty. White Fang hates "The feel of him was bad. He sensed the evil in him and feared the extended hand, and the attempts at soft-spoken speech." Beauty, who has merely bought him for his fighting powers, treats him so cruelly and mercilessly that he grows more and more suspicious of man, and more and more wolfish. It is now that he wins his great reputation as a fighter. Men come to see him from far and wide, and he is exhibited as the "Fighting Wolf." In order to make the exhibition interesting he is kept in a perfect rage most of the time, and at night, if a fight can be arranged, he is taken off into the woods, away from the eyes of the police, and is matched against all manner of dogs. So terrible and ferocious has he grown that no dog is able to beat him. At last he meets his equal in a white bull-dog. White Fang, disconcerted by this dog's new manner of attack, is slowly being killed before his master's eyes, when a young man rushes in, and after a hard struggle, succeeds in separating the fighters. Angry at this show of brutality, he buys White Fang from Beauty Smith.

At first it seems to Weedon Scott, the young mining expert, as if White Fang had lost all trust in mankind, and that it will be better to kill him, but discovering that he has once been a sled-dog, and is intelligent, he thinks it worth while to give his intelligence a chance. He gives White Fang his liberty, uses no whip or club, offers him meat, and at all times treats him with great gentleness. "It was the beginning of the end for White

Fang—the ending of the old life and the reign of hate." Weedon Scott has touched what has never been touched before, and that is love. But White Fang's love does not come in a day. It slowly grows out of like. White Fang is never demonstrative. He only shows his love by his eyes, and by watching his god's every movement. At times he grows quite playful, and even fond of petting, though only from his master.

When the time comes for Weedon Scott to return to California, he is afraid to leave White Fang in the North, for fear he will die of a broken heart. He takes him with him. It is here that White Fang learns a new life of civilization. He has to get used to his master's family, to learn not to kill, and to become a watch dog.

The book ends with an incident which shows White Fang's devotion to his master and his master's family. An escaped criminal, who has been condemned to prison by Judge Scott, Weedon Scott's father, has come to the Scotts' house, intending to kill the Judge. He is met by White Fang who kills him, but is himself nearly killed in the fight. The greatest care is taken of him, however, and he recovers, much to the relief of the reader.

This last incident, which London gives us of White Fang's life, shows us that although, from the wild beast of the woods, he has settled down into a more domestic animal, he still retains some of his inherited instincts and is in some respects untamed.

HELEN NESMITH.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

ANOTHER TOM SAWYER.

"Jack," said his mother, "it's almost time for your father to come home, and the walk's not cleaned off yet. You'd better have it done before he gets home."

"Aw, Ma!" protested that individual with an injured air, "the fellows came up to play pool, and I can do the walk later. Let me play now, please!"

"No, the boys can play together while you're doing it. Run along now, that's a good boy."

So Jack, grumbling, departed, and a few moments later began to shovel off the walk.

About half past five Mr. Gray came home from down town and encountered Billy Reid busily shoveling his side-walk.

"Why, Billy," he exclaimed in much surprise, "What in the world are you shoveling off our walk for? Where's Jack?"

"Well, you see," said Billy, "me and Kendall, we came up to play pool with Jack, and his mother said he'd have to shovel off the walk before he played. So Jack fixed it so that two of us would play a game of pool, and the one who lost should come out and shovel the walk while the other two played a game. Then the feller that lost that game would take his turn at shoveling, while the other feller went in and played."

"Has Jack been out much yet?" asked Mr. Gray.

"Well, no—he hasn't been out yet," Billy replied. "He's a fine player, sir. You see, he says this is about the only way he can make his pool-table pay." MILDRED MOSES.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

I was sitting at my desk one day, trying to concentrate my mind on a page of Greek verbs, when my attention was attracted to a peculiar noise, just below my chair: a strange, squeaky noise that sounded decidedly odd to me.

"Mice," I thought, and after a moment's listening, I was quite sure that the cause of the noise was mice—but such peculiar mice! These were no ordinary squeakings, where all talk together. First one mouse would speak, and then another. They evidently were having some discussion, for the voices grew louder and louder, until at last I could hear what they were saying.

"Let us have peace at any cost," quoth one mouse, in an impressive, squeaky voice, if one can imagine such a thing. "Too long have we suffered from the ravages of this monster, whom we cannot overcome by force."

"My policy," cried another mouse excitedly, "is never to give in so long as we have teeth to gnaw with and whiskers to feel with. This cat has been in our midst for years, yet am I not still living?"

A soft voice said something in reply, too low for me to hear, and then I heard the first mouse say, "True, sister, this creature has made too many inroads upon our families for us to hesitate longer. Sir Cat, name your conditions."

Then a soft, smooth voice said, "No longer trespass upon the pantry of my mistress; do not run in the walls at night, disturbing her slumbers; do not get into the waste-basket and rattle papers. And keep forever from my eyes, lest the sight of you tempt me to break my promise."

"No need of the last condition," said someone, and then a whole chorus cried, "We concede!" and I heard the mice scurrying away to their homes.

ALICE CONE.

HOW TOMMY WENT TO DANCING SCHOOL.

"Two o'clock—two—one minute past—oh dear!" Tommy stood with a scowling face before "Grandpapa's clock." Tommy had just learned to tell time, and that was the whole cause of his ominous frown, for if Tommy hadn't learned, how would he ever have known that in just fourteen minutes he must start for dancing school? Dancing school! In a sudden rage Tommy kicked violently at the old clock as if to avenge on it his wrong. A big scar was left on the hitherto unmarred surface of shiny mahogany, and Tommy began to feel sorry.

He sat down in front of the clock and thought hard. He had to think hard to get it over quickly, for only thirteen minutes of his valuable time were left.

It really was an outrage to dress a "boy-boy" in velvet

suits and ties and things and send him off to dance. If it had been a "girl-boy," like that very foolish Fauntleroy "kid," it would have served him right, thought Tommy, and then he came to the conclusion that he didn't care if he had hurt the old clock, anyway.

With this daring remark, he strutted off to make good his remaining minutes by brushing down the cowlick on the back of his head, which Father persisted in calling his battle-flag, for it always stood up in indignation when Tommy was very angry.

Then he sat himself gingerly on the window-seat and gazed with longing eyes at the tempting snow-drift without. Soon his mother came in and dressed him in a warm coat and a big red tam-o'-shanter, which Tommy declared was "mos' as sissyfied as the rest of the things." He went down the stairs reluctantly, as far as the front door, where he waited with an injured air for his mother to put on her hat.

"Tommy-boy," she said finally, and there was actually a twinkle in her eyes as she looked at the small, dejected figure by the door, "Tommy, don't you think that mother knows best about this? She wouldn't send you to dancing-school if it weren't for your good. Why, you'll be so awkward when you get big, Tommy, if you don't go. It isn't going to be half so bad as you think, you know, and you'll have such fun with the boys and girls, dear!"

Tommy gave her one pitying glance. "Pooh!" he exclaimed, "Who cares about girls, I'd like to know!" and straightway turned his back.

Later, when they arrived at the door of the dance hall, he made no resistance, but walked straight to the dressing-room to take off his coat and hat. He took great care, however, to appear greatly bored at everything that was going on, and looked with much scorn upon the little girls who went into the dressing-room across the hall.

Soon the door opened and three little boys rushed in with a whoop! When they caught sight of Tommy, they shouted with glee—"O Tommy Tinkerman, how'd you happen to come? Thought you was goin' to skip the dancin' part! Come on over an' go in with us, will you?"

Tommy immediately forgot his haughty reserve and was soon engaged in the animated occupation of learning how to dance.

* * * * *

At supper, Tommy's father, talking merrily to his wife, suddenly remembered the afternoon's especial event, and turning to Tommy he said, with a very wicked wink at his wife, "Well, Tom, old man, what did you think of dancing school?"

Tommy shifted in his chair and managed to say in a very sheepish tone, "Why—I guess I had—kind o' fun."

ELIZABETH WILDER.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TEDDY BEARS.

The other evening as I sat at my desk studying there came a tap at my window, a little half-hearted tap, indeed, but nevertheless a tap, and I, with a strange lack of surprise, rose to admit my guest.

I flung up the window, and there entered a truly sad-looking creature. At one time he might have been a respectable Teddy Bear, but now, oh, me! it would be hard to tell just what he did most resemble. If ever a Teddy Bear looked worn and weary, he did.

He stumbled in over the sill and threw himself down on the cushions and lay there apparently out of breath.

"Well," said I, after a time, "you appear weary." The Teddy Bear sat up and looked at me, a bold, bad expression in his eyes. Slowly one of them closed.

"Weary," he growled, "well I should smile," and he fell back on the pillows again.

"That is not very nice language," I remarked doubtfully. An unintelligible grunt was my only answer.

I continued to look him over. At last I said, "You look just like any Teddy Bear, but I have a premonition that you aren't, and—"

"Just like any Teddy Bear, indeed! Well hardly. Why, I am

the Spirit of all the Teddys that were ever made," and he puffed out his little brown chest with the funniest air imaginable.

"Oh," I answered, "I—I beg your pardon, I'm sure, I really envy you; I should like to be a Teddy, myself. They have such an easy time in life, don't they?"

"Oh, you think so, do you? Look at me. Oh, I know I'm tired out and worn out, and no wonder. I've been dined by a lot of foolish women, and I've been automobiled by a lot of foolisher men. I've been tormented by a lot of children, and I've been taken to the theatre till the sight of gold paint makes me creepy. I've been wheeled around in baby carriages by silly nurse maids and I've been lunched and breakfasted and petted and worshiped by every one under the sun. There, now do you wonder I look as if I had nervous prostration?"

With a sigh, the Spirit of the Teddy Bears sat down and glared at me, out of his little shoe-buttony eyes.

"No, I don't wonder at all," I said thoughtfully, "but here it is quarter of eight and I haven't touched my French yet."

"Quarter of eight?" squealed the Teddy. "Bless me, and I'm due at the White House at eight," and he stepped cautiously out over the sill, muttering something about "horrid roofs," and disappeared.

"There," said I, "he's gone, at last; now for those verbs," and I turned my mind Frenchwards.

Again a tap; I glanced up to see the fuzzy little head peering in at me.

"Remember," he squeaked, "don't ever wish you were a Teddy again or you may turn into one and then, oh dear! Good night." "Good night," I responded without enthusiasm, and reached for my book.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

LIFE OF A ROSE AS TOLD BY ITSELF.

I am now a faded old rose and live a rather lonely life all by myself in a large book.

My first home, as I remember it, was a very large glass house

where I and my friends lived happily together. When I lived there I was a beautiful, large red rose (but it doesn't seem to me now that I ever could have been beautiful), and my master was very proud of me and showed me to all his visitors.

One day a pretty brown-eyed girl came in and was looking at my friends. Soon she espied me and exclaimed, "Oh, what a beautiful rose! I must have that one." So my master cut me, although he did so unwillingly, and gave me to the girl. It was then that all my happiness went out of my life, although I did not know so at that time.

My master put me, with a lot of strange people whom I did not know, into a large pasteboard box and carried me to the girl's house, where I was admired by a lot of girls.

In the evening I was carried on the arm of the girl into a large room filled with people. I learned afterward that she was graduating. There I stayed a very long time.

When all was over my mistress met a schoolmate with whom she went to walk. Upon parting with her she said, "Here is a rose; keep it always and remember me."

So I was taken home where I am still all alone. My mistress comes often to see me, and as she goes away I hear her crying softly and I wonder why I cause her so much sorrow. Then I think that perhaps she is thinking of her school-days, and of her brown-eyed schoolmate.

GLADYS A. BROWN.

SCHOOL NEWS.

THE THANKSGIVING RECESS.

"Burr-r-r-r!!"

The class-room bells rang with a will, and with one accord we all rose and left our classes, to race headlong down the stairs into the main room, for those bells announced the close of school for the Thanksgiving recess.

Everyone looks forward to the day itself as a holiday, but here at school we are given a little vacation, from Wednesday noon after recitations until Sunday night. This was the cause of the extra hurry and flurry.

Many of the girls who live near Boston were going home and taking friends with them; others had friends or relatives to visit. As they hurried off those of us who stayed at school for the vacation stood on the steps, waving good-by until the last carriage door was slammed and the noise had abated.

After luncheon, which was delightfully cozy and homey, I found a novel and curled up to read it, just to impress myself with the fact that vacation really had come. The boxes from home were opened and nibbled at and some of the girls brought out their sewing—that seldom-touched and never-finished sewing of the school girl. The last of the afternoon we all went together for a walk, in spite of the falling snow and the gloomy aspect of the outside world.

Thanksgiving was clear and sunny and snappy cold. After breakfast we scattered, some to church, some to a football game, and the others to read or to write letters until two o'clock, when we all gathered at dinner. One of the girls had a friend visiting her for the day, and Mademoiselle also added to our pleasure by being present. Thanksgiving has not so far gone by but that I can leave it to you to picture the fun we had during the dinner which had been so carefully planned for us. Our afternoon we spent in a long walk of almost six miles to a near-by village.

At eight o'clock we got ourselves a supper by combining the contents of all the Thanksgiving boxes. The Hall girls joined us at our feast, and we sang songs and made fun for ourselves until bed time.

Friday morning we were allowed to sleep as late as we wished, so shortly after ten, groups of two and three began to appear at "Page's" for breakfast. Everything was served from a "beastly English breakfast, bah Jove!" of tea and toast and marmalade to—what shall we call it?—a club sandwich and ice-cream.

The rest of Friday we spent in Christmas shopping, and we ended our day with a little dancing in the gymnasium.

Saturday we rushed off after breakfast to catch a train to Boston, for all of us but two or three were going to the theatre in the afternoon to see "The Girl of the Golden West," or "The Belle of Mayfair," or "Peter Pan."

After the play we came out to school in a machine which had been loaned to us for the occasion by the father of one of the girls. We all like automobiling, so the cold air and the innumerable wraps that we were forced to wear were not in the least objectionable.

Sunday passed more quickly than it ever had in term time, and Sunday night all the girls that had been away for the recess came flocking back, talking about their good times, always with the chorus, "Christmas only three weeks off!"

When we remembered how soon even those of us who lived far away would see our families again, it was not at all hard to settle down to work on Monday morning.

RUTH HAZEN HEATH.

THE ORPHANS' THANKSGIVING DINNER.

It's always a great pleasure for the girls to do what good they can, so we were very glad when we were allowed to give the boys of the Edson Orphanage their Thanksgiving dinner.

Many things that we thought suitable for the occasion were sent to the boys, and it was with great joy that we learned how much they enjoyed it.

Soon after Thanksgiving Mrs. Underhill received a very nice note from Dr. Chambré, who went to the Orphanage to see the boys begin their Thanksgiving meal. We were delighted to hear that the twins "liked the ice-cream best" and that the flowers, which we sent for the table pleased one of the boys, but of all the pleasant things Dr. Chambré told us, I think we were most pleased to know that one boy thought it the best dinner they had ever had. After the repast, a loud and hearty cheer was given for Rogers Hall. How we wish we might have heard it!

THE NEW GIRLS' DANCE.

On the evening of November twenty-fourth we gathered in the "Gym" for the dance to be given us by the new girls. All Saturday the sign, "No admission," had hung on the door of the gymnasium, and it was with great expectations that we gathered there at half after seven. Our interest was well rewarded; never have I seen the "gym" look more attractive. The walls were covered with banners of every kind. On the stall bars Navajo blankets were draped artistically. The parallel bars had been transformed into the most inviting of cozy corners.

Dancing began soon after half-past seven and we danced until nine, when light refreshments were served. Then we danced again until ten o'clock, when we said Good-night to Mrs. Underhill and our gracious hostesses, thanking them for a most delightful evening.

GRACE R. HEATH.

MRS. BILLINGS'S TEA.

The Thanksgiving holidays ended Sunday and all the girls settled down for good hard work during the few remaining weeks before the Christmas vacation. On the Friday after school opened, Mrs. Billings invited all the Unitarian girls to tea, to meet the Rev. Charles T. Billings.

The afternoon was very cold and the streets were covered with ice and snow. When we started at quarter-past four, it was almost dark, we were not sure of the way, and several of us fell down, but nobody minded these little troubles.

Mr. Billings was charming and entertained us with pictures of Athens and with some interesting books which he had brought back from his recent journey to the South.

An old Rogers Hall girl was there and she asked about the new girls and all the school gossip. Miss Coburn's arrival was met with exclamations of delight, and all her history class began to ask questions about their papers.

Everybody did justice to Mrs. Billings's lovely cakes and tea, and we all were sorry when it was time to return to school, for Mrs. Billings had given us a delightful afternoon.

HENSHAW WATERS.

NATALIE CONANT'S LUNCHEON.

Seven of us were lucky enough to be invited to a luncheon given by Natalie Conant on Saturday, the eighth of December. Saturday was one of the coldest days this year and we nearly froze to death on the way to Natalie's, but our hostess was so warm in her welcome to us that we soon forgot that there was any snow on the ground, or that a freezing wind was blowing.

After we had had the pleasure of meeting Natalie's mother, luncheon was served. The table looked so pretty, and everything was so delicious, and Natalie was so hospitable, that it made our tongues go pretty fast, that awful tendency attributed to boarding-school girls.

Three of the girls had to leave soon after luncheon on account of callers, who were expected that afternoon, but the rest of us were glad that no such affliction (?) disturbed us, and we spent a very happy afternoon talking and telling stories.

As all good things must come to an end, at a time so late that I am ashamed to put it down, we regretfully said good-by to our cordial hostess and went away with the memories of a very good time and the feeling that we were very glad that we knew Natalie.

DOROTHY RUMSEY MERCER.

MEDEA.

On Thursday, the sixth of December, the girls in the advanced German classes went in to Boston to see Grillpatzer's great tragedy, "Medea." To make the play perfectly clear, Fraulein Bernkopf very kindly translated and explained the more difficult passages, so that we went prepared to understand and enjoy the play to the utmost. That day was marked by a

snow storm, which reminded some of us "old girls" of the Symphony days of last year, when the never-failing snow, hail, or rain made its weekly appearance.

When we arrived in Boston we took a little repast to strengthen ourselves for the "weepy parts," and then went immediately to the theatre. We had not long to wait before the curtain rose and Medea was introduced to us.

Medea, the daughter of the king of Colchis, has been instructed by her mother in secret arts, and is the superior of all others in knowledge and craft. Half amazon, half enchantress, she falls in love with the Greek, Jason, who has come to her country in search of the Golden Fleece. She helps Jason find the Fleece, and in gratitude he marries her and takes her back to Corinth with him.

When the play opens, Medea is in the act of burying her magic implements and the Golden Fleece in the sands outside of the walls of Corinth. Since their return, Jason, instead of being regarded as the successful winner of the Fleece, is practically ostracized, because he is the husband of a sorceress. He appeals to his father's old friend, King Creon of Corinth, who admits him to his palace for old times' sake, as Jason, before his long absence, had been laughingly called the bridegroom of Creon's daughter, Creusa.

When Jason sees Creusa again, his former love for her returns, and his hatred for Medea and their two children is shown in every act. Medea naturally feels his changed attitude very deeply. She longs to win back Jason's affection, and, with this in mind, is persuaded by Creusa to adopt the Grecian customs and manners. Medea then appears in Grecian garments and by Creusa's teaching finally learns to play on the lyre a song which Creusa used to sing to Jason in the days of their youth. Her effort is entirely unappreciated by her husband, who coolly sends her away while she is playing to him, and turns to talk with Creusa. Medea, growing angry, breaks the lyre, and thus renounces once for all her endeavors to acquire Greek culture.

At this dramatic moment a herald of the Amphictyonic Council announces the banishment of Jason and Medea from the country for crimes which they are supposed to have committed. Jason pleads not guilty, and King Creon, to save Jason, declares that he is his son-in-law and innocent of the crime. It is then decided that Medea must leave Corinth in three days' time. At first they refuse to let her take either of the children with her, but finally she is permitted to take one.

From this point in the play the action moves rapidly. Medea, stunned by the news of her banishment, is roused from her stupor by Gora, her nurse, who awakens in her rage and jealousy. All her instincts as king's daughter, sorceress, and barbarian are aroused, and her one object now is revenge. She sees her children for the last time and, undecided which one to choose, asks them to come to her. The children, fearing her as a witch, turn from their own mother and seek protection of Creusa. Poor Medea! This is indeed a bitter blow. She is now alone, and in a strange country where everyone hates her.

Her last day on Grecian soil is come; now or never is the time for her revenge.

Medea, driven desperate by circumstances, is now once more the sorceress of Colchis with her magic tools. From her chest she takes a casket of magic fire which she sends to Creusa, as a wedding present. The casket destroys Creusa and sets the whole palace aflame. In the confusion Medea, to complete her revenge, kills her children with her own hands, and then escapes from the kingdom.

Creon, beside himself with grief at the death of his daughter, believes that Jason has conspired with Medea, and banishes him also. Later, Jason goes back to Corinth, and is lying on the sands, worn out by his travels, when Medea, also a wanderer on the earth, finds him and, like an evil conscience, rebukes him with these words:

"What is the happiness of earth?

A shadow.

What is the fame of earth?

A dream.

Poor fool who dreamt of shadows,

The dream is o'er, the night is not yet passed."

Then, admonishing him to bear his burden in patience, and to atone for his sins, she leaves him for the last time.

In thinking of Medea's life one cannot help pitying her, for she is more a victim of circumstance than a murderess. Had she been left alone, and remained in her own country among her own people she, no doubt, would have lived very happily and peacefully. She is not, like Jason, ruled by ambition. She is a woman who loves against her will, and this perhaps makes her love all the more deeply and jealously. She goes from one crime to another, driven by circumstance and the passions of a barbaric nature.

Jason is the weak character of the play for, in the first place, he never should have married a woman to whom he knew he could not be true.

Our sympathies are all with Medea, for in spite of her misdeeds, she is a strong character. In judging her one must take into consideration the atmosphere in which she always lived, and the kind of people who always were her companions. When we do this, we find that we like her as much as we despise Jason.

STELLA FLEER.

OUR TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE AND THE RADCLIFFE OPERETTA.

On Saturday, December the fifteenth, a number of us girls, with Miss Bulson as chaperon, started for Radcliffe to see the operetta to be given by the Radcliffe girls. We were especially anxious to see "The Sky Scrappers," for the book and some of the lyrics were written by Caroline Wright, a graduate of Rogers Hall, now a senior at Radcliffe.

As we wanted to see something of Cambridge before going to the operetta, we set out rather early. Our first visit was made at Mr. Longfellow's old home. After walking around the grounds and admiring the old colonial house with its old-fashioned garden, we started for Radcliffe. First we went through the library and the laboratory rooms, and from there we went to the

gymnasium. This was especially interesting to us as we all like athletics. The "gym" was very well equipped and we enjoyed inspecting the different kinds of apparatus. From the gymnasium we went to Agassiz House, where we had luncheon. This was a favor granted to us by the principal of Radcliffe and we enjoyed the novel way in which the luncheon was served. It was certainly a new experience for us to take a tray and go around to different counters, gathering up at each place articles of food, knives, forks, spoons, and glasses and then to take these to one of the large wooden tables and eat our luncheon.

After luncheon we went through one of the Radcliffe recitation buildings and then went over to the Harvard Museum, where we spent the rest of our time looking at the Ware collection of glass flowers.

Two-thirty found us back at Agassiz House, anxiously waiting for the play to begin. At last the curtain rose, and we were soon deeply interested in the adventures of Aurora Hooper and her aunt in Sky Land. Aurora Hooper, with her aunt as chaperon and her cousin as chauffeur of their flying machine, goes to Sky Land in answer to a matrimonial advertisement, inserted in a paper by the king of the land in the air. They are well received by the people, and the king soon proposes to Aurora, who accepts him. The Grafters, who are really the rulers of the kingdom, find out about his matrimonial intentions and plot with Aurora's aunt and cousin to keep her from becoming queen. The king soon finds out she does not love him but cares for a man of her own world who is in Sky Land. Tired of ruling, the king gives up his throne to Aurora and her lover. aunt, meanwhile, has fallen in love with the leader of the Grafters, and the cousin with his daughter. Each couple plans to get the throne for themselves and many complications ensue. Matters are finally settled by the disturbers' going back to earth again, and leaving the old king to rule in peace.

The play is cleverly written and the music is decidedly catchy. The setting of the operetta was very good, and the parts were well taken, each girl entering enthusiastically into the spirit of the play. The king was especially good, and everyone enjoyed a hearty laugh at his expense. The girl who took

the part sang very well and made a decided hit in her song, "I'm Tired of Being a King." The dancing was well done, and when the two moths did their little dance, every girl thought of our Friday evening dancing-class and wondered if she ever could dance as gracefully as they did.

The performance from beginning to end was very good and I'm sure every girl enjoyed it and was sorry to have to leave the castles in the air and come back to school.

CORNELIA COOKE.

THE ORPHAN'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

On Tuesday evening, December the eighteenth, we had a Christmas Tree for the boys of the Edson Orphanage.

At half-past five we met at the Hall, where we had a few minutes delightful chat with Dr. and Mrs. Chambré. At quarter of six the boys arrived with Miss Newcomb, and as there were only eleven boys and fifty-four girls, there was great rivalry among the girls as to who should secure partners. The girls who were lucky enough to get boys escorted them to the drawing room, saw that they had comfortable seats, and then served them with refreshments. When these had been disposed of, we were told to form in twos and walk to the "gym." As the door of the "gym" was thrown open we sang the German song, "Oh, Tannenbaum."

The "gym" was a lovely sight. In the centre of the room was a Christmas Tree sparkling with lights and ornaments. From opposite corners long ropes of green extended, with red bells hanging from them. As we marched around the tree we sang two more hymns.

We had hardly finished, when sleigh-bells were heard outside and the door opened to admit Santa Claus with a big pack on his back. He laid his pack on the floor and stood warming his hands and looking around with a merry twinkle in his eye.

Wishing us all a "Merry Christmas," he opened his pack and began to distribute the bundles. We girls were as much excited as the boys themselves, and we all watched with eager interest the unloading of the pack.

When everything had been given out and Santa Claus had bade us good-by, the parcels were opened. The toys delighted the boys and they were soon playing with them on the floor. When their interest in them began to diminish some one proposed playing games, and going-to-Jerusalem and drop-the-handkerchief took up the time until the boys had to leave.

We were very sorry to see them go, for we had had a very enjoyable evening.

EVELINE HOGARTH.

HAMLET.

There is a great deal of doubt in the minds of students of Shakespeare as to whether Hamlet should be portrayed by an actor as a weak and vacillating character, dreading the deed he has to do, yet forced to do it, finally, by his discovery of the king's plot against his life, or as a man with a definite plan of revenge, which he hides by his seeming madness.

Mr. Sothern shows us Hamlet nearly crazed at first by grief, but not shrinking from the dreadful task laid upon him by his murdered father; a Hamlet, that is so noble and so kingly that we long to see "the man this might have been," had Fate been less cruel. In the scene where he finds that his father has been murdered, in the interview with the queen-mother, and in his renunciation of Ophelia, it is hard to believe that this awful and harrowing picture of human suffering is acting.

And Miss Marlowe's Ophelia! She is so tender and so lovable that she captivates our hearts, when she first comes on the stage, by pure charm of voice and manner. Then as the play goes on, she makes us feel, with her wonderful acting, Ophelia's anguish growing deeper and deeper, until, with her father's death, the light of reason is put out, and her pitiful madness makes our very hearts ache.

When the play is getting unbearably tragic, Shakespeare allows us to laugh for a while at poor, self-important Polonius and his blunders. Polonius's part is difficult to play, and usually he is not a popular character, but we all were grateful to him for making us smile, for most of us were on the verge of tears. Another interlude is furnished by the conversation of the grave-digger and his assistant, which comes just before the terribly pathetic scene of Ophelia's burial. The long funeral procession following the bier, which is carried by maidens dressed in white, carrying Easter lilies, is made gorgeous by the splendid robes of the courtiers. In direct contrast to this brilliant train of color, stand the squat, soiled grave-digger, and Hamlet, in his customary black, supported by Horatio. This makes a striking and unusual picture, and one not to be forgotten soon.

Still, the most impressive scene comes last, when Hamlet lies dying in Horatio's arms, and the conquering Norwegians enter, only to find that the greater conqueror has been before them. When Hamlet had been put on a shield and carried beneath the crossed spears to the music of that solemn, stately march, there was hardly a person in the audience who was not terribly affected. The picture was symbolic: the yellow-haired Northmen, brave in themselves, doing honor to the simple, black-clad figure, because they saw there greater bravery and majesty than they themselves possessed. Virginia Towle.

THE BABY PARTY.

On the afternoon of January nineteenth an air of great excitement pervaded the school, and such questions as, "Does my skirt hang evenly?" "Can you lend me a yard of ribbon?" and, "My hair simply will not curl, will yours?" were heard in the various rooms. We were preparing for the Baby Party to be given in the "gym" that evening by the House and Cottage girls for the Hall.

During the preceding week a meeting of the Hall girls was held and the following message was read by the President:

"Will you pleez come to our baby party in the jim on Satday evening January nineteenth, nineteen hundred seven at half past seven o'clock?" An acceptance was immediately sent, and since then we all had been very busy making our costumes.

Promptly at the appointed hour the children assembled, and for a few minutes Bedlam reigned supreme. There were several sets of twins, one pair in long-clothes and baby-caps and another pair accompanied by a little French maid in the person of Helen Ramage. A great many of the girls wore dainty white French dresses, and some had on Buster Brown and Russian suits, while Ruth McCracken was a most fascinating "middy." Cornelia Cooke, with patched apron and wired braids, made an excellent "Sis Hopkins" and Alice Cone, in a short-waisted dress with pantalettes, was "a mayde of ye olden tyme."

The first part of the evening games were played; drop-the-handkerchief, blind-man's-buff and tag were entered into with a zest that would have done credit to much smaller children. The remainder of the time was spent in dancing. There were several cotillon figures with most appropriate favors—rubber dolls and balls, tin horns, and snap-dragons—all the noisy toys that children love. The programs were very pretty cards with Buster Browns and sun-bonnet babies painted on them—the work of our hostesses.

We refreshed ourselves so well during the evening with lemonade, cookies and candy that when ten o'clock came no one was ready to leave, for we all had had "the best kind of time."

FARRELL DURMENT.

THE ANDOVER CONCERT AND DANCE.

"What dress are you going to wear to-night? Your midyear? What color did you say it is, pink? Ah! you will look perfectly darling. Well, no, I am not going to wear my midyear dress, I would rather save it until the ninth. Yes, just a simple little white muslin." Such was the conversation on the afternoon of January twenty-sixth, for it was on that evening the men of the Andover Musical Clubs came over here to give us their annual concert.

Our guests arrived about half-past seven, and after much preparation, which girls would call prinking, they came downstairs. Then followed a short reception, and at nine o'clock the concert began.

First on the programme was "The Ghosts' Patrol," which was very successfully rendered by the Mandolin Club. weird and soft were some parts of it, that the listener might easily imagine he saw shadowy and ghostlike figures. Following this came the old, yet ever-entertaining song, "Doan Ye Cry Ma Honey," sung by the Glee Club. For an encore the leader, Mr. MacKay, sang two catchy little songs, "In the Shade of My Parasol," and "The Pipe Song," from "Tobacco Land." Third on the programme was "De Coon Town Review," played by the Banjo Club, and the fourth was a solo, "Where the Lindens Bloom," which brought forth much applause for Mr. Beach. Mr. Beach was here last year and we always enjoy his songs very much, especially the Irish ones. As an encore this time, Mr. Beach pleased us by singing "My Little Irish Girl," and our last year's favorite, "Three Little Chestnuts." Next came "The Prince of India," by the Mandolin Club, and, last but not least, came "Old P. A." to which we all arose and joined in the chorus. This was repeated, making a very fitting closing to a most enjoyable concert.

Soon the chairs were cleared away and dancing began. We expected to have ten dances and two extras but time would not allow, so we could have but eight. This included the supper dance during which we had delightful refreshments.

We all were very sorry when eleven o'clock approached and our guests had to depart, and we only hope we gave them as good a time as we had ourselves. Just as the car was leaving there was a long, loud cheer given for Rogers Hall, which we hope meant that they were sorry to leave. Beatrice Lyford.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

Saturday, the twenty-sixth of January, was an unusually busy day for the girls as, besides the Andover entertainment in the evening, many of us went that afternoon to see "The Lion and the Mouse" at the Lowell Opera House.

The play opens in the home of Judge Rossmore on Long Island. Shirley Rossmore has just returned from Europe to find her father about to become a dishonored man. The person to whom his dishonor is due is Mr. Ryder, the richest man in the country and the father of Miss Rossmore's lover. She has recently published a novel under the name of Sarah Green, taking for her principal character Mr. Ryder. He sends for Miss Green and questions her concerning the book. Finally, he likes her so much that he engages her to write his autobiography, ignorant of the fact that she is the daughter of his bitter rival and the object of his son Jefferson's affections.

Shirley goes to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Ryder and they become greatly attached to her and wish her to persuade Jefferson to give up all thought of marrying Miss Rossmore and to marry Kate Roberts, whom his father has chosen for him. Shirley's one object in remaining so long at the Ryder's is to gain some information concerning her father's case, for she feels sure he is falsely accused. She pleads with Mr. Ryder in the name of justice to spare this innocent man, but he has absolutely no mercy or thought for anyone but himself. The scene in Mr. Ryder's den gives a splendid picture of the rush and drive of the business man of today.

Shirley endures her false position for eight weeks, but the crisis comes when Mr. Ryder sees that Jefferson will not be forced to marry Kate Roberts and asks him to marry Miss Green, the supposed authoress whom he respects very much. Jefferson agrees, but Shirley, tired of deceiving Mr. Ryder any longer, tells him who she really is. She confesses to Mr. Ryder she has gained possession of some private papers of his, showing that her father is innocent of this charge. Shirley threatens to carry them to Washington and expose the whole base scheme unless he will promise to spare the honor of the poor old Judge.

Mr. Ryder is furious at her for the trick played on him and, still remaining heartless, he orders her to leave his house. At this point there surely is some very powerful acting between Shirley and Mr. Ryder.

The next scene shows Shirley ready to take the train for Washington where she is going to make a last hard fight for her father, whose life is slowly sinking under the disgrace which is about to overtake him. As usual, the woman is victorious in the end. Miss Rossmore has so completely won Mr. Ryder's affection and respect while in his family that he cannot bear the thought of losing her or of grieving her so deeply. He softens and shows another side of his nature. Shirley marries Jefferson and Judge Rossmore, by his daughter's courage, retains the honored position and name which he has held for so many years.

ELISE GARDNER.

ATHLETIC EDITORIAL.

Another winter term has come, bringing us back again to Rogers after a very pleasant vacation. We are now ready for the winter sports to begin. The snow makes it possible for all sorts of fun, and snow-shoeing will probably be a favorite pastime, as well as coasting. We had a little of it before vacation, and that little makes us all anxious for more. Skating is a favorite sport with some of us, and when Saturday comes, some of us are sure to be seen taking the car or walking up Andover Street.

Hockey, the game of the fall, is over now, and though we had one more game to play to decide whether the House or the Hall should be champion this year, the game had to be postponed until next spring, on account of the snow and cold weather.

Hockey has now given place to fencing, which is said to cultivate gracefulness and make one walk erect. The "old girls" have assault fencing and look very fierce in their masks and plastrons lunging at one another.

Æsthetic dancing, which comes every Friday evening, is

also to teach us to be graceful, and with so much practice in pirouetting and fancy dancing, we ought to be the most graceful people that ever were.

We are now swinging Indian clubs and dumb-bells in gymnasium work, and have begun our work on the parallel bars, to be ready for the indoor-meet in March.

This year, more than before, we seem to enjoy our athletic work, and are anxious for Tuesdays and Fridays. Though the winter term is always called the longest of the year, and we can not be out-of-doors so much on account of the cold, our "gym days" bid fair to be even more fun than last term.

MOLLY BEACH.

ÆSTHETICS.

We are trying to learn how to be graceful. That is all I can say, we are *trying*. Oh, what a hopeless undertaking it is! We wrestle with Latin, French, and Mathematics, and in the end overcome them, but æsthetics——!

It is because of Mrs. Underhill's kindness that we have the pleasure of both knowing Miss Dorothy Ellingwood and being her pupils. She has two classes on Friday evenings, one from half-past seven until quarter-past eight, and the other from quarter-past eight until nine o'clock. Anyone passing the "Gym" at those hours and peeping in the windows would, I am sure, be held there too fascinated to go away. Three rows of girls of all sizes and ages frantically waving their arms around, pirouetting, pointing and bending, is a sight worth seeing.

There is one thing which delights the heart of every girl, and that is that we wear slippers which actually make our feet look small! More than one girl looks down at her feet and wonders if they really belong to her.

If in June we are so graceful that we will never forget to let our wrists lead when we are handing a picture-hook to our room-mate, perched on top of a ladder, we will owe much to Mrs. Underhill and Miss Dorothy Ellingwood.

DOROTHY R. MERCER.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

Splinters feels sure the Alumnæ will enjoy reading two of the lyrics from "The Sky Scrappers," the operetta written by Caroline Wright (R. H., 1903, Radcliffe, 1907) for the Christmas performance of the Idler Club and the College Settlement Chapter of Radcliffe College. The book, and at least half the lyrics, were written by her. The second lyric printed below is selected, although not written entirely by Caroline, because it was generally considered the most catchy song of the operetta.

LOVE SONG.

Why should we stay in a land apart From the world where we've always been? Our presence here but disturbs their peace, Unrest creeps in unseen; Your thoughts of a crown have vanished quite, Your hopes of a throne have flown— You're given all to return with me, To the life that is our own. Though rosy dreams may tempt you long, They cannot last for aye; The voice of the world will call you back, Surely bye and bye. A man will ask and a maid will give, So long as the world shall last, For his love is the love of a world that holds When the spell of the dream is past.

-Caroline Wright.

I'M TIRED OF BEING A KING.

For years 'mid sneers and singeing jeers, I've tried to rule this monarchy.
Thro' test and jest I've done my best
To keep away all anarchy.
My courtiers all have felt the pall
Of letting well enough alone,

And each has tried to down my pride By teaching me to run my throne. I'm tired of being a king. I envy the chap who can smile At bearing the brunt; Then let him do the stunt, And I'll take a rest for a while.

When things are blue and in a stew, And most extremely mixed, I slyly try to see if I Can get them rightly fixed. I plan with care and then I share My thinking with some other, Only to find I'm left behind, My jobs done by another. I'm tired of being a king. I envy the chap who can smile At bearing the brunt, Then let him do the stunt, And I'll take a rest for a while.

-Caroline Wright.
-Sara M. Bourke.

ABSTRACTS FROM A LETTER.

Hamburg.

I'm getting very much attached to our beautiful view of the Alster with its frisky little steamers and its twinkling lights. The steamers are having hard work today to cut through the ice. They call it cold here, and in truth we find it so, but if my arithmetic is correct in transferring 8° below zero on centigrade, it is only about 17° Fahrenheit, which "we don't call cold in Quebec." But they don't trouble to heat the houses much; the houses are as cold as the floors of which they are made. We almost worship our porcelain stoves, and only long for some good hard coal to keep the fire going all night. If we go out or get interested in our arduous work, lo! the fire goes out without a word of warning.

Today we wanted to go to a Lutheran church but they have the bad grace to begin at 9.45, which was much too early

for us. Instead, we went to see the "Rathaus" or City Hall, which you can see for five cents on Sunday and for twelve on other days. Everything is like that here—cheaper rates for theatres, museums, etc., on Sunday. At this season, at least, all the shops are open and life is gay. It's so different from England where Sunday is like one long funeral. To return to the "Rats," as we call it, we found it very beautiful, gorgeous and extravagant. The guide kept remarking that these doors were made by a certain firm in Hamburg, those bronzes were made by another firm, etc., until we began to suspect, what proved to be the case, that the reason for so much magnificence was a matter of advertisement, just to show visitors what Germany, and especially Hamburg, can produce.

As we walked along one street here we saw a funny sight. Four men were unloading fish from one of the immense barges that are constantly traversing the lake here. The fish were down in the hold, and the men hauled them out in a net, tumbled them, all flopping, into a box to weigh them, and from the box flopped them into a vat. Two men carried this by a pole on their shoulders up to the road, where a wagon with two huge vats stood waiting, and into these vats the poor fish were dumped again. The ice skimmed over them and it must have been fearfully cold work for the men as well as for the fish. We were told that the fish were probably carp, which is the national dish served on Christmas day. I'm sure Hamburg could be fed on the contents of that one barge—there seemed no end to the wiggly critters.

Dresden.

Berlin is full of excitement. Mother and I distinguished ourselves holding down the sidewalk for hours at a time in the hope of seeing the Emperor, but he whisked by in an "auto" before you could say scat! Another day we joined a crowd standing around the Royal carriage, which was waiting outside the Court jeweller's. After waiting about half an hour the carriage drove rapidly away and presently it came around the block again containing the Royalties who evidently had sneaked out the back door.

We like Dresden very much; it is small and quiet, and easy to find the way about. Also, we hear English spoken on every corner, which is a blessing.

This morning we went to the Royal Court Church, where they have fine music. We were rather surprised to find a brass band, drum and all, besides the organ. The King of Saxony and his family sit in a "box" right above the altar. The church was so crowded we couldn't get a seat, so after standing first on one leg and then on the other, we went out.

ELIZABETH BENNETT, (R. H., 1895, Wellesley, 1900)

Helen Hill (R. H., 1901, Smith, 1905) has accepted a position as instructor of Greek and history at Saint Gabriel's School, Peekskill, New York.

Juliette Huntress (R. H., 1904) is spending a month with Priscilla Howes in Watertown, New York.

Anthy Gorton (R. H., 1905) has been visiting Carnzu Abbot in Lowell. In February she is going to New York for a visit, and still later in the winter she expects to travel in the South.

Edith Nourse has announced her engagement to Mr. John Rogers of Lowell.

On December 26th Ruth Burke gave a very charming cotillon at her home in Lowell. It would be futile to mention the Rogers Hall girls who were guests, for there was hardly a girl present who does not look upon Rogers Hall as her alma mater.

Helen Pratt (R. H., 1904) gave the following recital at Mr. B. J. Lang's music-room in Boston on December twelfth:

Chopin Prelude in C minor

Schumann Romanze Schumann Nachtstucke

Dvorak Humoreske, Op. 101 No. 7

Bach Allegro di Molto

Philipp Elfe

Schelling Un Petit Rien

Mendelssohn Concerto in G minor

Andante Presto

Louise and Alice Ramsdell, with three of their Buffalo friends, gave a large dance at the Twentieth Century Club in Buffalo on Christmas night.

Carnzu Abbot, Jessie Ames, Harriet Coburn, Florence Nesmith, Isabel Nesmith, and Ruth Wilder gave a house cotillon on January seventeenth.

Ruth Wilder (R. H., 1903, Vassar, 1907) has been obliged to give up her college course on account of ill-health. She had planned to go to Jamaica on January 22nd, but on account of the Kingston disaster her trip is indefinitely postponed.

Julia Stevens is planning to spend the month of February in Florida.

In the Christmas vacation Bessie Chalifoux gave a luncheon for six Rogers Hall girls, Annis Kendall, Louise Parker and Molly Pillsbury (all home from college for their first long vacation), Helen Nesmith and Elizabeth Wilder.

Ruth Wilder, (R. H., 1903, Vassar, 1907) has announced her engagement to Mr. William Green of Gloversville, New York.

May Wilder is to be married on February fourteenth to Mr. Arthur Huguley of Boston.

SPLINTERS

Rogers Hall School, Lowell, Mass.

SPLINTERS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Editorial												1
A Visit to the Sha	aker Se	ettle	ment									2
Mammy's Church												6
Do You Believe in	n Pairi	es?										7
"Sauce for the Go	ose.''											9
A Modern Inferno		•										11
A Ride Through	Yellow	ston	e Pa	rk								13
The Beautiful La	dy .											15
Daily Themes .												19
Book Reviews .			•									26
Children's Page .												31
School News .	•										•	35
Athletics		•		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	52
Alumnæ Departm	ent	•	•	•		•	•	•	•	•	•	55

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SPLINTERS.

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No. 3.

EDITORIAL.

It is frequently said by foreigners that Americans are not patriotic, that they no longer care to work primarily for the common good but rather for their own good, that "good" usually being the attainment of great public prominence or, what is more common, wealth. It is true that we Americans are great money-getters and people with a lot of "push," and we should be proud of the quality, but it should not be true, and we should not be proud that we are, for the most part, so engrossed in our own private affairs that we forget the affairs of our republic.

There have been many big scandals unearthed in the last few years, especially in our big cities, in Philadelphia, for instance, when the Mayor crushed the "machine," whose work was the cause of all the corruption. Conditions are probably somewhat similar in other well-known cities, and they will have to be entirely changed before our country is as it should be. There are plenty of critics who write up all the cases of corruption to be found throughout the land but who do little or nothing toward curing the evil. It is all very well to show the government its faults, but something more than that is needed—to remedy them, not by words but by work.

Owen Wister says that there is a tendency growing among us Americans to be lukewarm in our patriotism, and the result is that "money's golden hand is tightening on the throat of liberty and the soul of Uncle Sam has turned into a dollar inside his great, big, strong, triumphant flesh." Lukewarm patriotism is worse than none at all. However, though Americans may be lukewarm and indifferent outwardly, there is a secret spark hidden in most of us which will flare up at the critical moment and reveal our true selves. Seldom do we really find a "man without a country."

Foreigners say that we seldom rise when we hear our national airs and do not always salute the flag. This neglect is usually due to thoughtlessness on our part. It is mainly on account of the neglect of these less vitally important acts that other nations accuse us of lack of patriotism. Women, though unable directly to better political conditions in the large cities, can still show real love for their country by observing these customs and by helping to establish them more firmly.

Though, as a people, we may have to answer guilty to the charge of lack of zeal for the public welfare, yet we have citizens of whose patriotism we may be proud, men who work for their country at home and are respected abroad. John Hay was such a man. As long as there are Americans who think and speak as he once did in his reply to a young English girl, there is still plenty of hope. The two were standing watching the "Red, White and Blue" being raised by a body of militia at a military review, when the girl turned to Hay and said in rather a loud voice, "Humph! It looks just like that red and white striped candy we used to eat when I was a child!"

"Yes," said Hay dryly, in a clear, distinct voice, "the kind you never could lick." JOSEPHINE MORSE.

A VISIT TO THE SHAKER SETTLEMENT.

Acknowledged that Vermont is a good place for health and fun, but we had grown rather tired of it, so a party of six decided on a drive through the Berkshires to finish the summer vacation. When we started we had no idea what kind of trip it would be, where we should sleep or in fact where we should do anything. We just knew we wanted a long drive, to see various points of interest, and we expected to land in New York in about ten days; and those ten days certainly were interesting and full of fun. We spent all of the nights in Pittsfield and Great Barrington and took long drives from each of those places. The most interesting of all was our visit to the Shaker Settlement at Lebanon.

We started from Pittsfield on a beautiful autumn morning soon after breakfast, with a team of good, spirited horses and an equally good, spirited party. We wound around the little hills, at one time looking up to a mass of yellow and green foliage, and another time looking down upon it. The driver pointed out all the places of interest with great enthusiasm, and as we came in sight of a long, steep hill rising in front of us he said:

"Watch out when we get to the top. There's the fine view for you!"

It certainly was all that he said. Before us was the valley of Lebanon guarded on all sides by the hills,—great masses of autumn colors. The valley was green and fertile, and just in the center was the Shaker village. To us it looked very much like a toy village—the gardens and paths were so regular, and the houses with their red chimneys seemed each just large enough for one good sized doll. We stopped a minute to look and then tried to hurry the driver down the hill, so anxious were we to visit the village.

At last we stopped in front of the gate of the settlement, which was very real and life-like now. There was a group of eight or ten buildings, painted snow white, just in the foreground of the settlement, and back of them were the fertile and beautifully farmed fields. A "Sister," as they called her, hurried out to meet us, and immediately I felt welcomed to a peaceful and happy home. The air of hospitality and contentment that pervaded the settlement impressed me at once, and I was anxious to see and hear more about the family. The sister was almost beautiful in her great simplicity and refinement, and after noticing her costume,—the plainest kind of shirtwaist suit of tannish gray mohair, with a white kerchief about the neck,—I was convinced that clothes do not make the woman.

We followed her into the first house, looking about curiously, expecting to see something very strange, I suppose. But there was nothing very strange to be found. It was a typical old-fashioned New England homey home, except that it was even cleaner than the most spotless I had ever seen. There were a few old pictures on the walls, and the heavy old furniture stood

on a home-made rag carpet. The sister was hospitality itself, and settled down in an old chair, and talked as though we were some old friends.

"Thee must have had a beautiful drive, my dear," she said, and then turning to the others, "and we are very pleased that you have come to visit our home. We shall enjoy showing you how happy and contented we are here. Do you know anything about our sect?"

We assured her that we didn't, and settled down as though we were to hear some delightful fairy tale.

"Mother Ann Lee was the founder of our sect. She came to America in 1774, and started our first settlement in Water-veliet, New York She was such a beautiful spirit that her influence was soon felt, and the surrounding people began to see and think about her holy life. Our belief spread and the second colony was established here on this very ground in 1779. How thankful I should be for it!"

She refolded her hands and paused a minute.

"There are about fifty in our family here now, brothers, sisters, and a few children. Of course we do not believe in marriage, but children are sent to visit us, and often even these young minds see the simplicity and happiness in our homes and they remain with us. Our good brothers find great delight in working for us on our farms, and in doing tasks that would be impossible for us. We work here in the houses, also in the laundry and dairy, trying to have cleanliness and order."

At the word cleanliness there was an audible smile, and we remarked that we were sure that they succeeded, which remark seemed to tell the sister an old story. Apparently she had heard it before.

"At the first of each week," she continued, "the work is planned for everyone, and every week a new position is assigned, so we do not tire of the work and have no chance to feel jealous of one another. We sisters look to the care of the children sent to us and try to train them to become true men and women, living godly and holy lives. You would be surprised what

splendid housekeepers our girls of eighteen make. They surprise me and make me wonder what I have been learning in the last thirty years. One of the girls generally works in the store. But come, let me show you these places now. You must be tired of hearing me talk," and she started to show us through the house.

We passed through the dining room with its long tables and snow white table cloths, and tried to imagine some of the good dishes that had been set upon them. She took us then into the store which seemed to be her great pride. On one long table were jars of candied orange peel, ginger, and homemade maple sugar. There they sold fancy knick-knacks, dolls, shaker bonnets and capes made by the sisters. We also saw the shaker furniture, and the well-known shaker brooms which they had made.

"Who receives the money from the sales?" we asked.

The sister looked surprised and explained.

"All the money received is put into the common treasury, and at the end of the year it is divided evenly among us. As we all do our share of the work it is only right that we should receive equal amounts."

I bought some of their articles, and as we went on I wondered at the difference between their mode of life and that of our great railroad magnates. Which was the happier? We passed on through their spotless dairy, laundry and other buildings, and found them all in the same perfect order. All the brothers and sisters whom we saw at work seemed to have the same peaceful and contented spirit, and to be happy in their work.

I was very much interested during the entire visit, and was very sorry that we were unable to accept, when they asked us to remain for dinner. All the way back we felt that their simple fifty cent dinner, even though without meat would have proved much more wholesome than the one we were to have at the hotel. However we had to put that off for our next visit.

HELEN B. HUFFMAN.

MAMMY'S CHURCH.

It was May in old Kentucky and the locusts were in bloom, sending their sweet fragrance through the open windows. Because I had been good for a whole day I was allowed the rare privilege of accompanying Mammy to church.

I held tightly to her brown old hand as we walked down the dusty road, and watched the grasshoppers in the tall weeds. Lizzie, the second maid, had been telling all the gossip of the day to Mammy and I had not been listening, but presently I caught the words "conjure" and "new moon." I looked up just in time to hear Lizzie say:

"If I goes, I'll habe bad luck, sho, 'cause I done seen dat new moon frew de trees."

I was just going to inquire about her reasons for having bad luck, when we reached the door of the "Meetin' House" and Mammy led me down the aisle to her seat. The shiny face and woolly gray head of the preacher was bent in prayer, and I kicked my toes against the bench in front and looked around for amusement.

There were no books of hymns or prayers, as none of the congregation could read, not even the preacher, whose sermons were either the outcome of his own experience, or compiled from what he had heard, though he always began "As de Good Book says."

After the sermon came the singing and the collection. Instead of the basket being passed, it rested on a table in front of the pulpit, and each person got up and started up the aisle, singing the whole way, and deposited his or her gift.

One tall and very "yaller coon" in a new pink hat had had a nickel changed into pennies and she marched up and down the aisle five times, singing at the top of her voice, so that everyone would notice the latest addition to her wardrobe. Mammy muttered something about "upstarts and poor white-trash-niggers," and Lizzie giggled.

On the way home I did not have a chance to question Mammy about the new moon as the preacher was with us, but later, when I was tucked into bed and story-time came, I teased to know about the things that had haunted my mind all the day.

"Go on, chile, I ain't gwine to fill yo' li'l head up wid dat gal Lizzie's talk," said Mammy, but nevertheless she told me about a bottle of "conjure" in the back pasture pond. This "conjure" was most severe in its effect on negroes but could not harm the whites. Every negro on the plantation would be obliged to leave if it remained in that pond. Poor Mammy firmly believed this and so did I when she told me about it.

All night long my dreams were disturbed by ghosts with long razors, black cats with green eyes, broken mirrors, and bottles of "conjure." Next morning when I confided the story of my broken dreams to Mammy's sympathetic ear, she told me not to worry, as "it sho" was only a bobtail rabbit walkin across yo' grave."

HENSHAW WATERS.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN FAIRIES?

Once upon a time—my fairy tale must begin as all fairy tales begin—once upon a time there was a Man. Now this Man was not very good nor was he beautiful. Indeed he had led a wicked life for so long that evil was imprinted on his features and his face was unpleasant to look upon. He was tall and strong, only his face spoiled the effect; but unmindful of his personal appearance he continued in his evil ways.

At this same time there also lived a lady,—let us call her the Poppy Lady, for that term has a rather alluring sound and yet should be more suggestive than misleading. The Poppy Lady was very beautiful, but not until you were under her spell did you discover that her heart was very wicked indeed. The Man was under the influence of the Poppy Lady and he grew more wicked every day, enslaved by her beauty, and thinking that he loved her.

So things progressed, and the world suffered from the evil deeds of the Poppy Lady and the Man.

Now on a hillside outside the town where the Poppy Lady and the Man lived, there was a brook. And the brook was so swift, though it was very small, that it was strong enough to turn a mill which stood upon its bank. In the mill there dwelt a miller and he had one fair daughter. They two, the girl and the mill, formed all his earthly possessions, but in spite of his poverty he and his daughter were happy,-and that is all that really counts, you know.

One day the Man was called away from town and as he was hurrying back at nightfall, anxious to see the Poppy Lady, he chanced to pass the mill. He stopped his weary horse to rest on a hill overlooking the mill and the miller's cottage. As he waited, he watched the scene below. The miller was leaving his mill after the day's work. His daughter, who had been feeding their flock of geese, saw him and ran to meet him. Arm in arm they went down the hill into the cottage to prepare the evening meal.

The Man, watching, remained lost in thought long after his horse had regained its breath. Then he went slowly down the hill toward town. But his desire to see the Poppy Lady was gone. Something sweet and good had come into his life and he could not bear to lose it.

He realized for the first time how wicked the Poppy Lady really was and the ruin towards which his evil deeds were hastening him.

Then he bethought him of a maskmaker—the most wonderful in the world—who could model a mask for a human face that would have the pliability needed to make it seem like real flesh and blood. The Man visited him, and for weeks the artist was at work making and remaking till at last the mask was finished. The result delighted the Man, for now his expression could be only good, and so long as his thoughts were pure no evil could be seen even in his eyes.

Elated with his success, he could not refrain from speaking to the Poppy Lady as he passed her window. Afterwards in her own apartments she thought until she had guessed his secret. Meanwhile he had sought the mill. He asked to be received as one of the family, and the miller and his daughter made him welcome as best they could. Weeks and months and years the Man lived there helping the miller in the mill, unobtrusively loving the daughter, and leading a pure and blameless life undiscovered by any of his old associates.

But while the three sat one summer evening on the grass plot before the cottage the Poppy Lady appeared in their midst. In mad rage and jealousy she tore the mask from the Man's face. But lo! such a pure life has he led and such a true love has he given to the little miller girl that his own face has been transformed and is more beautiful than the mask. The girl throws her arm across his shoulders and defies the Poppy Lady, promising to love him forever.

Laughing bitterly the Poppy Lady goes back to her other lovers in town. She and her lovers are the only ones who do not "live happily ever afterward."

RUTH HEATH.

"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE."

PART I.

Down in a cool, green orchard lay a girl of nine or ten, munching an unripe apple, and reading to herself in an absorbed manner from a book on the ground in front of her. The noise of distant shouts disturbed her not at all; she did not appear even to have heard them, but seemed to be buried fathoms deep in the engrossing story. The shouting grew nearer. "Marion! Marion! where are you?" called three young voices, but Marion did not answer them. Then as the owners of the voices drew near, one of them saw the pink of her dress. "There she is," he cried, and all three made a grand rush for the orchard.

"Where have you been? We've looked for you every where! Didn't you hear us calling to you?" said the oldest of the children, a tall boy of eleven. Marion looked up with a start, then burst into hot tears of vexation.

"Oh, can't you leave me alone," she sobbed, "I don't want to play your stupid old games with you! You never give me any peace, and I want some chance to read. Please go away!"

The oldest boy sat down on the grass and put his arm around her heaving shoulders.

"Don't cry, Marion," he said, "nobody shall bother you, for I won't let 'em. You're my girl, you know, so I'll take your side."

"I'm not your girl, John Abbott," Marion said, sitting up and shaking off his arm indignantly, "and I'll never be your girl, you big sissy! If I were going to be any one's girl, I'd be Bob's girl. He's littler than you are, but he's no girl-boy. Come on, Hazel," she said to the little girl, who stood staring at her with round, astonished eyes, "you and I'll go home. Bob, you ask your mother if you can come over to our house to play with Hazel. But you needn't bring that sissy-brother of yours. I should think he'd be ashamed, telling about his girl all the time! Come, Hazel," and Marion, picking up her book, stalked haughtily away.

Little Hazel turned to the berated John and whispered, "Don't you care, Johnnie; if Marion won't be your girl, I will," and then trotted off after her sister.

PART II.

A young man came out of the house, swinging a tennis racket. Across the road, in the orchard beside the opposite house, he caught a glimpse of a pink dress in a hammock.

"There she is," he said dejectedly, "now, I suppose she'll want me to read to her while she sews, or take her out on the river. She seems to think she regularly owns me since I've come back from college. Never gives me a chance to see a bit of Hazel. But, by Jove, I'm not going to stand for it any longer. I'm going to play tennis with Hazel this morning, no matter what her ladyship wants!"

"Jack, come here," called a clear voice from the depths of the hammock. "Jack, don't you want to amuse me a little while? I'm bored to death!"

"I'm no end sorry, Marion," replied the young man, "but the fact is, I have another engagement. Could you tell me where your sister is?" he added. VIRGINIA TOWLE.

A MODERN INFERNO.

It was nearing midnight when I awoke, feeling a cold hand laid on my shoulder and a voice saying slowly and solemnly, "Mortal! awake, for I have sights to show you this night which have never been seen by any living creature since the time of Æneas and of Dante. You are the being chosen by Fate to see the dwellings of the departed. A certain day is set apart in every age for this journey to be made. Say not a word but follow me."

Quickly I flung a cloak over my shoulders and, trembling with curiosity and apprehension, followed my guide out into the dark night. Through the dampness and shadows we flew, over a country unfamiliar in its blankness, scarcely touching earth with our feet. I followed my unseen and unknown guide blindly, and it was by instinct alone I knew where he was and how near me.

Soon, far ahead, I saw a glimmer in the blackness and strange lights and shadows dancing around a huge black crag which jutted out boldly from the level waste around. On coming nearer I saw that these fantastical shapes were shadows caused by the light streaming out from a great gap in the rock. From this opening also came sounds as of low moans, and occasionally a shrill scream.

"Mortal! you may well stand abashed, for these are the portals of the Inferno, through which I will safely lead you that you may view with your human eyes the different punishments to which those who sin on earth are subjected."

He stepped ahead, and I, following timidly, stepped after him through the portals of this Land of Shadows. For an instant the brilliant reddish light would burn brightly and then in a moment would disappear and leave the place in utter darkness. On looking around me during one of these flashes, I saw how precarious was my position on a narrow ledge of rock, which overlooked a bottomless pit. In this were writhing several tortured beings surrounded by creeping things and all manner of foul life. Such was the destination of all those who in the world above had been most mean, avaricious and contemptible. We left these loathsome objects behind and proceeded on our way.

Soon I felt my guide to have stopped before a small grated opening in the rock beside us. I also stopped and he addressed me in his hollow, haunting voice.

"Look in here, favored one, and you will see the life which a man of great worldly wealth among you is now doomed to lead." I peered through the grate and saw a man, wizened and old, surrounded by piles upon piles of gold and silver. Around him were tables laden with delicacies, hot and steaming. "What is the matter with him? Why does he not eat?" said I.

"He is dying of starvation," said my guide, "but he will never actually die."

As he spoke I saw the man but touch his lips with wine and it was no longer wine but turned to burning steel. It was the same with everything he touched—like King Midas of old, his touch was fated. I saw others of his kind there also, but the food of all was not changed to steel,—some was turned to copper and some to oil.

At the next grating again I stopped, and looking in saw a most heart-rending sight. A barrier made of diamonds, cut sharp as needle-points, divided the room into two parts, in one of which was a beautiful woman, entirely surrounded by gorgeous gowns and splendid jewels, stretching her arms out over the barrier to a little fair-haired child playing in lonely splendor on the other side. He was merely the image of her own child, but she knew it not, and the tears were coursing down her cheeks and her dress was stained with blood from the cruel barrier over which she called to the little boy, who heard her not at all.

The ledge of rock now began to grow wider and finally terminated in a good, broad highway which wound its way by the side of a river full of mud. Along its banks were crowds of sinners, some drinking the water and some lying in the last agonies of death. On my inquiring the cause of their death I was informed that this river was called the Schuylkillus and its waters were sure poison to all, even to him who but wets his tongue.

A hubbub was heard behind and I turned quickly to see a pallid young man with cunning eyes running at top-speed toward us. He was pursued by a half dozen angry men who waved notes and shouted loudly after him, "Stop the scoundre!! Forger, forger!" We paid no attention but went our way and they soon passed us and were out of sight.

Ever journeying onward I saw many strange and terrible sights; murderers being punished now by their former victims; gamblers playing roulette and always losing.

Once we caught a glimpse of a beautiful country far in the distance, with long stretches of golden sands and the blue sea leaping and dancing beyond. The next minute it was gone—that Blessed Land—and I was called out of my reveries by the voice close by, speaking again.

"It now draws nigh to dawn and 'tis time for thee to go." He led me back the way we came and at those yawning gates stopped, saying, "I will send with thee a sprite to guide thy footsteps. So depart from hence, man of earth, and profit by what you have seen here below." JOSEPHINE MORSE.

A RIDE THROUGH YELLOWSTONE PARK.

We had found the west most interesting with its wild beauty, but the greatest treat was yet awaiting us,—our ride through the Yellowstone on horseback.

A party of forty-eight left Eaton's Ranch, Wyoming, and arriving at Cody, a typical western town, rode out from there through the Yellowstone Park. Few people take this route as it is a good deal longer than any other, but I am sure if they knew what wild and wonderful scenery it affords, they would go the way we did.

After two days of hard riding we at last crossed the border line and were in the greatest National Park of the world. It is often called Wonderland, and if a dictionary was searched through a better name could not be found. One day when we had nearly ended a long tiring ride and were expecting to run into camp any minute, we saw the beautiful Yellowstone Lake in the distance. All were tired, but this seemed to put new spirit and vigor into us, for we all wanted to see the Lake from a nearer point. I can't begin to tell the beauties of this great crystal basin. I think it can be appreciated better after hearing Mr. Folsom's description written in 1869.

"As we were about departing on our homeward journey, we ascended the summit of a neighboring hill to get a final view of the Yellowstone Lake. Nestled among the forest crowned hills which bounded our vision, lay this inland sea, its crystal waves dancing and sparkling in the sunlight as if laughing with joy in their wild freedom. It is a scene of transcendent beauty, which has been viewed by but few white men, and we felt glad to have looked upon it before its primeval solitude is broken by the crowds of pleasure seekers who at no distant day will throng its shores." The Teton Mountains stand like sentinels around the Lake to see that the wildness of its borders is not destroyed by hotels being built there.

After leaving the Lake we rode to the "Grand Cañon." I shall never forget my first impression of the cañon as I looked down three hundred feet into the rushing torrent of water which flows from the "Upper Falls." On both sides of this cascade are many different colored rocks, and the whole scene is so beautiful that it gives one a feeling of awe and wonder. Two days were all we had planned to stay here, but one could spend weeks and never tire of looking down the cañon from "Inspiration Point."

As we rode from one camp to the other we often saw the great sulphur springs. These are not only interesting to look at, but they are useful also, as they are considered a wonderful cure for rheumatism. From the time we reached Mammoth Hot Springs until we turned homewards, I wondered what the inside of this earth could be made of. As the boiling water comes forth from the Springs, it seems as if there could be nothing but fire underneath. "Hell's Half Acre" is a half acre covered with different geysers. Some spout mud, some hot water, and some sulphur. One can walk from one of these to the other on the hard white crust-like formation.

All of us were anxious to see "Old Faithful Inn" and the geyser of the same name. The geyser is one of the oldest and highest. It spouts every sixty minutes and the stream reaches the height of a hundred feet. At night it looks especially beautiful as a search light is turned on it from the Inn.

We will now turn to the Inn and see what it is like. It is made wholly of logs and is the largest construction of its kind in the world. The interior is made from the rough part of the trees, but, of course, is arranged most artistically. In the center of the large reception room are four immense fire places. In the evening the guests gather around the fires and pop corn. The lights are in the shape of candles which give a quaint appearance to the room when lighted at night.

From here back to Cody we had a ride through the wilderness. The pine forests were plentiful, as the great forest Reservation is here. We sometimes passed little hotels built by "Buffalo Bill"; but as no private buildings are allowed on this ground we met few people.

We once had the pleasure of stopping at a Ranch on our way. The house consisted of one room, a kitchen and bedroom combined, but there were quite a number of log buildings for the use of the animals! The nearest station was a one day's ride from the Ranch, so one can imagine how glad these people were to see any one, even strangers.

Arriving at the station, we once more took the train and arrived at our Ranch a day later, after a horseback ride of five hundred miles.

MARION CHANDLER.

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY.

To Dorothy, Father was just a name. He was the King of the Land of Books and lived in a wonderful room full of beautiful things, where a bright fire was always burning. This castle was guarded by two fierce dragons, carved upright upon the doors. Little Dorothy remembered a time, far away, when she had been there and seen fairies and giants and elves pictured

in the fire. But that was long ago, before she was so lonely. Dorothy was nearly always lonely now—except when she went to the Land Beautiful.

That was a wonderful journey; you just lay on the floor in the nursery and thought of the stories nurse had told you, and looked at the pictures on the walls. Then, the first thing you knew, they were talking to you. Little Red Riding Hood showed her the good things in her basket that her mother had put there; Cinderella told her about her step-mother and the Prince. But best of all she liked Golden Locks and The Three Bears, because Mother was always "waiting to gather Golden Locks into her arms" when she came home.

"It must be very nice to be gathered into her arms; I wonder what it is like," mused Dorothy. Dorothy had never had a Mother, and she wanted one, oh so much! She must be a very wonderful person, she thought. She would ask the King, maybe he would know!

When she came back from her Land Beautiful she often went downstairs to the entrance of the castle, hoping each time that the dragons would not be there. She was just a little bit afraid of them, just enough afraid so that she would not ask them to let her go in. But they were always there, so Dorothy would go away disappointed.

One day little Dorothy was more lonely than usual, and Golden Locks had told her more about Mother than usual. She knew now what Mother looked like, so she went down to tell the King and ask him to help her find her. The Dragons were there guarding the King, but Dorothy screwed up courage to speak to them.

"Are you always here? Do you *never* go away? Please do not hurt me, but tell me, can't anyone but the King go in there—not even a little, little girl?

"I do so want to go in and ask about Mother. The King is my father and I want to see what Father is like, too. Did you ever have a father, Dragons?"

But the Dragons stared straight ahead and did not answer. So little Dorothy decided that tomorrow she would find Mother herself—and went away to bed. * * * *

"And the child," Mrs. Guilbert was saying in her low, sympathetic voice, "do you realize, Edward, that you have not considered the child at all?"

Edward Alness was sitting as usual at that hour, in Agnes Guilbert's charming library, deep in thought. He felt strangely at peace with the world, more than he had for five years past,—since the death of his young wife. She had been a dainty slip of a girl, his ideal of beauty, sharing his ambitions, but too frail to share his hardships as a struggling young author. A year after their marriage she had died, leaving him grief-stricken, with a little daughter to provide for. He had left the child to the care of her good nurse, while he had tried to find consolation in his books. For nearly five years he had labored without ceasing, winning for himself wealth with which to gratify his taste for the beautiful, and a high standing in the literary world. Then he had met Mrs. Guilbert, a charming widow, clever and beautiful.

As he sat in her library he could not but feel the influence of her personality in all the appointments, in the deep, rich tones of the rugs and tapestries, in the American beauties which were so like her, but most of all in her collection of rare volumes and beautiful editions of the masters. It expressed her so fully, there was not one jarring note.

He contrasted it with his own library, which was rich and luxurious, but which showed the want of a woman's taste. Yes—he had done well to speak as he did. She was what he had needed to complete his life, and now that he had filled that need, he was pleased.

"To be sure—the child," he responded, coming out of his abstraction, "she will not trouble us, you know. She lives up stairs, I believe, with the nurse. They say she is beautiful, as children go. I confess I do not know."

"I have seen her often in the park. She is very beautiful and very sensitive," answered Mrs. Guilbert, "too sensitive 'to live up stairs with the nurse." She must live with us,—you need her, Edward, and I need her—and she needs us. She must become a part of our lives. But we must go slowly—she

does not know us, and she must decide." Though Mr. Alness answered "yes" to her earnest plea for the child, he was not at all certain that they needed the child, or that the child needed them; but perhaps Mrs. Guilbert knew best.

The day after Dorothy's talk with the dragons, she slipped out of the house to find mother. She walked and walked until she was very tired, looking all through the park for the Beautiful Lady she so often saw, and whom she knew was mother. But the Beautiful Lady did not come, so little Dorothy lay down on the grass and tried to go to the Land Beautiful. But Golden Locks was not there to tell about mother, and Dorothy was too tired to wait for her, so she went fast asleep. Very soon Mrs. Guilbert drove by, and seeing the little girl asleep and alone, gently picked her up and took her home.

When she awoke Dorothy saw that she was in the nursery "gathered into the arms" of the Beautiful Lady. "You did come, didn't you?" she asked sleepily. "Are you my mother?"

Mrs. Guilbert caught her breath, for she had heard a familiar step stop outside the door, and she knew that Dorothy's father stood there.

"No, dear," she said tenderly, "I am afraid not."

"But I saw you in the Land Beautiful, you are like Golden Locks' mother. I tried to ask the King, who lives in the land of Books, about you but the Dragons would not let me go to him, so I found you myself. You are my mother, aren't you?"

Then Agnes Guilbert understood. The long forgotten days of her own motherless childhood came back to her; her own craving for love, which she, too, had tried to satisfy with dreams, and she answered with tears in her eyes, "Yes, dear little girl, I am your mother! Now shall we go to tell the King?"

So they went down stairs, and at a word from mother, the Dragons separated, and there stood the King to welcome them, saying, "Will you come and live with me, little Daughter?" and Dorothy held out her arms to be taken.

FARRELL S. DURMENT.

DAILY THEMES.

TWO ALLEGORIES.

I.

THE TWO EXTREMES.

Mr. Unconventionality and Mr. Worldly-Wise once started out for a horseback ride. They rode for a long distance, and came at last to a five barred gate, marked World's Opinion.

"What is the name of the road on the other side of this gate, Brother?" asked Unconventionality.

"That," replied Worldly-Wise, "is the road which leads to the Town of Utter Freedom. Let us turn around here and go back. I dare not go beyond the World's Opinion."

"If you're afraid, then we must say good by," said his companion, and without more words he took the gate.

"Come back and tell me what you find," called Worldly-Wise, "I'll be waiting for you here."

So he waited patiently for Unconventionality to come back and tell him about the Town of Utter Freedom. Other riders came up and asked him questions about the roads; one or two stayed to talk to him, a few leaped the gate, but most of the horsemen turned into other paths.

At last, when the sun had almost set, and Worldly-Wise was growing very weary, he saw Unconventionality signalling to him in the distance. Worldly-Wise strained his eyes to see, and Unconventionality continued to beckon.

"I cannot come now," shouted Worldly-Wise, "the World's Opinion is too much for me. Come back here instead, and tell me about your ride."

But Unconventionality motioned that he could not come.

"My horse is spent from his long journey," he called, "and he could not take the five barred gate. It is easier to cross from the inside to the outside. In fact, if you are once out, it is almost impossible to get in, Brother." "Is the Town of Utter Freedom very lovely?" asked Worldly-Wise, wistfully.

"Very lovely," answered the other, "but one needs youth to enjoy it. This morning it seemed very fair, but now in the evening, I would give much to be inside the gate of the World's Opinion."

"Oh, do not wish that, Brother," said Worldly-Wise, "it is no better here than out there. My horse, from long standing, has grown stiff, and cannot move. I have no shelter, and I do not know what to do for tonight."

"Then we are in the same plight, Brother," said Unconventionality, "I am utterly mystified myself."

Just then a grim looking servant in black livery appeared. "Gentlemen," he said, "my master has observed your distress, and bids you welcome to his home. He is lord of this estate and it is his custom to offer hospitality to such as come within its bounds. Dismount, I pray, and follow me."

Then the two companions left their horses a trifle unwillingly, for they were fond of them, and followed the servant.

VIRGINIA TOWLE.

II.

THE MOUNTAIN OF FAME.

In the midst of a broad green field called Unused Talents, there stands the mountain of Fame. Though the base is surrounded by the Slough of Despond, the mountain itself is very beautiful. A little brook rises near the summit and tumbles babbling down its side. There is a narrow path beside the brook, which winds in and out among the trees and flowers, up the steep mountain side, stopping by the way in cool arbors named Comfort, Popularity, and Mediocrity, where weary travelers can rest and drink of the waters of Hope. The summit of the mountain is clear and white and beautiful, with many marble thrones, supported by Time.

Many people dwell upon the field of Unused Talents, and sooner or later they start on a journey toward the mountain of Fame. Many flounder in the Slough of Despond and are brought by kind hands back to the levels of their idle, unstriving lives.

Others reach the mountain and begin the steep ascent, traveling together until they reach the first quiet resting place. Some are content to remain in Comfort, knowing that the sluggish dwellers below will praise them for starting out. Then the lessened company toils onward.

At all the resting places travelers stay, and fewer and fewer are of the number as they journey upward. Each one, as he goes farther than those behind him, does more good than they do. He that does most good is the one who does not flounder in the Slough of Despond, and is not content with Comfort, or Popularity, or Mediocrity; but, drinking deep of the waters of Hope, passes on up the road that grows ever steeper, until at last he is enthroned upon the pinnacle of Fame.

FARRELL S. DURMENT.

THE RECIPE FOR A SUCCESSFUL STRAW-RIDE.

Take a bright moon-light night in July, harness four lively horses to a large wagon filled with straw, and a dozen boys and girls who know how to have a good time; give to each person a horn, whistle, or trumpet; pour in a few pounds of candy, half a dozen boxes of Nabiscoes, some oranges and bananas, and then start for a twelve mile drive through some woods. After mixing for an hour, take the people off the wagon, and deposit them in a little store, and help them to ginger ale and sarsaparilla; after fifteen minutes, put them in again, mix and return. Be sure and flavor with plenty of fun, happiness, and jollity; and when mixed correctly, the recipe is sure to be successful.

Molly Beach.

TAKING CARE OF THE BABY.

I am to take care of the baby this afternoon, just when I was going to have a nice tea-party for all my dolls! Well, I guess I'll take him up to my play room and I may be able to entertain my dolls after all.

My, how heavy he is, and how many steps there are! I mustn't let him fall, for he might cry and babies do make such a noise when they cry.

Here we are, and how dear my dolls do look, all sitting up waiting for me. Guess I will put the baby over in this corner so he won't disturb me.

Now that we have had tea, little dollies, what shall we do to amuse ourselves? Oh, I know, let's play ball. First I will throw it to the baby. Oh, my, how funny! It hit him on the head, and he made such a funny face. Guess I will try it again. I never saw such funny faces as he is making. I do believe he is going to cry. Yes, there he goes! Oh, dear, what a dreadful noise! I know what I will do, put him in the bookcase and pretend he is a lion roaring at me.

This is getting tiresome, I don't want to listen to him roar any more; guess I will go back to my dolls. I think I will take them downstairs and out for a little walk, they have been so good. Oh, here is mamma. She seems to be angry about baby being in the bookcase. I forgot all about him. She says I cannot go out and I shall have to stay up here the rest of the day for being so naughty! Well, I shall never take care of a baby again, it is too much trouble, and I don't get any thanks from any body.

EVELINE L. HOGARTH.

AN INTERESTING CHARACTER.

For several weeks on my way to market I have noticed a wizened, dried up sort of little man who looks more like a monkey than any one I have ever seen before. Dress him up in one of these little jackets the monkeys wear, and tie a cord to him, and an organ grinder, I think, would not have much trouble in deceiving the public. This man fascinated me. I had to watch him. His movements were quick, he was very agile and active, and seemed to be moving or twitching some part of his body and face constantly. I watched him cross the street. He started, then stopped, then proceeded in a series of jumps. Finally, after looking stealthily this way and that, he scurried across to the other side and disappeared down an alley.

STELLA FLEER.

A STUDY IN DILAPIDATION.

The house presented a very tumbled down appearance; on entering it seemed more like a farm yard than the dwelling of a family. Pigs ran squealing from room to room, hens and broods of chickens ran squawking in every direction. A baby with big, fat red cheeks sat in the middle of the floor, playing with what was left of a rag doll.

The walls were covered with a paper decorated with a few flowers of brilliant hues. Where the paper was lacking, a flower or a picture of some description was hung.

When we left, the pigs squealed, the hens squawked, and the baby screamed at the top of its young lungs.

ELEANOR HUSTON.

AN INCIDENT OF THE PRESENT, THE PAST, AND THE FUTURE.

Tap, Tap.

"Ye-es, Yes!"

"Oh dear! there is that maid! It can't be possible that it is a quarter of seven! Hurry up and get up! We musn't be late this morning."

Five or ten minutes of silence.

"Gerry, we have got to get up. Won't you close the window? I did yesterday."

"You did not."

"Well, it was day before yesterday then."

A few more minutes' silence.

"It's after seven, we must get up."

"Why don't you get up yourself?"

"It's too cold."

"It's just as cold for me as it is for you." Another silence.

"A quarter past! Well, I suppose I must get up."

Then there follows a creaking of beds and some frantic reaching for clothes, during which period there is more or less chatter. Soon a bell is heard and there are such remarks as "Where is that pin?" or "I can't find my waist." Then a wild dash for the bathroom and pretty soon a scurrying down the stairs.

After all this trouble and excitement we are not always on time.

Cornelia Cooke.

THE MAN WITH THE GREEN FENCE.

We had been living in the house but a few hours when we discovered that the fence about the house to the south of us was most conspicuous because of its emerald green posts with turkey red tops. The next day as we children played about the lawn, a tall, gaunt man with piercing gray eyes and a voice but little above a whisper, came out and told us that on no condition must we touch the fence, or hang anything on the fence, or crawl through the fence after stray balls. The fact that he could not speak aloud was due to his having received a bullet in his throat some forty years before in the Civil War. Though he was not exactly an invalid, he was not able to engage in any active business and so spent most of his time making small repairs about his house.

Though to our eyes it seemed impossible that anything could be greener or redder than that fence, it did not seem fresh enough to suit "Old Man Thompson," as he was respectfully known. On the first of each month if the day were clear, if not, on the first clear day that came, he would come out dressed in an old brown suit, yellow gloves, and a gray slouch hat pulled far down over his eyes, and carrying two small paint cans. He would then retire for the next month, only to come out if anyone touched the fence.

We watched this monthly painting with a good deal of amusement for over two years, carefully avoiding getting near any of the wires of the fence, which might have been charged with electricity for all we knew. One day there were a number of children playing ball on the lawn and it frequently happened that the ball went over the fence. We took turns creeping around to the front gate of Mr. Thompson's house, making a dash into the yard with one eye fixed fearfully on the window of the room where the ogre spent his days. Sometimes we were not quick enough and the ball would be confiscated, not to be returned for several days.

Not long after this we were all nearly paralized with fear at seeing Mr. Thompson suddenly emerge from his back door and come straight towards us. Fixing his keen gray eyes in a most terrifying way upon one of the smallest girls there, he said in his whispering voice, which to us seemed very loud somehow.

"Katherine, if your ball comes onto my land again," we stood fascinated though trembling, "you may come after it, not by the gate, but you may come through the fence."

With these words he turned and re-entered the house.

JOANNA CARR.

THE RESCUE.

A young girl steps off a car on the most crowded street in New York. An automobile dashes down the Avenue, she is about to be knocked down, when a pair of strong arms are around her. She faints in those arms.

Twenty minutes later, still in those same arms she looks up and gazes steadily into the dark brown orbs of—her eldest sister!

GLADYS COURSEN.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"WHISPERING SMITH."

Though there have been many western novels written lately, none, since Owen Wister's "The Virginian," has pleased more people than has "Whispering Smith" by Frank Spearman. It is a story of the wild, lawless ranchmen and the railroad men. The criticism might perhaps be made that there are too many characters, but they are all so well drawn that they do not confuse the reader. The chief interest is in the incidents and happenings, rather than in character development or in the plot. Gordon Smith, known throughout the book as "Whispering Smith," is employed by the railroad to suppress the lawlessness that breaks out in the mountains and interferes with the operating of the road. He is much feared by the lawless element because of his reputation for always getting the man he is after. For several years previous to the time of the opening of the book he has been in Chicago and only comes west again at the request of Bucks, the President of the road.

There is a strike on the "Mountain Division," owing to the interference of McCloud, the Division Superintendent, with Sinclair, the boss of the wrecking crew, who is really in the wrong.

McCloud is hated by Sinclair as an "Eastern college guy," while McCloud knows Sinclair to be a man thoroughly unscrupulous but wonderfully quick in handling a bad wreck. McCloud is left by the strikers to clear the wreck away; he has but a few men all of whom are unused to the work. He burns the most damaged cars and rebuilds the section of track destroyed by the fire. While the fire is at its height Dicksie Dunning, a Kentucky girl and the owner of a large ranch nearby, rides over. McCloud promptly falls in love with her though she pays no attention to him, supposing him, from his smoke stained face and hands, to be merely a train-man. She does not find out who he is until a few days later when she meets him in the

little shop kept by Marion Sinclair, the wife of Murray Sinclair, who has left her husband because of his rough life and evil companions. Whispering Smith had loved her before her marriage, and it was to make things easier for her that he had been living in Chicago.

Shortly after the wreck, the bridge across the cañon is burned, a freight train is derailed and there is a hold-up, all by someone as yet unknown. Suspicion points to Murray Sinclair, but there is no proof. Bucks sends Whispering Smith to Medcine Bend, the Division Headquarters, with orders to get the gang that is responsible and "not to stop till he has cleaned them out of the Rocky Mountains." A pretty big contract! But Smith is a very persevering man as well as a fearless one. Soon after his arrival the rising of the Crawling Stone River threatens the Dunning Ranch. In spite of the enmity between the ranch men and the railroad men, McCloud and Smith, at Dicksie's request, go to the ranch and succeed in stopping the flood. Though this partially ends the feud between Lance Dunning and McCloud, Sinclair is made more bitter than ever. He pretends that he is going to do better and tries to induce Marion to come and live with him again. She refuses. and he uses her refusal as an excuse for going from bad to worse.

The operator in a lonely signal tower is killed, and a safe broken into; a posse under Whispering Smith is sent out from Medicine Bend. The men with their loot are trailed to William's Cache, a ranch known as the gathering place of a desperate gang of men. Finally Du Sang, Sinclair's right hand man, is found and killed. Then it is really known that Sinclair is the man wanted. Smith is duty bound to capture Sinclair and yet he feels that he cannot kill the husband of the woman he loves. He goes to Marion and tells her that he will not take Sinclair's life in the coming struggle if she wishes him to live. It is a hard question for her to answer, but she tells Smith that he must do his duty. Smith trails Sinclair away to the north, but is stopped by three of the William's Cache gang; meantime Sinclair again makes his escape and goes to the Dunning Ranch where Dicksie overhears his threats against Marion. He will kill her to prevent her marrying Gordon Smith after his capture, which seems inevitable. Dicksie rides to Marion's house and arrives just in time to save her. Two days later Sinclair is killed by Wickwire, a tramp cowboy, who had gone out with the posse.

The last chapter gives a scene a year afterward. McCloud has married Dicksie, and Marion Sinclair is visiting them when word comes that Whispering Smith, of whom all trace has been lost, is very ill, and Marion goes to him.

The story is a strong story about strong men and strong women. It is full of the love and hate of these people, both good and bad. Marion Sinclair stands for everything that is good in women. Dicksie is a splendid, fearless American girl and justifies Smith's description,—"The finest woman of nineteen" that he knew, which is high praise from Whispering Smith.

JOANNA CARR.

"THE DOCTOR."

It would be difficult to find anywhere in recent fiction a novel that is so vivid and graphic a picture of life as Ralph Connor's latest book, "The Doctor." It is vital and vigorous, a human picture, where men and women of flesh and blood, and not manikins, live their lives before the reader.

The book has found a host of admirers, some of whom like it for its quaint and simple representation of life in a community shut away from the outer world, among the Rocky mountains and the wilds of the western praries. To others, it appeals for its pathos and deep feeling, for the love story connected with it, and for the admirable traits of the characters.

The doctor, of course, is the foremost thought of the author, and his doings and sayings are of the greatest importance and interest to the reader. In the beginning of the story, Barney, the hero, is a young man of eighteen, tall and sombre eyed. Strength shows itself in every line of his body, power in every movement, and passion in every glance.

He proves himself to be of great use to the village doctor and is so interested with the work that he decides to become a doctor if possible, He has a younger brother, Dick, who is his mother's favorite son, and all the family savings go toward putting Dick through college, and making a clergyman of him. Consequently Barney has to work in the mill which his father owns, and can give little time to his medical studies. But finally, with the assistance of the village doctor, he manages to prepare himself for the medical college where he studies for three years and graduates with honors, more devoted than ever to his chosen profession.

But meanwhile he has met a young girl, Iola Lane, with whom he has fallen desperately in love. She is a southerner, young and beautiful, and the possessor of a marvelous voice; but her one and only aim at this time is to make a famous name for herself, and she is completely wrapped up in herself and her own affairs. Time passes, and she becomes acquainted with people who introduce her to the music loving public, and she readily wins fame.

Barney has realized by this time that he must give up all thought of Iola if he is to succeed in his own work, nor does Iola consider for a moment giving up her career for Barney's sake. So the two part, and all goes well for a time, until Dick becomes infatuated with Iola's beauty, and believing himself in love with her, embraces her and proclaims his admiration—at which critical moment Barney returns and finds his sweetheart in the arms of his brother. He leaves, heart-broken, furious, dumb with anguish, giving them no time for an explanation; and thereafter is lost to the world for a long time.

In the following years, Iola realizes her dreams and has the whole world at her feet. Dick has become a missionary and is at work in the west, and Margaret Robertson, who has loved Barney ever since childhood and who still loves him, has accepted the position of matron of one of the hospitals in the same vicinity in which Dick is working. Dick is really in love with Margaret, (for his feeling for Iola was but a passing fancy) but Margaret refuses to marry him on account of her love for Barney. Dick and Margaret never cease in their hunt for Barney or their kindness towards Iola, and Margaret, who

is a noble character, remains a true friend to Iola for Barney's sake.

A Doctor Bailey next enters the story. He has a tremendous influence over the men with whom he comes in contact, aside from the wonderful gift he has in the medical line. A great sickness breaks out in Dick's vicinity and through Dr. Bailey the camp is saved from complete disaster. Dick, who is one day going to visit one of his parishioners, tries to run the rapids in his canoe and is upset and badly hurt. Dr. Bailey, coming along in the nick of time, saves him and takes him to the hospital where Margaret is matron, and where the doctor is recognized by her as Barney.

Iola, who is in England, has given up her career and realizes at last that she loves Barney. She writes a pathetic letter to Margaret in which is the complete revelation of a human heart, not tainted by fame or worldly glory. She is breaking her heart with longing for Barney, and is filled with remorse over her early folly.

Finally Barney comes to her, just in time to realize the wonder and glory of her love before she leaves him forever. The scene of her last hours and death is one of great pathos and happiness combined.

After Iola's death, Barney returns to America and the west and takes up his work with new vigor, almost frenzy, trying to forget the past. Wherever there is pain or sickness, he is there; and in the end he gives his life for one of his patients. Barney is very ill, but hearing that a friend of his is injured, he leaves his bed and goes to him. He relieves the sufferer and returns to the hospital, only to find that his great work is done and he can never again relieve his fellow men of pain, or comfort them in sorrow or trouble.

He dies quietly and peacefully, with Margaret and Dick at his bedside; his last request being, "Margaret, take care of Dick." And she did, for several years later when Dick came back from the west to his little home town, he found Margaret waiting to receive him, and ready to fulfill his long felt heart's desire.

MARGUERITE L. WESTON.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

A MISTAKE IN A TELEGRAM.

John Lane was asleep in his comfortable morris chair by the fire when suddenly a loud rap on the door awakened him with a start. To his "Yes, come in," a servant replied, entering with a telegram. It was from John's mother, summoning him at once, but the wording puzzled him. It said, "Come at once a large house fire." He tried punctuating it in various ways, but no amount of punctuation would give the message sense.

However, at least it conveyed the idea that he was wanted at his mother's home, so supposing that something awful had happened to the house, he speedily packed his bag and started for home, a journey of about five hundred miles. John Lane spent a sleepless night tossing from one side of his berth to the other, and wondering if anything of the house would be left by the time he reached the spot. Neither was his anxiety lessened when, arriving at the familiar station, he saw no familiar face to welcome him. The house was not far from the station, but to this anxious young man it seemed an eternity before he came in sight of his old home.

To his intense surprise there it stood, safe and sound, light streaming from every window, and his mother as she welcomed him said in a surprisingly cheerful tone, "We did not expect you so early, John, or we should have come down to the station to meet you. I did not think you would mind leaving your business for just a few days, because, you know, it is years since we have had a house party."

"A house party!" exclaimed her son in disgust, "why I thought it was a house fire!" ELEANOR BAKER HUSE.

"SOME ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN."

"RAFFLES."

"Raffles" is not "the gentleman burglar" of whom we have been reading lately in the magazines. No indeed, my Raffles is a shaggy little skye terrier.

In the case of this little canine we might use the well-known adage "Quality not quantity," for there is not a great deal of Raffles, but what there is is extremely valuable, and the length of his pedigree can vie with that of the most noble noble in all Europe; and I assure you that he is quite as aristocratic in his personal appearance, and in the way in which his food is served, as are any of the aforesaid peers.

Raffles' appearance is very like the usual skye terrier, despite the fact that he came from the most famous kennels in England.

His hair is a silvery gray, long and silky, which grows darker toward the end of his funny little short legs and of his tail, which is continually wagging.

His head is almost lost under a mop of thick hair, but one can see two bright, beady little eyes shining through the tangle.

In a word, if one should take a great deal of soft gray hair, add four stubby legs and two shining black eyes, we should have "Raffles." ELEANOR CUSHING.

"MR. DOOLEY."

When I begin to think of a "certain dog," at once there runs and jumps and tears across my mind, the picture of a certain Irish terrier who is of medium height and size, but who is "medium" in no other way. By name and in character he is "Mr. Dooley."

This Mr. Dooley has little, bright, dark eyes, an exceedingly mournful expression and a very poor imitation of a tail. These are his chief characteristics, except for his unceasing energy, which is his most prominent, therefore probably his most "chief" trait.

For when you are settled down comfortably for a good read, suddenly a loud scurry is heard, and you are violently pounced upon and kissed affectionately by a forward Irish gentleman. When you are dressing in a hurry, around the corner of your room rushes "Dooley,"—seizes a much needed shoe, and bounds triumphantly from sight. Such are the exhibitions of his "chief" characteristic, as I learned from experience one day, when he stopped in to pay me a short but well remembered visit.

ELIZABETH WILDER.

THE TALE OF A GRASSHOPPER.

I am nothing but a little grasshopper shut up in a tight box with only a few little holes in the top. I heard the little girl who placed me in the box say that the holes were put there so I could breathe. But I don't think she could have cut enough of them, or something else must be the matter, for I can't seem to get very much air.

I am getting very lonesome in my little box, the little girl does not come and see me so often as she used to. Once in awhile, when she has company, I am taken out and shown to her guests with great pride. I notice that she always takes pains to tell them that I belong to a rare species, and that she found me in her own back yard.

Oh, dear, I wish I wasn't rare! and then perhaps I shouldn't be in this stuffy old box.

But, hark! What is that noise? Somebody is opening my box. I wonder what they want.

"Here he is, all cuddled up in a corner," I heard a voice saying.

Now someone else is saying, "You had better set him out in the sun."

I suppose they are talking about me. Yes, I guess they must be, for the little girl is already setting me in the sun. Well, I wonder how long they think they are going to keep me here with the box open and every thing perfectly easy for me to hop away.

Now I am at liberty once more, and will say good-bye to you; and if you have any sympathy for me don't ever shut a grasshopper, or bug, (for I'm afraid that's what I am) up in a box.

MARJORIE WADLEIGH.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A STRAY CAT.

I was born in a cellar. My mother was of an excellent feline family, but had fallen into misery and poverty on the departure of her mistress for Europe. My father was a rich Angora cat of the neighborhood, who befriended my mother in her distress and eventually married her. But alas! when I was barely two weeks old he was killed by the fierce bulldog owned by the grocer. My mother, weakened by her life of misery and want, never recovered from the shock, and after a short time she died, leaving me a homely, rough-haired yellow kitten, with no home or friends but the cellar where I was born and the low cats who gave vaudeville concerts on the back fence every night. Disgusted by their actions, I resolved to start out and seek my fortune.

Then began a life of even greater unhappiness than I had experienced before. Chased by dogs, stoned by boys, broiled in the hot sun, or drenched by the driving rain, I became thin and weak to the last degree.

My meals were wretched—they had always been irregular, but my mother had at least tried to give me nourishing food. Now I could not even get into a house to try for a nice tender mouse, but I had to subsist on kitchen scraps, or the milk that a kind little girl sometimes gave me.

One day, after a long flight from my father's murderer, I came upon a barn and I fled through a hole in the door, and my pursuer, being unable to follow me, gave up the chase. I found myself in a large room partly filled with sweet scented hay. On one side was a stall in which stood a white horse, and next to him, in another stall, a cow was thoughtfully chewing her cud. They told me, in answer to my questions, that I was in the barn of a kind, prosperous farmer. They said they led a

happy life, but that their home was overrun with mice, and accordingly their master, they thought, would keep me and care for me if I would try to rid them of this pest. I responded that I should gladly accept the commission if it was offered.

They then advised me to prove my powers at once, and to exhibit my trophies at the master's next appearance. This advice I acted upon, and everything has turned out as they prophesied.

This kind farmer provides me with a home in the barn, a warm rug to sleep on, and a saucer of milk to drink, and I, to repay him, catch and eat every mouse I can find.

And now since my many troubles are over, I have grown sleek and fat, and I think I am one of the happiest cats alive.

ALICE CONE.

SCHOOL NEWS.

DR. SYKES' LECTURE ON THOMAS HARDY'S WORKS.

One Monday afternoon in January some of the older girls went to the Middlesex Woman's Club to hear Dr. Sykes, from Columbia University, lecture on the works of Thomas Hardy. Only a few of us had read anything of Thomas Hardy's, but nevertheless we found what Dr. Sykes had to say extremely interesting.

Dr. Sykes regards Thomas Hardy as a man who just missed being great. His backgrounds are wonderful, and he describes the life of the peasant class of England with a touch as true and sure as a master's. But the fault of his books, says Dr. Sykes, is that his heroes and heroines do not fit the backgrounds. He places such incongruous figures on these splendid, lonely moors of his. The only novel in which the principal characters are in harmony with the scene is his masterpiece, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." In this book he takes Tess, a simple child of the soil, for his heroine. And in this novel lies his chief claim to greatness.

With the most delicate and delicious sarcasm Dr. Sykes described to us Mr. Hardy's attitude toward woman. He shows us in all his books a woman "weak, vain, impulsive, not satisfied with one lover, and with a great fondness for getting herself and others into trouble through a marvelous tendency toward prevarication." Then Dr. Sykes said Mr. Hardy thought that the attitude of husband and wife was one of "antipathetic recrimination."

Mr. Hardy has given problem novels to the world. Problem novels, if the author has developed the plot naturally, without deciding beforehand how the story is to end and ending it in that manner, are very interesting and sometimes very helpful. But Dr. Sykes thinks that Mr. Hardy's endings were planned before the books were written, and he does not find them always uplifting.

But in spite of the fact that Dr. Sykes criticized Mr. Hardy's works in a rather merciless manner, he aroused a great deal of interest in our minds about these novels, and most of us left the hall that day resolved to read at least one of Mr. Hardy's books, and to judge for ourselves how far Dr. Sykes' criticism is just.

VIRGINIA TOWLE.

BEN HUR.

Although "Ben Hur," the story, was written years and years ago, and "Ben Hur," the play, has also been before the public a long time, yet public interest and enthusiasm in the production seems to be no whit lessened, for the ten of us Rogers Hall girls who went into Boston on February 2nd to see the play, found ourselves among a very large and appreciative audience.

The first scene is a prelude to the story proper in which we are shown the meeting of the Three Wise Men in the desert. It makes an impressive opening to the play and we shall long remember the beauty of the scene. How all the desert was lighted up by the Star of Bethlehem, which at first was merely a little light in the heavens, but which gradually grew larger and larger until it reached its full size.

We are first introduced to Ben Hur himself in the second scene, where the Hur family are gathered on the house top. The perfect adoration in which Ben Hur and his pretty sister hold their mother is certainly very good to look upon, and the happiness it gives these three souls to be together makes us love them at once. The mother is especially sweet and loving in her tender counseling of her children. This pretty family scene is interrupted by the entrance of Messala, a boyhood playmate of Ben Hur. There they stand together, in some ways resembling each other, both young and full of the ambitions and vigor that young men possess; but one is a Jew, while the other is a Roman, a difference which places them many miles apart. Until now the racial difference has not marred their friendship, but since Messala's return from school, where he had been a number of years, Ben Hur, although he is most unwilling to admit it, cannot help but notice the change in his former playmate. Messala has become a true Roman in every sense of the word; all the qualities which that word implies does he possess. Ben Hur tried to overlook his friend's proud, overbearing manner, and the mocking tone which Messala so often used when talking with him; but when the Jew's sacred beliefs were scorned, all the man's true nature rose in the boy, and from the boy sprang the real man, who would allow no reproach to be cast on his religion.

And right here, in spite of the fact that Ben Hur is a Jew, we much prefer him to the Roman, and as we become better acquainted with him our regard for him grows stronger, while our liking for Messala (if we did have any in the beginning) grows less and less until we verily hate him.

Owing to an accident, and to base treachery on the part of Messala, Ben Hur is doomed to a life far worse than death would have been—the life of a galley slave. A very vivid scene is given of the interior of a cabin of a Roman galley, and we see the awful life the poor slaves led, and the sufferings they had to undergo, which not only destroys their health, but also breaks their spirit. And with a broken spirit how is man better than an animal?

Three long years did Ben Hur toil as a galley slave, but he never lost courage, and at last after his almost miraculous escape, we find him the same true, brave-hearted man that he was at the beginning. Nor does prosperity spoil him any more than adversity did, and we follow his search for his lost family with ever increasing interest. Before the family are reunited, however, there occurs the famous race of which we have seen so many pictures, and which marks the crisis of the story. It is here that Ben Hur revenges himself fully on the proud Roman, for whom we can feel little pity, even though he is borne from the race course a hopeless cripple.

It is several days before the race, however, that Ben Hur falls a victim to the snares of Cleopatra, if one may so call Iras. But in spite of her great personal beauty and many charms, her falseness is soon made clear to Ben Hur and her fascination for him is at an end.

Perhaps Esther is not as beautiful as Iras, but she has those qualities without which a woman, no matter how beautiful she may be, is not a true woman, and does not inspire the real lasting love of a man, Ben Hur, his eyes once opened, quickly realizes the true attractiveness of Esther.

The last scene is very powerful, and sad too. It is where Ben Hur's mother and sister are being cleansed from the terrible disease of leprosy. It is through their perfect faith in the Divine Power that this great miracle is performed, and we are all made to feel the sublimity of the occasion. Then the multitude appear, carrying palms in their hands, and singing "Hosanna in the Highest."

The whole play is deeply impressive and leaves us in a truly uplifted frame of mind. As some one has said, "We feel exactly as if we had been to Church."

STELLA FLEER.

FENWAY COURT.

The day on which twenty of us were to visit Fenway Court, the home of Mrs. Jack Gardiner, a heavy snow storm raged and it looked as if we were to be disappointed in our trip to Boston, but when the time came to start a large sleigh was waiting to take us to the station. The train was quite late, so we did not have time to visit Huyler's as we had planned to do, but went at once to Fenway Court. When we left the trolley we found the road buried deep in snow, and it was truly funny to see twenty Rogers Hall girls wading through the snow drifts.

Fenway Court from the outside is so big and ugly in an un-American way that it attracts the attention at once, and we all felt very curious to see what such an unusual looking home contained. The entrance too, is disappointing, so small and unpretentious, most unlike the entrance "a palace" ought to have, but once inside, and our overshoes disposed of, we began to realize what a treasure house we were in. The first room of interest is to the right of the entrance where we saw pictures by many living artists, among them two wonderful Whistlers and several Sargents, of which I especially remember the portrait of Mrs. Cleveland.

Passing through the room you came suddenly upon the Court, which is more beautiful than anyone who has not been fortunate enough to see it can imagine. With its lovely flowers, fountains, and many shrubs, it is a regular fairy land. It seemed impossible for us to realize that a heavy snow storm raged outside.

It was hard to tear ourselves away from it even to visit the fascinating rooms upstairs. The first was the Chinese room with rich embroidered hangings and ancient carvings. High up in one corner is the most fascinating portrait of a bright-eyed Italian boy, with his arms full of corn and sheaves of wheat. It is called the "Standard Bearer of the Harvest Festival." Next is the Raphael room with paintings by Raphael, Botticelli, Mantegna, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, and other artists only less famous.

The next room to visit is the Dutch room,—a great low-ceilinged room, that has the most homelike look of all the rooms we saw. It seemed to be a favorite, too, for everyone lingered there, perhaps partly because it was the only room on that floor where there were chairs meant for the use of visitors. Here we were greatly interested in a portrait of Isabella of Spain and were glad to find so beautiful a queen. We also saw an attractive portrait of Rembrandt when a young man.

On the floor above is the Veronese room named from the ceiling which represents the "Coronation of Hebe" by Paul Veronese. The wall hangings of old Italian and Spanish leather are most beautiful and correspond well with the old Venetian mirror, and the fireplace of carved wood. The Titian room, which one sees next, is to me the most interesting. In the center of the room are seven painted and gilded chairs from the Borghese Palace in Rome, once the property of Pope Paul V. The most prominent picture is the great Titian which gives the room its name—the famous "Rape of Europa."

Passing from this room one enters the Long Gallery, the contents of which are Mrs. Gardiner's most treasured possessions. In one corner are two Botticellis, one the world-renowned Madonna Aux Epis, as often called the Chigi Botticelli from Prince Chigi, its former owner, who was fined by the Italian Government for letting the picture leave the country. On the other side from the Botticellis is a priceless Giotto, the only Giotto in America, I think. Here Mrs. Gardiner always keeps a great bowl of orchids, her tribute to the greatest of her pictures. We were fortunate enough on both days to see Mrs. Gardiner herself, for the woman who made the old world palace possible here in new America is quite as much an object of interest and admiration as any of her pictures.

Our visit seemed all too short, and we left the "wonder-full" house very reluctantly, but we had a good time on the way home. We did not envy the girls who went the next time their sunshiny day, for I can safely say that they could not have had more fun than we did plowing through the snow.

ELISE GARDNER.

DR. RIDDLE'S READING OF "PROMETHEUS BOUND."

At the request of the College Club of Lowell, Dr. Riddle read Æschylus's tragedy of "Prometheus Bound." Dr. Riddle is a noted professor at Harvard and one who helped greatly toward making the students' presentation of "Agamemnon" a success last June.

The story of Prometheus is well-known to everybody at all interested in Greek mythology. One of the older race of immortals, he aided Zeus in destroying the power of Chronos and in establishing his own kingdom. Zeus firmly seated on his throne, Prometheus next aids in the development of man. In the play a long account is given of the benefits Prometheus has heaped on mankind, and chiefest among these the gift of fire. For stealing this gift he is condemned by Zeus to be bound to a rock in the Scythian wilderness. Force and Hephæstus chain him to the rock, and while he is there a chorus of sea-nymphs, Oceanus, and Io speak with him. Io is told of her future wanderings over land and sea, and to Oceanus and the chorus is disclosed the great secret that Zeus will someday be overthrown, unless he yields and is guided by Prometheus' advice.

Dr. Riddle gave each part with much feeling and read so dramatically that it was easy to distinguish the characters from his voice alone. The play is truly soul stirring and was interpreted so well that even the long tale of Io's wanderings seemed short, and the hour flew so that a disappointed "Is that all?" was heard on every side as Dr. Riddle closed his book.

MARJORIE MACBEAN.

THE MID-YEAR DANCE.

"When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils....
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils."

Beautiful were the flowers, sweet was the music, lovely were the dresses and happy were the hearts of sixty girls the night of February ninth. For on that night was the mid-year dance.

The drawing rooms were one bouquet of daffodils, the library a garden of tulips, and the school room a bed of red carnations and a bower of palms behind which the orchestra played.

After a short reception, at which Mrs. Underhill and Miss Parsons received, dancing began and lasted until quarter of twelve. There were fourteen dances and four extras, the seventh being the supper dance.

For weeks before the dance invitations had gone out and acceptances and regrets came pouring in. When one saw a girl doing some very queer "æsthetics" she knew that the lucky girl's man had accepted; but if she saw a girl with the corners of her mouth drawn down and heard the heart-rending cry of "Oh, what shall I do?" she knew that the poor creature was without that very necessary person (necessary for a dance!) a man.

But when the day came every girl had a man, everyone's dress had safely arrived and proved to be a vision of loveliness instead of the "perfectly horrid old thing" its owner had declared it to be, everyone was in the best of spirits, and everyone had a good time. So good a time that I think we "old" girls vote it the nicest and prettiest "mid-year" we have ever had, while the "new" girls are already looking forward to the next "mid-year."

All too soon the time to end the dance came, and some of the girls felt that the fun was all over with, but others knew that it was not, for they were lucky enough to have their men remain in the city and go to church with them Sunday morning. And, too, after dinner the men were allowed to call.

It was the nicest kind of way to end one of the best times we ever had.

DOROTHY RUMSEY MERCER.

OUR VALENTINE DINNER.

All day Wednesday Dorothy had been acting very mysteriously, and had carried a little brown bag around with her all the time. Of course we were all curious and wanted to know what it was for, but Dorothy only smiled at us and said: "Oh, you'll know sometime." Fortunately the "sometime" came very soon, for that evening as we went in to dinner the little brown bag was again in evidence, and each girl drew out a slip of paper with a name written on it. Then Miss Parsons explained that we were each one to make up a valentine for the girl whose name we had drawn, and then there was more excitement, for everyone was saying to her neighbor, "Do tell me whom you drew, I

promise I won't tell a soul." Such mysterious airs as we all wore, one would have thought we knew all that was going to happen. But no,—there was still another surprise awaiting us. The next night, St. Valentine's evening, when we came in to dinner what should we see but hundreds and hundreds of crimson hearts! We were fairly dazzled, the tables were covered, and at all the places there were candy hearts, until we fairly had to pinch ourselves to make sure that the scene was real and not the "Land of the Oueen of Hearts." We were all more or less nervous and fidgety for the desert to come, for then it was that our beloved ones would read our love-messages. At last the time came, and one by one each girl arose and amid many blushes and much laughter read aloud her valentine. Many and varied they were, some expressing deep and intense emotion, while others recalled fond memories of the past or prophesied of incidents of great importance that are still to occur. We were all sorry when the valentines had all been read, for they had been very amusing MARGUERITE WESTON. and enjoyable.

THE SQUAW MAN.

On Saturday February sixteenth, twenty of the girls went in to Boston to see Wm. Faversham in his new play "The Squaw Man." We had all heard so much about it that we were well prepared for something unusually good. Mr. Faversham himself was, as usual, the perfect gentleman. Throughout the play we can not forget that he is Lord Wynnegate's son, even when he tries to convince us that he is truly "roughing it" as a cowboy.

As for the play itself, it tells of the noble sacrifices of Captain Wynnegate, first of assuming the guilt of his brother, the Lord, in order to save the family honor; then of marrying an Indian girl out of gratitude, because she saved his life, although he is in love with his brother's wife. To complicate matters, the brother dies and Captain Wynnegate succeeds to the title. Diana, his sister-in-law, is then free to marry him, but he puts her aside because of his Indian wife. However, he decides, in spite of her entreaties, to send their son to England to be educated.

This breaks the Indian girl's heart; she kills herself and the Captain is free to marry Diana.

The question that each must decide to his own satisfaction is whether, after all his sacrifices, Captain Wynnegate did not fall short in the end by causing Na-tu-rich to kill herself. Was he not morally, though not legally, responsible for her death? Could he with a clear conscience marry Diana?

Of course for the sake of the plot, to make them "live happily ever after," Na-tu-rich must die. But could they "live happily ever after," with the little Indian boy as a constant reminder of the past?

The plot construction throughout is rather weak—we are introduced to half a dozen characters in the first act who do not appear again at all, and have nothing to do with the story, in fact are in no way "plot forces." It might be made a strong story of the moral triumph of James Wynnegate,—as it is, the characters are made to act in a way inconsistent with true nobility, merely to give the play a happy ending.

FARRELL S. DURMENT.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY VACATION.

"There is the car, my dear! Where is your suit case? Hurry or we shall miss the train."

Of course this was the beginning of Washington's birthday vacation, Thursday, February twenty-first.

A few days before the mid-year Mrs. Underhill told us that we might leave on Thursday afternoon, if we were on time for breakfast from that day until the twenty-second. And after that the bright and smiling faces of fifty triumphant girls greeted Miss Parsons in the drawing-room before breakfast every morning.

Those who remained at school did not consider it a misfortune, for there was plenty to do, for instance, sleigh riding (even though it was cold) and going to the theatre. It was also a pleasure to lie all afternoon before the big open fire and realize that no study-bell would ring.

At dinner on Washington's birthday the table was decorated beautifully with red cherries and little flags. And Miss Parsons received many pleased smiles as the girls took their places.

There were many attractions at the theatre in Boston, and every night there were heated discussions as to which play the girls ought to be sure and see.

But at last Sunday afternoon came and the girls began to arrive about six o'clock, and the usual greetings followed, such as,—

"My dear, did you have a perfectly lovely time?" "Did you see 'Glorious Betsy'?" "What do you think of 'The Duel'?" "Aren't you crazy about Annie Russell as Puck?" "It seems good to have you back." Pearle Burns.

"GLORIOUS BETSY."

"Glorious Betsy" was its name and it was glorious not only in name but also in reality.

Many of the girls went down to see the play during Washington's Birthday recess and all those who saw it were delighted with it. The plot took us back to the year 1803 when Captain Jerome Bonaparte, the great Napoleon's brother, was visiting this country in disguise, and it ended with his marriage to Betsy Patterson, a young girl of Baltimore. The part of Betsy Patterson is played by Mary Mannering and it is needless to say that she well deserves the name of "Glorious Betsy."

Two personages famous in American history, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, also figure in the play and are made very interesting. They were both young men at the time, and suitors of Betsy. Napoleon Bonaparte also plays an important part in trying to separate his brother and Betsy, but in the end he is unsuccessful. We get a very good picture of the great general, but not a very pleasing one.

We all left the theatre feeling that it was one of the sweetest plays we had seen, and all are looking forward to seeing Mary Mannering in her next play.

MILDRED MOSES.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

On Saturday, February twenty-third, some of us went to the Hollis Street theatre to see Annie Russell's impersonation of Puck in Shakespeare's beautiful comedy, A Midsummer Night's Dream. It was the fairy land of our imagination, with countless fairies flying about or singing their queen to sleep with the beautiful lullaby—

> "You spotted snakes with double tongue, Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen; Newts and blindworms, do no wrong, Come not near our fairy-queen."

Or, again, we were listening to the dramatic endeavors of Bottom the weaver, Snug the joiner, and their friends, and holding our sides with laughter at their very foolishness. They are so simple and so perfectly ridiculous that I think one is relieved when we turn again to the fortunes of Hermia and Lysander, or of Helena and Demetrius. Hermia is fascinating, especially in her great anger against Helena, when she screams and rages in Demetrius' arms against the wrongs her lover and cousin have done her.

Through it all we feel the mischief of Puck, the mischiefmaker, who loves nothing better than to lurk

> —''in a gossip's bowl In very likeness of a roasted crab, And when she drinks, against her lips I bob And on her withered dewlap pour the ale."

He tells of countless pranks of his playing and of the good and evil he has done in his nightly wanderings. Once, when night has fallen, he sees an owl blink in a tree, in a flash he is up the trunk hitting the creature's eyes to see him blink harder than ever, and then his fiendish little laugh rings out in the darkness. He bubbles over with fun and he can never stay sad for more than an instant. Miss Russell makes us feel his exquisite vitality and immortal youth very keenly; and though the two plays are widely dissimilar, we find ourselves comparing Maude Adam's Peter Pan with Miss Russell's Puck. The exhaustless joy in life, and delightful mischief of the two characters are the same.

The play is, of course, beautifully staged, and there are many lovely scenes. But I think the most beautiful scene of all represents the dawn, when a fairy in violet dances before poor little sleepy Puck nestled in a tree. When the sun rises she flies, leaving him to crawl into his nest, heavy from sleep.

At last the play is over, and the quarrels of the lovers mended, Titania and Oberon restored to domestic happiness, and we say goodby to Puck. When we step out into the cold air, we feel that we have indeed been visiting in fairyland, and for a minute the earth seems very commonplace and humdrum, where so often we prove Puck's famous saying to be true, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" MARGARET BLANCHARD.

LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHDAY.

February twenty-seventh was the hundreth anniversary of Longfellow's birthday, so we devoted the last hour of school on that day to the celebration of the famous poet's centennial.

We adjourned to the gymnasium where first Joanna Carr gave us a short talk about his early life. Then Josephine Morse read very expressively "My Lost Youth." After the poem came a well written account of Longfellow's life as a college professor, read by Farrell Durment. Then Dorothy Mercer told us in an interesting paper "Why Longfellow is Loved." Next Marjorie MacBean read the ode written for the fiftieth reunion of Longfellow's class at Bowdoin. Finally that beautiful song by Longfellow which every one loves, "Good night, Beloved," was sung by Stella Fleer, Marion Chandler, Marguerite Weston, Eveline Hogarth and Cornelia Cooke, accompanied by Calla Wilson at the piano, and Gladys Coursen on the violin. It made a very lovely close to a program enjoyed by every one.

DOROTHY DOWNER.

MR. GLIDDEN'S LECTURE.

On Wednesday evening, February twenty-seventh, about twenty of the girls attended a lecture given at St. Paul's church by Mr. Glidden, who toured the world in an automobile. He accompanied his talk by stereopticon views, which made us see even more vividly than his words the lovely scenes he had visited. We easily imagined ourselves in flowery Japan or mystical India, or curious, ancient China.

At the end of the lecture we all breathed a sigh of regret, for it had been very interesting. We are very glad we had a chance to go, and I for one hope to hear Mr. Glidden again some day.

EVELINE L. HOGARTH.

THE MELBA CONCERT.

On Saturday, March the ninth, was the Melba concert, to which for a long time we had been looking forward with the keenest pleasure as the greatest treat of a term full of interesting events. The concert opened with an overture from "The Barber of Seville," played by an orchestra composed of fifty musicians from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Professor Willy Hess. Besides Melba herself, there were two other soloists,—M. Altchevsky and Signorina Sassoli. M. Altchevsky, the well known tenor, has a voice that is wonderfully clear and polished and his selections were well received. Signorina Sassoli is a harpist, a young Spanish girl, who is accompaning Melba on her tours. She plays the harp beautifully and shows a great deal of talent.

When Melba appeared she was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Her first selection was "Caro Nome" by Verdi. She sang easily, clearly, and with great beauty of tone, each note being easily heard. Her voice is wonderfully warm and rich in quality, and thrillingly emotional. Her high notes were especially beautiful, and were seemingly reached without the slightest exertion. There is a peculiar beauty and sweetness

of tone in her voice which is rarely found. Her other numbers, "Voi che sapete" by Mozart, and the "Prayer" by Pucinni, were wonderfully done, but the climax was reached in the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia di Lammermoor." This is one of the most difficult songs ever composed and is almost impossible to sing. Melba, however, was more than equal to it. Her voice was beautifully clear and she sang as if inspired, and as easily as if she were singing a simple ballad. Her staccati and trills were almost perfect, and brilliantly sung, while her runs were rendered without the least effort. The audience was roused to a tremendous height of enthusiasm, and after recalling the great prima donna again and again, still clamored for more. For her last encore she sang a simple little melody, accompanying herself on the piano.

The concert closed with an overture, "Jubilee," by Weber; and we left Symphony Hall feeling that we had enjoyed our afternoon to the utmost.

CORNELIA COOKE.

THE HALL PLAY.

On Saturday evening the seventeenth of March the Hall entertained the House and Cottage by giving a presentation of the play "Deus ex Machina." It is a very clever, laughable comedy and the parts were splendidly taken.

The curtain rises upon a tete à tete between Professor Grossenkoff, a very German and much-in-love Professor, and Mrs. Hill, a truly attractive and decidedly emotional widow. Mrs. Hill is much exercised over her daughter's attachment to a dear youth named Smith, who, she asserts, is no match for her daughter who tho' a Hill, is "no ordinary Hill, my dear." The first act is taken up with a discussion of how to manage Clarissa, Mrs. Hill's daughter, and her supposedly impossible Smith. As an outcome of the discussion the Professor produces "as a rifal mit Herr Schmidt" the "wax dummy off a tailor," who goes—(How he does go!) "mit vires and air vibrations."

The dummy is "very handsome, very dark," and also so wooden and so waxy that we are thoroughly convinced that he is a dummy, even while we marvel at his wonderful life-likeness.

While the Professor is out preparing this formidable rival, Clarissa enters accompanied by the "odious Smith," who, by the way, was anything but odious. They were greeted with a burst of applause, for they certainly did make a darling pair. Mrs. Hill turns a cold shoulder and he leaves rather mystified. Then Clarissa and her mother have a very heated conversation as to the relative merits of Smith versus Hill. Mrs. Hill asserting that Mr. Hill, tho' a Hill "was descended from the Von Burgs of Holland, on his mother's side."

The act closes with the introduction of the dummy—who, meanwhile, has shown what he can and cannot do in an energetic manner—to Clarissa, as the Professor's friend, the Count Von Schauf of Sweitzerzollern, and we are left quite as impressed as was the charming "Mees Clarissa," with the noted German "bolitician."

In Act II the Count is the principal actor and the cause of most of the trouble. It is he who causes such misery and jealousy in the heart of Mr. Smith, who really is very much in love with Clarissa.

To Clarissa the Count is only a source of worry, for her tete-à-tetes with him grow more and more difficult. Such remarks as "His technique is goot in blaces, but he iss young, and has much to learn," when discussing Browning; or when asking what kind of weather we shall have tomorrow, to receive the answer, "What weather we are having, aren't we?" is not conducive to the smoothest kind of conversation.

Mrs. Hill has her troubles with him, too,—such as being forced to devour two bowls of gruel, in the course of a single afternoon, because the Professor has forgotten to give the Count a digestive apparatus. And one of the funniest scenes comes when handsome Malcolm Smith, bewailing his "big features," tries to comfort himself with the reflection that "a Roman nose has something honest about it," and the Count, suddenly appearing, remarks, "I cannot agree mit you."

In the quarrel that ensues Smith knocks the Count down, and after a most laughable scene, he and Clarissa discover the truth about him, and also that Mrs. Hill is in the conspiracy with the Professor.

They then think it is their turn to conspire, so Clarissa announces to her mother that she has accepted the Count's proposal of marriage. Poor Mrs. Hill is frantic, becomes hysterical, and, clutching madly at the first resource that offers, tells Smith that she will do anything for him if he will only deliver Clarissa from the Count. In this way matters are simplified beautifully.

A charming love scene ensues between Clarissa and Malcolm Smith, followed by one between Mrs. Hill and the Professor, and they all "live happily ever after."

Marguerite Roesing in the part of Malcolm Smith was an ideal college youth, and pronounced "adorable" by all the girls, and Helen Huffman as Clarissa was just the sweet, dainty girl one would naturally choose for him.

The Professor and Mrs. Hill were delightful together. Elise Gardner as the Professor never once forgot her *German accent*, nor Farrell Durment, as the pretty widow, her hysterical simper. And Virginia Towle as the dummy! so dark and handsome and so waxen a face! None who saw her will ever forget her splendid acting.

Indeed, all the girls took their parts so naturally and so spiritedly that we found ourselves thinking of them as "the Professor" and "the Count," as "Mees Clarissa" and "my dear Madame."

The evening ended with an hour's dancing, and I am sure every guest voted the "Hall's entertainment" an unqualified success.

GRACE HEATH.

MISS GLORVIGEN'S RECITAL.

The last Sunday before our Easter vacation was one of the most enjoyable evenings of the winter. After a "stand-up" supper, which always gives us a "holiday" feeling, Miss Glorvigen played for us, and everyone who has ever heard Miss Glorvigen

play knows what a treat that is. She puts her whole heart and soul into her playing and it certainly is splendid. She gave us quite a varied programme, among the numbers, all of which were beautiful, were some of our special favorites, to which we listened with almost breathless pleasure. We are all very grateful to Mrs. Underhill for giving us such a pleasant evening.

The programme was as follows:---

I.	Ballade in G minor Nocturne in C minor Berceuse Funeral March Chopin
II.	Melodie Romance March of the Dwarfs Wedding Day Grieg
III.	Valse Moszkowski Calla Wilson.

ATHLETICS.

The pleasantest season of the year has come, everything in nature is beautiful, the trees and flowers are blossoming, the birds have returned from their southern and northern homes, and we are at last sure that summer is on its way. After being cooped up in the house so much of the time in winter, we are only too glad to spend every spare minute we can find out-of-doors, and now there is no need for Mrs. Underhill and Miss Parsons to send us out! In the spring term what fun we do have in the half-hour between dinner and study-hour, dancing on the lawn to the music of some hurdy-gurdy or hand-organ. How much we all enjoy, too, the change in study-hour, from four o'clock to half-past two. Although our recreation is really just as long in winter, it never seemed so, and now at half-past three we close our books with a sigh of relief knowng that the

rest of the afternoon is free for us to spend as we wish. When it grows a little warmer we may be seen burdened with Indian blankets, pillows, and books, climbing up Fort Hill, hunting for a cozy corner in which to spend our leisure hours.

Our gymnasium hours this term will be spent mostly outof-doors, and what good times we shall have jumping, running, putting the shot and in all the various ways we spend the "gym" period. Base-ball is the game of the spring, and where is the girl who does not like it? Though it is very seldom that one finds a girl who pitches with a curve that a boy gives to his balls, nevertheless from the little practising we saw last fall it seems as if both the House and Hall teams ought to be able to boast of their pitchers.

Just before we went home for the Easter vacation we had the Indoor-meet where we showed what we learned during the winter term. Now in a few weeks Field Day will be here, the day that celebrates Miss Rogers' birthday, and which is always looked forward to by everyone at Rogers Hall, for besides being a holiday, there are competitions in jumping, running, etc. in the morning, and then in the afternoon comes the annual House versus Hall base-ball game.

When we think that we only have eight more weeks of school this year, it seems as if we never could accomplish all we want to. We have the basket-ball games yet to play, and the final hockey game that was postponed from last fall, besides practising for the base-ball game. With all these different events to enjoy, commencement will be here before we know it, and our year at Rogers Hall will be finished. Molly Beach.

THE INDOOR MEET.

The annual Indoor Meet was held on Tuesday afternoon, the twelfth of March, and was enjoyed greatly by everyone. Promptly at quarter past two the two teams for Passing the Ball took their places on the floor. The side and overhead passing were won by Genette Moore's team, while the bounding

was gained by their opponents. The girls who whirled the Indian clubs did very well. There was not a hitch as they passed from one movement to another, keeping perfect time to the music. Grace Heath deserved especial applause, for she had even trained her tiny pigtail to keep time! Elizabeth Talbot, Susie McEvoy, and Hazelle Sleeper were among the stars of the Junior class, which did splendid floor work and performed gracefully on the balance beams. They also played a "Children's" Ball Game.

We old girls were certainly put into the shade by the Beginners' Fencing Class, not one of us was invited to perform, while nearly all of their class took places on the floor. But since they have accomplished more work in their first year than any other class has ever done, I suppose we must yield gracefully.

The work on the parallel bars was very good. Cornelia Cook and Grace Heath did well together, and Dorothy Downer surpassed the rest in "Travelling Crab" and "Ringing the Bell." The Indian Club Game, which demands steady nerves as well as speed, was won by Gladys Coursen's team. The girls with the Dumb Bells deserve the reward of muscle for their work, and sympathy for their aching arms.

The final event was the popular game of Captain Ball and a very close, exciting contest it developed. The four teams had as captains Eleanor Cushing, Gladys Lawrence, Marguerite Weston, and Alice Cone. Eleanor Cushing's team beat Alice Cone's, and Gladys Lawrence's team beat Marguerite's side. Then in the exciting struggle between the two winning teams, Eleanor Cushing's girls were victorious.

PROGRAM.

I. Passing the Ball.

II. Indian Clubs.

III. Balance Bars.

IV. Beginners' Fencing.

V. Children's Ball Game.

VI. Parallel Bars.

VII. Race for Indian Clubs.

VIII. Free Work.

IX. Jumping Rope.

X. Dumb Bells.

XI. Captain Ball.

RUTH ALICE McCRACKEN.

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT,

EXTRACTS FROM A COLLEGE LETTER.

"Last Saturday I went out into the country to spend the night and outwardly 'to get rested,' though I doubt if our real motive was so praiseworthy. We started off in all our old clothes, with one suit case between us, and arrived down town just in time to see our car disappear into the distance. To take up the time we made flying trips to the library and grocery store for books to read and crackers to eat if we didn't wake up in time for breakfast. I started 'The Newcomes' last summer so I thought it would be a fine chance to read something worth while. The girls laughed at me when I got the book and told me that something more sensational would be better for Old Hadley, but I din't believe them until I tried to find the place I left off in it last summer.

"When we finally reached our boarding place in Hadley we were met by the woman who keeps it, who called from behind the door, 'Come in girls, glad to see you!' After we had entered she emerged from behind the door and, having locked it, she escorted us to our rooms. My room was really quite gorgeous; the wall paper was entirely covered with wreaths and green vines, which made me quite dizzy, until I was consoled by the fact that my kimono matched it so well that it really looked fairly pretty, for once. There was a window in the room near the ceiling and another little window directly under it right on the floor. visions of some tramp breaking in the lower window in the night while I gracefully disappeared through the window above him. But Mrs. Dickinson cheered me by saying, 'Oh, you girls needn't be scared tonight for I am right across the hall, and if you want anything, just yell.' She wasn't a very prepossessing personage, and from that moment I feared her more than the tramp. walked like a man, talked like a man, and had raven black hair and eyes so like x-rays that I felt really uncomfortable. seemed to realize my feelings, for she never passed the door afterwards without saying, "Don't be afraid girls, it is only I."

"We had hardly been alone in our room a minute before we heard a thunderous rapping on the door, and in marched our hostess carrying two nasty little kittens that hadn't their eyes eyes even open. 'Here are my two little boys,' she exclaimed, 'aren't they cutie?' We assented to this remark and after duly worshiping them she left us to show the 'little dears' to the 'other young ladies.'

That afternoon we proceeded to explore the town. There seemed to be nothing to it but a great broad street, two long rows of elm trees, and a great many very old, tumbled-down houses with beautiful old-fashioned doorways. The walking was so very wet and snowy that we were satisfied with a brief survey of the town and we went back to the house, where we sat around the fire until supper-time. After supper we again resorted to the fire and told ghost stories which were supposed to be bloodcurdling but which caused more mirth than horror. When the clock struck ten we immediately scampered to bed from force of habit, but I am afraid none of us got our due amount of sleep for my bed, at any rate, was a puzzle. It went up in the middle and sloped, mountain-like, on both sides, so that it was somewhat of a task not to sleep on the floor.

Sunday morning we were awakened by the sound of a table's being set and, urged on by the thought of waffles, we actually got up, and reached the dining room just as the waffles were forthcoming. The rest of the day we spent in walking, reading and, I must confess it, eating. Many gay maidens came out for Sunday dinner and I had to cling to the dark corners to hide my disreputable 'batting' clothes. However, no one knew my name or where I came from, so I probably didn't bring disgrace on Lowell or Rogers Hall. It is such a relief to get away from the confusion of college sometimes and spend a quiet Sunday."

Many of the Alumnæ will be interested to know that Julia Adams, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Alanson B. Shepard of Montpelier, Vt., expects to be married in June.

Alice Faulkner (R. H., 1902, Smith, 1906) has been visiting in Lowell and is now in New York, rehearing for the part of Horatio in the production of "Hamlet" to be given on April 8th

by the Smith College class of 1906 in aid of the Smith College Library Fund.

Mrs. Hasbrouck Chahoon (Louise Martin) who has been ill for two years has gone to Europe to hasten her recovery. She will spend the spring in Sicily.

Mrs. Alexander Magruder (Eleanor Palmer, R. H., 1900, Radcliffe, 1904) is spending the month of March in Lowell with her mother.

Jessie Ames (R. H., 1899, Smith, 1903) has been visiting in Washington and is now at Palm Beach.

Carnzu Abbott has gone to Bermuda for March.

Julia Stevens, who has been at Palm Beach for several weeks, is now at Miami.

Hilda Talmage (R. H., 1906, Smith, 1910) is playing Home on the substitute Freshman basket-ball team of Smith College.

Dorothy Underhill (R. H., 1897) has just returned from a delightful trip to Jamaica.

In the reproduction of "Nicolette" to be given in Lowell in April several of the Rogers Hall Alumnæ will take part. Dorothy Ellingwood (R. H., 1904, Sargeant School of Gymnastics, 1907) has promised to give an exhibition of her skill in æsthetic dancing, and Ada Chalifoux, Rita Talbot, Eleanor Palmer Magruder, Caroline and Dorothy Wright will take part in the fancy dances.

In "An Unlucky Trip," given in Lowell on February 22nd, Carnzu Abbott and Isabel Nesmith did themselves credit as actresses of light comedy.

Cards are out for the marriage of Madge Mariner to Mr. Norman Towne, at St. Mark's Church, Evanston, on April third. Her address after that date will be 1608 Forest Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

We were all saddened to hear of the death of Julia Holmes at her home in Chicago on February twelfth. She had suffered a great deal from heart disease the last four years, but this last year she had been considered better and the end came quite suddenly. Those of us who knew her at school remember her as a sweet, attractive girl whose delicacy seemed due to her sensitive nature rather than to ill health. She was always a bright companion, full of fun and kindness, and even in her hours of suffering, her courage and cheerfulness did not forsake her. To her mother and her seven brothers goes out the deep sympathy of her Rogers Hall friends with whom she has left such tender and lasting memories.

J. H.

SPLINTERS

Rogers Hall School, Lowell, Mass.

SPLINTERS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Editorial		•	•						1
Lancaster on the									
Grammer Craig's	Story								7
Maria									9
The Hazing of T	homas								15
The Brownie Tre	ee .							•	18
Catching a Burgl	lar .								20
Dailies									22
Book Reviews .									25
Children's Page									30
									37
Commencement :	Day								54
Athletics									55
Alumnæ Departn	nent							. (68
The Rogers Hall	Associat							. '	71
Catching a Burgh Dailies. Book Reviews Children's Page School News Commencement Athletics. Alumnæ Departn	lar	 	· · · · · · · · · ·	· · · · · · · · ·	 •	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	 •		$ \begin{array}{c} 2 \\ 3 \\ 5 \\ \hline 6 \end{array} $

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SPLINTERS.

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EDITORIAL.

To outsiders, boarding-school girls and their fads are a mystery and a constant source of amusement. They see us generally when anyone would look ridiculous; a crowd of fifteen or twenty girls tramping along the street, laughing at anything because everything seems funny. When they hear about us, only the silly pranks—as they call them—are told, and they misjudge us as a frivolous set, at times almost without sense. We really have some sense, at least enough to know that the story of our work and study would be very tiresome to everyone; so with the hope of not boring our listeners, we tell them what seems to us good fun. What I think to be the most worthy of comment and laughter is the fads and styles which travel about school.

These fads are most noticeable in clothing. An original girl is always attractive, but at school, if she applies her originality to her clothes, she may hold her place as an original for a short time only. Very soon many of us have taken her suggestion, and the puzzle is to find which of five or six was the original girl. If she has worn a bow of tulle at her neck on Saturday, at least five of us must wear tulle bows on Sunday. We wonder why we did not think of it before, for it looks very well, and we are very glad we remembered to buy it. original girl, thinking she has made us sufficiently "crazy" about tulle, now invests in some narrow ribbon, and wears a small bow of that at her neck. But I and the other five have grown very tired of tulle and like ribbon very much better. Now another original, who has spent Sunday away from school brings back a stiff collar and a white linen tie, and immediately stiff collars come into vogue. This is the way we continue

until some day, I suppose, we shall all come back to tulle and go through the list again.

This year one of the most prevalent fads in the toilette is an elaborate arrangement of the hair. Many of the girls have gone through the operation of having some beautiful curls grown on their heads. Fortunately we cannot all wear hair of the same shade, so the curls differ in color if not in style.

There is one point, however, on which none of this generation of boarding-school girls is original; that is the continual state of being "dead broke." One would never guess this condition, however, for many letters are sent every day with three-cent stamps when two-cent ones would do just as well, but surely the stamp must be lavender to correspond with the lavender ink and lavender sealing-wax.

Another good reason for our being poor is that we want to eat all the while. We visit the drug store, fruit store, and grocery store, and before the year is over sample almost everything in stock. Crackers, cheese, olives, and potato chips are all favorites, but, best of all, are the long penny pickles. Any afternoon pairs of girls can be seen, walking along the street with one pickle for both girls. First one takes a bite from her end, then the other from hers, for it really seems very much better than to eat one all alone.

I said pairs of girls for two reasons; one, because I should hate to say that more than two ate from one pickle; the other, because at school we never think of walking even down the street with a girl unless we have made a special "date" with her to do it. When we go to the theatre we have a "date" and go with one special girl, and when we go to church we have another "date" to sit next to her in the car. With special friends we have "standing dates," with one for every Monday, with another for every Wednesday, and so on, and woe to the girl who forgets! We have "dates" for every day and for every minute of the day, until "dates" form just as important a part of our day as eating and sleeping.

Besides these fads, we have numerous others. We all have our favorite actress and a few less than a hundred pictures of her. Many of us own Teddy Bears with huge pink or blue bows. We send the girls flowers on all occasions, whether they be ill, have a birthday, or make a couple of baskets in the basket-ball game.

These are some of the fads that may seem foolish to outsiders, and that, when we stop to think them over, may seem so to us, but for the present, they all go to make up the fun of school life. Now we don't have time to think them over, we are so busy having fun. If I should write on this subject next year, my standpoint probably would be different, but just now I am perfectly happy being "young and foolish" and only regret that this school year has gone by so quickly.

HELEN B. HUFFMAN.

On the third of May occurred the death of Polly Sheley, who graduated from Rogers Hall last year. While traveling in Italy she was suddenly seized with an attack of typhoid fever. Her mother had her taken to a convent in Rome where the nuns, whom she loved dearly, tried to nurse her back to health. Their efforts were in vain, and she died and was buried in the convent garden, in a beautiful, shady spot which the sisters had chosen for her.

It is impossible for her death not to be very widely regretted and deeply mourned, for with her hearty, sincere, whole-souled manner she won hosts of friends wherever she went. She was of true worth—a diamond of the first water. Her large, generous heart, craving love and sympathy, was usually hidden under a reserve which some thought coldness, until they had an occasion to feel her warmth and know her real thoughts and true feelings. She was unusually talented and versatile. Having traveled a great deal in foreign countries, she was a good linguist, and a fine violinist. Besides all these gifts Polly Sheley will long be remembered as one of the most able and successful editors Splinters ever had. Her articles were very individual and unusual, showing a deep imagination and the power of handling her subjects.

Polly was one of the best and truest friends I ever had. None could have had a better. Sincerity and truth radiated from her deep, sweet soul. So sad is it, too, that she, twenty years old, the only daughter, should be taken away so early—just as life was really beginning to open out and be appreciated.

It is hard for those left behind to grow accustomed to the loss and to cease wishing "for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." Polly loved Italy so much that I think she must have been glad that Rome was to be her final resting place. In a convent garden she is laid to rest, where the air is soft and peaceful, and the grass green and sunny over her grave. The gray, devout nuns laid her there, while the convent bells were ringing, "God rest her soul."

Josephine Morse.

LANCASTER ON THE NASHUA.

Lancaster, on the Nashua River, is interesting to those who are familiar with the early settlements of Massachusetts on account of its early foundation and the stories connected with the first few years of its history.

It is one of the oldest towns in the country, being thirty years older than Philadelphia. John Prescott, the founder, settled in Lancaster in 1643, but the Town was not incorporated until 1653. Clinton was originally included in its boundaries. In the time of John Prescott, and for thirty years or so afterwards, there were not more than thirteen families in the place. These sturdy pioneers did not enjoy any luxuries. In that time a man could scarcely go out of sight of his rough log-house without hearing a tomahawk whizz around his ears, or, what was more likely, without feeling it in his scalp.

In February, 1676, the Indians massacred the people gathered in the Rowlandson Garrison, which was the only place of refuge and defence the settlement possessed. There were thirty-seven in the Garrison, a third of whom were killed,

the remainder being carried off and afterwards ransomed. It was then that the Minister's wife, Mrs. Rowlandson, with her baby, was carried away. As the massacre occurred toward nightfall they spent the night on the summit of George Hill, and there the Indians, wishing to get rid of the baby, dashed its brains out against a rock. This rock is about a five-minute walk from our house, so all visitors are dutifully escorted, puffing and wheezing, up the hill to have pointed out to them the crevice in the rock where Mrs. Rowlandson is said to have sat all night. There is also a reddish stain on the rock, which they used to tell me was the stain of the baby's blood. I really believed this for a long while, and was quite disappointed when I found out that the "infant's gore" was a mere discoloration of the rock.

Mrs. Rowlandson was finally ransomed by John Hoar of Concord, the ancestor of Senator G. F. Hoar and Hon. Rockwood Hoar. It is said (whether true or not we shall have to judge for ourselves) that the Rev. Mr. Rowlandson was in no hurry to have his respected helpmate back again, on account of her sharp tongue, and was glad to have someone else pay her ransom. The Indians, for the same reason, were glad to have her depart from their tribe, and to gain twenty pounds worth of goods in return. The ransom took place at Redemption Rock, near the foot of Mt. Wachusett. The rock is owned to this day by the Hoars. Mrs. Rowlandson, after gaining her freedom, wrote a very interesting account of her experiences with the Indians,—"Mrs. Rowlandson's Narrative," as it is called. There have never been more than fifty copies of this narration printed.

Something else almost as old, historically, as the Rowlandson Rock is the old brick Unitarian Church with its Bulfinch pulpit and tower, which the people of Lancaster point out to all strangers with overwhelming pride. The pulpit is the most perfect specimen of colonial art in our country and imparts dignity and simplicity to the church.

'Though the church is very noticeable, the Rowlandson Rock is not. The best way to get a good, general idea of the town is to drive underneath the tall, stately elms, which shade the broad, quiet streets of the village from South Lancaster to the "North Village." As if there were not enough elms here

there is yet another—the "Big Elm." It is the largest elm in Massachusetts and probably the largest in the country, and it is a beautiful old tree. I don't know exactly how many feet and inches its trunk measures in circumference, but I can stretch my arms out wide and can measure nine times and a half from finger-tip to finger-tip around the trunk—and I certainly am no pygmy.

The drive to the elm, in fact, all the drives, are shady and pleasant. Every once in a while you will meet an old horse jogging lazily down the street, only breaking his easy gait for a hitchy gallop when prodded sufficiently, or a shining automobile gliding noiselessly around the corner, in strict disregard of the four-mile-an-hour automobile law passed by the selectmen and posted in full sight. The serene atmosphere which hangs about Lancaster seems to extend from the outskirts of the town to the village, where the majority of the three thousand inhabitants live.

One spot, however, decidedly is **not** so quiet and peaceful as the rest, and that is the baseball field. Everyone attends the games and sometimes they are quite thrilling—the ice-cream man bangs his bell, the pop-corn man turns over a bag of pop-corn soaked with "ni-ice, fresh butter, thi-irty-eight cents a pound," the "Lancaster Bandits," baseball stars of a younger generation, toot their horns, and the people standing in carriages nearly fall over their dashers as they shout, "Get there, Hub! Oh, A-ah! Ah-ha! I told you he would!"

Just beyond the baseball field the Vose Bridge spans the Nashua River, which runs placidly through the town. It forms many noted, beautiful spots, such as the "Meeting of the Waters," which many painters have put on canvas. Two branches of the stream meet here and a little peninsula is formed between, very green in summer and pleasant to look at in the checquered sunlight and shadow which streams through the foliage of the young trees. The Nashua is not a large river, but it is a fine one for canoeing and for adding beautiful and picturesque effects to the landscape.

Surely it is rightly said that, of all the fine old towns in Massachusetts, Lancaster is the finest. Josephine Morse.

GRAMMER CRAIG'S STORY.

A road thickly edged with tall oaks, pines, and beeches leads upward to the summit of a low hill and to the drawbridge of an ancient castle. From long disuse the hinges of the drawbridge are rusty and it serves only as a bridge across the moat, now dry and covered with gay flowers. A large court-yard is in the foreground, and behind it towers the grey mass of the castle itself. Age and a climate favorable to ivv have clothed the lower parts of the castle with a mantel of green. On the battlements are great boxes full of bright-colored flowers, beautiful but, on second thought, a little out of place on this grim, grey pile. However, when a shout of happy voices comes from the great doorway and a crowd of merry children rushes across the court-yard and down to the moat, the castle and its incongruities are lost sight of, and all thought is centered on the children and their nurse, an aged woman, who follows them somewhat stiffly and slowly. Harold, the eldest of the children, spreads a heavy shawl on the shady side of the moat for "Grammer Craig," as she is called, and then goes off to romp with his playmates.

But interest in the game flags, the sun is hot, everyone is cross, and even the flowers wither the moment they are picked. With one accord the children race up the slope, throw themselves at Grammer Craig's feet, and beg for a story. Like most aged nurses, Grammer is always ready with stories, for talking never interferes with the knitting which is incessantly in her hands; besides, having lived, I dare not say how many years, her mind is stored with a great many wondrous tales, which it is a relief to tell.

Lifting fair-haired little Ellen on her knees, she begins, now and then lapsing into dialect:

"You all know, children, that my little Ellen be named after her great-grandam Ellen, a daughter of the Scotch King Alpine. Aye, aye, Harold, ye have right to hold your head high, for ye be descended from the royalty of both Scotland and England. This Ellen, that's your great-grandam, was known as the most beautiful lass in the Highlands, and her fame spread about the country until it reached the ears of an Englishman who was then in Edinburgh, paying his court to noble Lady Stuart. An overwhelming desire to see the fair Ellen seized him, and he left the city, one night, and traveled north until he reached her father's home. Highland customs of hospitality made him a welcome guest, and he bided there until he had won his fair Ellen. His troth, plighted to both the Stuart lady and to Ellen, troubled him not a little, but he kept it secret, married Alpine's lass, and brought her home to this castle."

"To our castle?" rose a chorus of childish voices.

"Aye, to be sure, for he was none other than John, Earl of Westmoreland, and your great-grandsire. Well, to go on. For a year they were happy, but the cold grimness of this home, so different from her own, oppressed the gentle lady. Something to devote herself to seemed to be her great need and her husband, used to living his life alone and in his own way, left her alone much of the time. Thus it was with a deep thanksgiving that she welcomed her little daughter the next year. For five years the child was cared for with the greatest tenderness and love, although soon this had to be shared with a tiny red ball whom she called "Buvver."

It was something over five years after the birth of her daughter that an affair of state took the earl to Edinburgh, and the long days, with only the children for companions, seemed endless to the mother. Her great love for her husband had never cooled in spite of his forgetfulness of her and, though she strove to be cheerful and to have faith in him, a dim foreboding of evil was ever with her.

At last came the day of his return! Never had the sun shone so brightly, nor the world seemed so gay. With beating heart, at every sound she ran to the battlements to strain her eyes in vain for a glimpse of her lord. At last, as night fell, she heard the notes of a bugle, not full of joy, but mournful. The slow tramping of many horses came over the drawbridge and into the courtyard, carrying in their midst a sorrow-bringing burden.

No tears that night, nor for many nights, came to the widowed lady's relief. Nothing could console her. She thrust the children away and wandered from room to room, wringing her hands and moaning.

One night, when she sat, lonely, before the fire in the great hall, a woman in white came to her whispering,

'It is I, the Lady Stuart, whom he loved.'

With a terrified shriek, Ellen strove to rise. The white thing vanished, and Ellen fell back in her chair. The next morning the servants found her there, a look of horror and pain on her face and the wedding ring gone from her finger.

And now, my children, 'tis said that every night she wanders, in repentant mood, through the rooms, searching, searching for her ring, and that the vision in white follows her with a grim smile upon her face and seeks, too, for the ring, that she may find it and wear it."

A sigh and a shiver pass over the group of large-eyed youngsters, but they are used to Grammer's stories and are no more afraid of ghosts than you or I, so, though awed for the moment by the sad tale, they soon regain their spirits and are off chasing a huge butterfly.

Slowly twilight settles over the country. Grammer calls the children, and they go in to their supper and to bed. The stars come out, the fireflies flit through the grass, and the world lies asleep and at rest.

MARJORIE MCBEAN.

MARIA.

It was Monday and, what's more, it was Easter Monday. What a world of meaning those two words have for every childish heart in and around the city of Washington! Next to Christmas and the Fourth of July it is just the grandest day in the year for them. The gates of the White House grounds are open, and the children may come and go as they please, carrying baskets and boxes of all sizes, filled with gorgeously colored eggs, and, of course, a little luncheon, which is of as much importance as the eggs.

On this wonderful day, one year, in a Virginia town, a small child sat perched on the rickety gate post of the little country station. Her face was the shape of the moon and as black and shiny as that orb is bright. Her little flat head was crowned with the usual halo of fuzzy fringe. She frantically clutched a maltese kitten which threatened to make its escape at any moment.

Maria was in disgrace, yes, awful disgrace. Aunt Reny, her mother, was cook at Mrs. Carter's and Maria lived there, too. The night before Easter Monday, after supper, Miss Annie Carter had very carefully saved some fried chicken, which her father wished to eat before retiring, and placed it on the very top shelf of the pantry, thinking it was too high up for either the cat or Maria to reach. That evening, when she went for the Judge's dainty morsel, it was not to be found. The next morning the servants were questioned, but no one knew anything about it. Maria was quite sure she hadn't seen it.

"No, honest to goodness, Miss Annie, I ain't seen de chicken," she said.

Later in the morning, Miss Annie called the child in from her romp with the stable dog. She came rushing in, puffing like a steam-engine. "Oh, Maria, show me how you got up as high as that chicken, when you are so small; I can't reach it."

Maria, exultant at the idea of doing something that grown-up folks couldn't do, sprang for a chair, and, hopping up on it, cried, "Dis am de way I done it, Miss Annie." Quick as a flash what she had said came over her, and she made one bound for the door, flew past the barn and out the gate, catching up the kitten as she went.

Maria sat on the post, arguing with her conscience: It wasn't a big story, 'cause, of course, she hadn't seen de chicken, 'cause wasn't it pitch dark, and didn't she eat it with her eyes tight shut? But try as she might, she couldn't persuade her conscience that she, not it, was right. Anyway, she didn't intend to go home all day; she would just make them worry about her. But the worst thing of all had happened. She had left her eggs at home, those beautiful yellow, cerise, and lavender ones. In a short time eggs, chicken and all were forgotten, for

MARIA. 11

the station was rapidly filling with people of all ages on their way to Washington to roll eggs.

Maria's eyes snapped. Why shouldn't she go, too? Her uncle John was a policeman there, so why shouldn't she go as well as anyone else? She only had a minute or so to consider the question, but go she would, so she slid from the gate, pushed her way into the crowd, and scrambled up the high steps of the train. She slid into the first seat, snatched off her checkered apron, and tied it around the kitten's neck.

"All aboard," shouted the conductor, "Express to Washington."

Maria's heart thumped faster and faster. She flattened her little black face against the window in a vain effort to see the engine. Pretty soon a gruff-looking man with bushy eyebrows came in calling,

"Fares, please."

Just for one second her heart stopped and she rolled her big white eyes, but for one second only. Maria was equal to any occasion. At this instant, the kitten, having received a vigorous jab in her tiny ribs, sprang under the seat, followed quickly by the child, who stayed there until the conductor had gone by.

"Lord a mercy," gasped Maria, "just a sposin he'd a seen me."

The cat rescued and pacified, Maria sat quietly in her seat until the train stopped and she saw everyone getting out. Quickly catching sight of a lady with four children in tow, each with a basket of eggs, she determined to follow them.

"I reckon they must be goin' to that Egg House," Maria said.

She followed them from the station, and when they got into the car, there was the little black shadow beside them.

"Ain't this jest the grandest place?" cried Maria, clutching the eldest girl, who sat next to her. The girl silenced her with a stony stare, and Maria decided that **she** was no fun whatever.

"Is this child with you, Madam?" asked the conductor. "Well, I should say not. The idea!" snapped the lady.

"Ain't I with you?" whined Maria. Another stare was her answer.

"Have to get off, child," said the conductor.

"Suh?"

"Have to get off, I say."

"No suh, I don't mind riding alone."

The man smiled, rang the bell, and stopped the car in front of a hand-organ and monkey. Maria caught sight of the dancing animal, and that was enough. As the strains of "Dixie" came to her, she almost fell out of the car in her eagerness to get near the performers. It was only a short time before the small group had an admiring audience and among them was a small boy of Maria's own age who volunteered to show her the way to the so-called "Egg House."

Dewey, for that was his name, was also of a dark shade. Hand in hand, they trudged up the street, around corners and through parks, until at last they reached the White House. Crowds of children were passing through the gates, dressed in the whitest of clothes and brightest of ribbons. Maria's heart sank.

"Dewey," she said, "does dey let little black folks go in dere?"

"I dunno, but we kin try it," he said.

At that moment an old, gray-haired man saw the children and walked quickly toward them. He was very anxious to go in to see the egg-rolling and to hear the band, but he had no child with him, and a grown person is not allowed to enter unless accompanied by one.

"Want to go in, do you?" he said.

"Yes, suh," they chorused.

"Come along then, give me your hands." And before they could say Jack Robinson, Maria and Dewey found themselves inside the gate and running on the lawn. Not having eggs of their own to roll, they amused themselves watching the other children.

All went well with Dewey and Maria until poor little kitty made her escape from Maria's arms and Dewey commenced pelting her with stones. Round and round the grounds the MARIA. 13

cat went, with the children after her. At last she made a dash for an enormous rubber tree on the rear porch of the White House, which was forbidden ground for the crowd. Up the cat scrambled to the very tiptop of the tree. Maria sank on the steps and melted in a flood of tears, while Dewey thrust his hands into his pockets and began to whistle, not knowing what else to do.

Slowly the large, white door swung open and a thick-set man, with heavy glasses on, and a kindly smile, came out, followed by a small boy who clung tightly to his big hand. On seeing the tableau from "Dark Town" they stopped, looked surprised, and then the elder man broke into a hearty laugh, which was echoed by the youngster at his side.

"Hello, what's this?" he said.

Dewey looked aghast and pinched Maria.

"It's Dewey and me, and de cat's done gone up de tree," sputtered Maria.

"Your cat?" asked the kind man.

"Yes, suh."

The nice man put up his hand and brought the frightened little animal down.

"Oh, I say, Daddy, can't I have that kitten? I do want one so much."

"It's not mine to give you, son," said the man.

"You can buy it, suh," cried Dewey.

At that, Maria awoke.

"It ain't his, suh, but mine."

"Well, ain't it all the same?" said bargaining Dewey.

"May I buy your kitten, Dina?" said the kind man.

Maria hopped up, stood first on one foot and then on the other, and finally got out,

"I reckon you kin, suh."

"What will you take, five dollars?"

She shook her head.

"Four and a half, then?"

Still she objected, until she saw the scowl on Dewey's face.

"You surely will take four, won't you?"

"All right, suh, that's it, suh," and she put out her tiny black fist for the money.

"Now, you are sure you are willing to sell me the kitten?" said the nice man.

"Yes, suh, I'se sure, suh," Maria said, grinning from ear to ear.

"Well, then, you had better run along. It's getting late and all the people are going. Thank you for your kitten; if you ever want her back, you just come to me," he said, at the same time giving her a card. Maria took it, and backed away saying:

"All right, suh, good-by, suh, thank you, suh."

After this Dewey offered to take her to the station if she would give him half of her money. At the station Maria kissed her little black companion good-by, and he hurried away to spend his precious money.

Maria walked boldly through the station and into the first train she came to, curled up in one of the parlor chairs, and very soon the tired and hungry little wanderer was fast asleep.

A party of elderly men came into the train.

"Well, good-by, Judge, say good-by to your wife and daughter. Good-by!"

The Judge turned to go.

"Hello, what's this?"

The old man had stopped by her chair and was looking at her in amazement.

"Well, I do declare," he said, "that certainly is right queer, cause that surely is Aunt Reny's child, Maria."

It was Judge Carter speaking. He rang for the porter and had the child transferred from the western to the Virginia train. As the man lifted the sleeping child, she murmured,

"I sure did eat dat chicken but de Judge won't scold 'cause I kin buy him another one now."

Judge Carter saw the bills in her fist and he wondered, but he was still more puzzled when he saw the piece of cardboard clutched tightly in her other little black hand with the words, "Mr. Theodore Roosevelt," engraved on it, and in one corner the inscription, "To little black Dina." Elise Gardner.

THE HAZING OF THOMAS.

Tom Lawrence must be hazed and hazed badly: such was the decree of the Sophomores at Columbia. Tom was so "deucedly fresh," and so perfectly unsquelchable, that he must suffer a sitting upon.

He was decidedly vain, especially of his hair. It was thick and glossy, and he would stand for an hour before his mirror, applying a liquid substance warranted to make hair beautiful in a remarkably short time, and brushing it until it was as smooth and shiny as any young fellow could wish.

Just why men seem possessed with the desire to make their hair as neat as possible, I never have been able to understand, for it certainly looks much better in its natural state of comparative dryness, although it may not stay in place so well.

Now Tom was one of those chosen to take part in a debate which was to be held in the largest building of the college, and the fellows decided that this was the time to take down some of Tom's conceit. Accordingly, one night, as Tom was walking to his room, he was grasped firmly by six pairs of strong hands and carried to Jack Nelson's room. The lights were turned on and Tom was tied securely in an arm-chair. Then the awful deed was begun. Jack brought out an enormous pair of scissors and snapped them fiendishly in his victim's face.

"Now, young fellow, we'll do away with one cause of your vanity," and he stood behind Tom's chair, making evident his intentions by moving the scissors slowly over Tom's head.

When the poor boy realized what was about to happen, he gave a violent lurch in the chair and tried to break loose, but six pairs of hands were on him and he knew it would be useless to keep on tryng that mode of escape. He tried pleading: "O, I say, fellows, leave a chap his hair, can't you?" but there was no sign of relenting in the stern faces of his colleagues. He tried bribing: "What do you say to a spree in my room, with three bottles apiece, eh?" but there was only firmness visible in those same stern faces. He tried threatening: "Quit your fooling, you chaps, or I'll let Prexy know what you are, and I'll see you bounced, everyone of you, do you hear?"

"O spare us, do, dear boy," mocked the tormentors, and proceeded with their work.

Each in turn took up those awful scissors and each in turn cut off large portions of Tom's precious locks, with accompanying remarks that were anything but soothing to their victim's sorely-tried spirit.

"Does mother's little boy hate to see his pitty hair cut?"

"Well, I shouldn't cry about it, dearie; it'll grow again sometime, you know."

"Is Tommy afraid the girls won't like his looks any more?" put in Jack cruelly.

This was the unkindest cut of all and Thomas may be excused if he was guilty of shedding a tear, just one little one, you know.

In a few minutes all of Tom's luxuriant hair lay in a pitiful heap at his feet, as if pleading with him not to entirely desert it, and the once proud owner was allowed to survey himself in the glass.

The sight of his hairless head was not pleasing, and Thomas howled with rage, but was laughed at for his pains and went to his room, vowing vengeance on his six tormentors.

In the privacy of his room he surveyed himself in his glass, and as he thought of the debate and the crowd he would have to face with his shorn locks, a queer feeling came in his throat and his courage failed him. What was he to do? Tom was getting desperate. Suddenly an idea dawned on him, and his face lit up with the joy of returning courage.

Thomas was happy.

The night for the debate came and the six hazers dressed early and made their way to Tom's room. They found that hairless youth puffing painfully as he made desperate efforts to fasten his collar. His feet were several yards apart, and he was jerking frantically at that refractory article which wouldn't go right. His face was the picture of despair and he was venting his wrath in uttering sentiments not desirable for print.

"Well, sonny, you're not going to debate with that head, are you?"

"Come, old chap, don't thrust yourself on a crowd in that condition."

"Patience, my man! your hair'll grow again in time."

Tom paid not the slightest attention to these taunting remarks, but continued to work at his collar, with as calm a spirit as he could master.

The boys watched him finish dressing, and they saw him put on his hat, take his cane, and leave the building at eight o'clock.

At eight-thirty the debating hall was nearly full, and there was a crowd of expectant boys in the front row. Excited stage whispers flew along the line:

"By Jove, what'll he do, boys?"

"Bet you a nickel he wears a skullcap."

"He'll get squelched, if he does."

"Don't suppose we'll get—there they come. Look!—Oh, my eye, look!"

The debaters came sedately to the front of the stage and took their positions. Tom came last, the picture of neatness and manly beauty with—yes, with his beautiful hair plastered smoothly off his forehead.

"Must have used a lightning hair-grower," was the gloomy murmur of the disappointed boys in the front row.

Tom's side put up a hard fight and came off victorious; they had won the debate, and Tom did his share of bowing his thanks for the glorious applause, bestowing an extra nod or two on the front row, with a heavenly expression on his boyish face.

That night the six burst into Tom's room and demanded an explanation.

Tom laid hold of his head and, presto change! he was hairless again, with a beautiful brown wig in his hands.

"Look," he cried impressively, holding it up for general survey.

The boys stared in open-mouthed wonder.

"Well, I never," gasped Jack, "you certainly are a—say, give us a try at your wig, old man." GLADYS COURSER.

THE BROWNIE TREE.

"..... And then we will dance around the tree three times, saying, "We wish Uncle Robert would be good and kind. We hope that tomorrow a nice floor we'll find," and then close our eyes and sing:

"Hip ta niniga
Hippity hop
Ter boodle de opp
Tu-whoo!"

and then we'll surely get it."

"How do you know?" asked the boy of the party. All masculine scepticism was embodied in him. "You're always making up things like that! You needn't pretend there are brownies who'll give us what we want, for that's a wrong story! When my white rats were sick, you made us turn somersaults all the way down the 'Bumper-Hill' and said 'twould cure 'em if we said, 'We wish the white mice wouldn't die. If they live, to be good we'll try;' but it didn't do any good at all. I'm not going to dance 'round the tree; you wait and see if I do."

"Why, Robbie," said Hilda, reproachfully, "don't you believe in Brownies any more? They wouldn't have let your mice die if you hadn't forgotten to give them water. And then they got you the woodchuck to take their place."

"They didn't! Uncle Robert did."

"They made Uncle Robert think of bringing him. And, Robbie, you'll have such fun up in the tree. You can be King Toadstools, and sit on that dead branch in the middle of the tree, and rule Helen and me."

"Well, I guess not," said Helen, indignantly. "I won't wish at all if I have to be ruled. And by Robbie too! Why, he's two whole years younger than me!"

"Huh, guess I'm big enough to make you mind! You're only ten, Smartie," said Bobbie, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his "knickers" and feeling very grown-up.

Hilda, full of the new plans, interposed, and soon he and Helen were on good terms again, and consented to do the "wishing

dance" around the sturdy old maple they called the "Brownie" tree.

Uncle Robert, coming back from town, viewed these strange proceedings with astonishment, and hearing his own name mentioned, stopped to listen. Then he called Helen to him.

"What floor is it, Chick, that you're in such need of?" he asked.

"Why, you see, our Brownie Tree would be lovely if you'd cut away that rotten branch in the middle and put a board floor in," said Helen breathlessly, for she was rather shy, and not given to explaining. "And Bob is going to be King Toadstools, and I am going to be 'Shortshorn' because my hair is short, and Hilda is going to be 'Longhorns' because hers isn't, and we're going to have lots of fun—if you'll do it."

"I'll have Miller put it in this afternoon," said her uncle promptly, and Helen, much gratified, replied, "Hilda said that we'd call you 'Uncle Liberty' if you'd do it!"

The floor was put in that afternoon, and a ladder placed so that it formed a convenient stairway. The tree immediately became the children's cherished retreat, and their fortress in time of danger. When an invasion of town children was threatened, they ran up the ladder with the agility of young monkeys, pulled it up after them, and then replied to the taunts of the besiegers with considerable acrimony. But this paradise could not last, and, as usual, one of the weaker sex lost it for them.

The children had been mysteriously busy for some days, and, at last, one morning, they delivered invitations to a "circus" to be held in the Brownie Tree. All the aunts and cousins were invited, and everyone came. Much gratified at beholding the large audience seated on the grass around the tree, the trio performed wonderful acrobatic "stunts" on the ladder with great zeal. After this, as the wild animal part of the exhibition, the three dogs, who had been hauled up into the tree in spite of vigorous protests on their part, were required to roll over, sneeze for a biscuit, and do other remarkable tricks. While they were performing, Helen, unnoticed by the audience, had climbed up into a higher branch of the maple, and tied a heavy rope to a limb about thirty feet above the ground. When the dogs had

finished, and the applause was dying away the audience was startled to see a slender figure in blue, clasping the end of a short, thick rope, start to swing back and forth, high above their heads, like some human pendulum. Helen's mother gave a terrible cry, then standing up, called, "Helen, Helen, stop right off!"

But Helen, making an effort to climb up the rope, found that her strength had deserted her, and that she could only cling helplessly to the end and swing. The crowd below shouted advice and the children in the tree commenced to climb up to the branch from which the rope depended, when suddenly Uncle Robert appeared on horseback, from no one knew where.

"Steady, little girl," he called. "Keep a good hold on the rope. Rob and Hilda, stay where you are," and he was off his horse, and up the ladder, before the crowd had got over their wonder at his appearance. Up to the slender limb he climbed, grasped the rope, and pulled the terrified little girl back to safety.

"No danger at all," he said, as he handed Helen over to her white-faced mother, "if you people hadn't shouted so and made Helen lose her nerve."

But the doors of Paradise were closed, and the next day, Miller, by the orders of Helen's mother, took out the floor of the "Brownie Tree." VIRGINIA TOWLE.

CATCHING A BURGLAR.

I rubbed my eyes and sat up in bed. Oh, how sleepy I was! and who had been mean enough to wake me up? I thumped my pillow, drew the bed-clothes up around me, and turned over. In a minute I was wide awake, for shining directly before my eyes was a bright light, which flickered a little now and then. The light came from one of the stable windows.

I slipped on my wrapper and slippers and went over to the window. The light had disappeared but, as I looked, it was there again as bright as ever.

The house seemed very, very big and dark as I felt my way along the halls to my aunt's room. At her doorway I hesitated. She had not been well and had not slept for several nights. I

couldn't be selfish enough to wake her up now, when I might be able to manage by myself.

I thought for a minute, and then went softly over to one of the boys' rooms and shook the occupant, far from gently. After several deep sighs, a groan or two, and many rubbings of his eyes, he sat up and demanded what I wanted. I put my fingers on his lips and whispered that he was to come with me. Down the halls we went and stood at the window together. The light was gone, but we waited and suddenly it appeared.

Bert was wide awake now and wanted to go immediately to the stable and peek in the windows. But practical Dorothy thought a boy of fourteen and a girl of twelve should have a man and a revolver with them, so, leaving my companion to watch the light, I mounted the stairs to the head master's room.

I heard him walking about and smelled tobacco smoke.

One timid knock brought him to the door. I told him of the light and he patiently listened with an amused smile. I shall never forget the patronizing way in which he looked at me as he went to the window and glanced out.

"My dear little girl," he said," burglars do not hunt for silver and money in empty stables, nor do they visit people until—well, a little after nine o'clock." He snapped open his watch, as he spoke, and there were the hands just pointing to nine.

"Now, come here and let me show you something," he said, and drew me over to the window. The light was gone.

"Now step to one side."

I stepped toward him and immediately the light appeared. I stepped back, and it went away again.

My burglar's lantern was the reflection of his electric light! As he walked past the window and stood in front of the light, all was darkness, but as soon as he continued his walk around the room, the light appeared again.

It was a very sheepish little girl who joined her companion in his lonely watch at the window. He was sitting just as I had left him, but his head had dropped on the sill and he was fast asleep!

They still tease us about the time we tried to catch a burglar.

DOROTHY MERCER.

DAILIES.

TOMMY'S WOOING.

It is a still, cloudless night in June, and a great yellow moon throws its light and shadow over an old yellow house which stands surrounded by tall green weeds. Before a broken cellar window sits a lank yellow cat, waiting and singing for his lady love. His long, thin tail waves lightly back and forth over his narrow back, beating a mournful tattoo in tune to his love song. Occasionally from a window over his head descends a carpet slipper, or a boot, but Tommy serenely ignores it, continuing his swelling solo.

At last his song dies down to a murmur, as Tabby appears through the broken pane, and a happy sigh issues from the window above. "My Tabby, my Tabby," whispers Tom to the fat black cat, who seats herself beside him, "Why were you so late?"

"Thomas," replies his intended, "don't be so ridiculous. How could I come sooner? If you will expect an aristocrat like myself to go through the cellar, unattended, at this time of night, you must be willing to await my pleasure."

"Well, well! calm yourself, and tell me, are you willing to flee with me to my distant home?" says Tom, rubbing his long whiskers affectionately against her cheek.

"I am ready if you will keep your promise that I shall have cream to drink, and a new neck ribbon to wear, but first I must sing my farewell song."

Tom settles himself to listen in silent adoration, and from her furry throat comes a long, shrill wail which rises and falls, and rises again on the still night air. From the neighboring alleys swell the sympathetic accompaniments of seemingly thousands of other cats, but as Tabby's last notes rise to a shriek, a pitcher of cold, cold water descends on these devoted lovers, and a sleepy voice is heard to say, "Good heavens, this is too much!" Helen Nesmith.

BOSTON CLIMATE.

No wonder the Bostonians think that there is no such place as Boston. The climate of every other city is entirely too monotonous after the wonderful variety that they enjoy at home. The winters are the very coldest possible, in that latitude, the spring is warm one day and freezing the next, as if Mother Nature were undecided about letting the flowers bloom; the fall comes early, and in the summer "Boston tries to win the blue ribbon from Arizona for hot weather." After all,

"Nobody knows, says Tommy Jinks,
Nobody knows what the weather thinks."

Henshaw Waters.

AN EVENING AT HOME.

"It seems to me," she began plaintively—

"Yes?" said Jim.

"How you do interrupt! I was going to say that I thought you might stay at home tonight and visit with me. I'm sure, I'd appreciate a little attention."

"Anybody'd think—"

"Oh, I suppose so!"

"How you do interrupt! As I was saying, anybody'd think you had been deprived of my company for years—but I'll stay."

"No I don't want you to if—"

"If I don't want to? But I do!"

"You're a dear! What shall we do?"

"Do each other! What were you planning to do?"

"Oh, I hadn't thought. I didn't imagine that you'd stay."

"Well, now that your fond hopes are realized, what?"

"Oh, let's go to the theatre, Jimmie! It'll be so tiresome doing nothing here at home." VIRGINIA TOWLE.

"THE MONKEY AND THE TIGER."

"Ha-ha," said the monkey as he swung from a branch overhead on to the back of a tiger below.

"Now what you going to do, old boy, hey?" The tiger was surprised and silently displeased. He waved his tail restlessly from side to side as the monkey, crouching on his back, took hold of both his ears and peered down into his face. He started off at a majestic trot and disappeared from sight.

When three days had elapsed the tiger returned to the tree and dropped down lazily on the moss, licking his chops and yawning contentedly. It seemed to the big baboon perched on a nearby tree-top that the tiger looked unusually fat and wellfed after his long run.

Some people say that a tiger's endurance is long. They also say that a monkey's is short, and that his limbs quickly grow stiff when kept in one position for any length of time. I wonder if what they say is true?

JOSEPHINE MORSE.

THE GARDEN OF HEART'S DESIRE.

Away in the mountains, far toward the sunset, is a beautiful valley, the valley of Hope, and here lies the Garden of Heart's Desire, the most beautiful garden in the world. It is surrounded by a high stone-wall, and its gates are woven of roses, stripped of their thorns.

Inside are many paths that turn and twist, showing at each turning the most perfect things of life, for nothing that is bad can live in the garden. All the paths run in the same direction, and all end, at last, at the Fountain of Granted Wishes. Here is a mystic, vine-grown bench, on which sits a woman. She is old and yet is not old; her hair is loose and falls softly about her face, hiding it from the curious eyes of the many travellers who come this way. To all who come, she tosses, impartially, a handful of the glittering water of the fountain, and, as it falls, it is transformed to the object of the heart's desire.

Which is the happier, the man whose shinning drops turn to clinking gold or he whose crystal waters form a perfect rose of joy?

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE HABITANT.

Dr. William Henry Drummond was one of the best known and most popular poets of the present time, in this country as well as in Canada, his home. An Irishman by birth, he came to Montreal as a physician, shortly after obtaining his degree. There he practiced until a few years ago, when he retired, owing to the Drummond mine at Cobalt having, as he expressed it, "made good." Though he had given up his regular practice, he went to Cobalt to help in a small-pox epidemic that broke out among the men at the mines. It was while he was there, in April, that he had the paralytic shock which proved his death.

From Dr. Drummond's perfect knowledge of the picturesque Canadian French, one might suppose that his practice had taken him a great deal among the French-Canadians. This, however, was not the case, for what little country practice he had was among the Highland Scotch. Some of his time in summer was spent in the lumber camps and in the woods, but here, too, he did not come much in contact with the people of whom he wrote. So it might almost be said that his poetry was inspired, for a short contact with French-Canadians was sufficient to give him a marvelous knowledge of their ways and speech.

That he was a man of great sympathy and insight into human nature is shown in all of his poems, but perhaps more than anywhere else in the volume called "The Habitant." In this he tells, in the quaint half-French, half-English dialect, about the habitant farmer who lives so quietly and happily with his family, year after year, on his little farm near the rapids. The title poem gives a charming picture of the life of one of the habitant farmers. Another poem, "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," concludes with the lines so often quoted,

"You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre, So long you stay on shore." No one can help laughing at the story of "M'sieu Smit'," an Englishman who came to the Canadian woods with,

"Two tronk, t'ree valise, four-five fusil And what M'sieu Smit' he is call "bat' tubbe,"

or at the story of how young Dominique won Emmeline by pulling her father out of the stove pipe hole into which he had fallen while tiptoeing across the room in the dark to catch the lovers.

Although many of Dr. Drummond's poems are humorous, full as many have a pathos about them which shows that the author could see the tragic, as well as the happy, side of the lives of "les habitants." "Pelang," with its sad little story of Marie's waiting for Pelang, "de bes' boy on Couteau," to come home from the lumber camp and of his being frozen in the snow on the way, is one of the most pathetic. The sad death of brave young 'Polean Doré, who is drowned trying to save Paul Desjardins in the rapids, gives us a glimpse of the stern heroism of the lives of the people whom Dr. Drummond loved.

Perhaps the best-known and most popular of Dr. Drummond's poems is the one from which his book is named,

"THE HABITANT."

"De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Ma gran'fader too, an' hees fader also,
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't fonny
For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus' know—

An some cole winter night how I wish you can see us, W'en I smoke on de pipe, an' de ole woman sew By de stove of T'ree Reever—ma wife's fader geev her The day we get marry—dat's long tam ago—

Philomene—dat's de oldes'—is sit on de winder An' kip jus' so quiet lak wan leetle mouse, She say de more finer moon never was shiner— Very fonny, for moon isn't on dat side de house. But purty soon den, we hear foot on de outside, An' some wan is place it hees han' on de latch, Dat's Isidore Goulay, las' fall on de Brulé He's tak' it firs' prize on de grand ploughin' match.

Ha! ha! Philomene!—dat was smart trick you play us Come help de young feller tak' snow from hees neck, Dere's not'ing for hinder you come off de winder W'en moon you was look for is come, I expec'—

But nine o'clock strike, an' de chil'ren is sleepy Mese'f an' ole woman can't stay up no more So alone by de fire—'cos dey say dey ain't tire— We lef' Philomene an' de young Isidore.

Dat's wan of dem ting's, ev'ry tam on de fashion, An' 'bout nices' t'ing dat was never be seen. Got not'ing for say me—I spark it sam' way me W'en I go see de moder ma girl Philomene.

* * * * * * * *

But I tole you—dat's true—I don't go on de city
If you geev de fine bouse an' beaucoup d'argent—
I rader be stay me, an' spen' de las' day me
On farm by de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc.''

JOANNA CARR.

"BY THE LIGHT OF THE SOUL."

One of the popular magazines suggested, a little while ago, that the different authors should have different parts of the country portioned off to them as the background for their romances, and decided that New England should be reserved for Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. So far, no other author has seemed to understand New England and its people as well as

she. In her new novel, "By the Light of the Soul," she has made a close study of New Jersey folk also, and has drawn very vividly the social conditions of a half-southern town.

Maria Edgham, the heroine of the story, is the daughter of a handsome, dependent New Jersey father and a New England mother. Her mother dies at the beginning of the story, and Maria's father soon marries again, this time a New Jersey teacher, Ida Clome. She is a pretty, selfish woman, and she runs the house in an exceedingly extravagant manner. Maria finds it impossible to love her, for, although Ida always dresses her beautifully, she feels that Ida has taken a great dislike to her. When Ida's baby, Evelyn, is born, all Maria's maternal instincts awake, and she loves her devotedly.

When Maria is about fifteen she begins to attend the Elliott Academy in Wareham. As she returns from school the first day, Gladys Mann, a school friend, tells her that Evelyn is lost. Maria rushes home, and, after a stormy scene with Ida, starts for New York, for she is sure Evelyn has been carried there. Wollaston Lee, a boy who is very fond of Maria, and Gladys Mann accompany her.

They go first to the house of the friend to whom Maria thinks Evelyn has gone, and find she has moved away. Then, half-crazed with grief, they wander around the streets, until Gladys announces that they have missed the last train back to Edgham. As there is nothing else for them to do, they decide to stay at a hotel all night, and Gladys, to guard against gossip, forces Maria and Wollaston into a hasty marriage. Then Wollaston finds that there is another train back to Edgham, and when they get home they find that Evelyn is found. Maria and Wollaston make Gladys promise to keep their secret, and then avoid each other as much as possible, for they feel that their lives are entirely spoiled through Gladys's foolish interference.

After Maria has been graduated from the academy, she goes to Amity to teach school. Her Aunt Maria, a sister of her mother, lives there, and she welcomes the girl gladly. Since her hasty marriage with Wollaston, Maria has felt that she is outside the pale of happiness, and the New England spirit

of self-sacrifice grows in her. Formerly she has shown the New Jersey pleasure-loving nature, but now she grows more like her mother. While she is teaching, a young man, George Ramsey, falls in love with her, but, although strongly attracted to him, she repulses him, and, in pique, he proposes to another girl.

Maria has not been home very long on her vacation when her father dies, leaving almost all of his property to Ida and Evelyn, for Ida, through careful planning, has made it impossible for him to do anything else. Ida goes abroad, and Maria takes Evelyn, now a lovely young girl, back to Amity with her. Maria is teaching in the Normal School now, and Evelvn becomes a scholar there. One night, just before the beginning of a new term, Maria learns, to her terror, that Wollaston Lee has accepted the position of teacher there. When Maria sees him, she falls in love with him, and he begins to love her. But Evelyn loves him, too, with all her passionate young heart, and Maria, seeing that Wollaston is strongly attracted to the beautiful girl, decides to give him his freedom. She decides that the only thing for her to do is to disappear, for Evelyn has a horror of divorce, and would never consent to marry Wollaston, if he were divorced. Maria repulses Wollaston continually, and, at last, against his will, he finds himself loving Evelyn, and one night he tells her of his love. When Maria learns of this, she resolves on instant departure, and the next morning, unknown to all, takes the first train to New York.

On the train she makes the acquaintance of a dwarf, Miss Rosa Blair, who takes a great fancy to her. While they are on the train she confides all her troubles to Miss Blair, and asks her what to do. Miss Blair invites her to become her companion, and offers to have Maria's death notice appear in the New York papers. Maria gladly accepts Miss Blair's offer and travels a year with her. Then her New England conscience begins to question the rectitude of her deed, and one afternoon she decides to go to Edgham, and tell Evelyn the truth. When she arrives, she finds that Evelyn and Wollaston are married and exceedingly happy, so she returns to New York and again takes up her life with Miss Blair.

The book is exceedingly well-written, and the development of Maria's character is very interesting. All the characters are well-drawn, and even the hasty marriage into which Maria and Wollaston are forced is made to appear probable. The ending, however, is morbid, and the book is not one which you would care to read a second time.

VIRGINIA TOWLE.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

THE POLICEMAN ON THE CORNER.

It was a cold November evening. The rain drove in sheets against the brick front of the houses, and the wind howled and rattled the windows. The policeman on the corner thought, in all his nine years of service, that he had never experienced such a storm.

He noticed that all the houses in Astor Place were lighted except Number 21. The policeman on the corner was not naturally curious, but he often wondered why this house was never lighted in the evening. It was not unoccupied, for people came up and down the front steps in the daytime, but the policeman did not remember ever having seen anyone enter the building after dark, nor did he recollect having seen any light in the house.

It happened that on this particular night our policeman was doing double duty, the reason does not matter; let it suffice that he had prepared himself for an all-night vigil.

About eleven o'clock he was startled by a cab's dashing up the quiet street. It drew up in front of Number 21, and a man, tall and erect, stepped out, walked up the steps, and pulled the bell. While waiting for an answer this personage half turned around and spoke to the cabman, who drove away.

The light of the street lamp fell full on the man's face, and gave the policeman a chance to scan him closely. He was not at all remarkable looking. His face was smooth, his eyes were dark and piercing, his nose prominent, and his mouth and chin cleancut and firm. He was wrapped from head to foot in a long cloak-like ulster, and he wore a soft felt hat on his head.

Presently the door of Number 21 swung open, and the man entered the house. What he entered upon the policeman on the corner never knew.

About two o'clock in the morning the rain ceased, and the moon, struggling through the clouds, cast a watery light on the silent houses. A few minutes later a wild scream pierced the air. The policeman started, for he was not used to this sort of thing in respectable back streets in the small hours of the morning. Again the scream broke forth. Lights began to show in the windows of some of the houses, and half-dressed men appeared at the windows, demanding the cause of the disturbance.

The policeman ran up the steps of Number 21 from whence the sounds seemed to come, and pulled violently at the bell. Again and again he rang, but received no answer. Then he thought of breaking in the door, but discovered that it was heavily barricaded on the other side. Nor were the windows near enough the ground to be reached without a ladder.

By this time the screams had ceased and the house was ominously silent. The occupants of the adjacent houses had gone back to their slumbers. Left alone, the policeman on the corner neglected his duty for the first time in all the years of his service. He was an Irishman, and very superstitious, and he told himself he had no wish to meddle with affairs of this sort. So he remained on his corner the rest of the night, not turning his head toward Astor Place so much as an inch.

The next morning, as the sun rose, a trembling old man opened the door of Number 21, Astor Place, and descended the steps. The policeman saw him from the corner of his eye, and turned to watch him as he went down the street. He was cladin a long, loose ulster, and on his snow-white hair was a soft felt hat.

ALICE WESTON CONE.

Freder wanted in the control of the

A FARM-HOUSE.

As I was riding along in a very desolate country, I came in sight of a lonely farm-house set back from the road. The house, instead of being painted white, as were most of the houses in that part of the country, was painted a dull grey with blinds so dark as to seem almost black.

As I came near, something in the appearance of the old house fascinated me, and I drew rein to examine it more closely. The wind shrieked around the house, rattling the somber shutters, and the November rain was blown against the windows in great blasts. At one of the windows sat a girl of about eighteen, who rocked slowly back and forth in her chair. Although she looked not more than eighteen, her hair was snow white, and her eyes had a terrified expression, as if she were expecting something horrible to happen at any moment.

Suddenly the girl stopped rocking and looked up and smiled. For a moment I even fancied that she beckoned to me, but something in the white hair and monotonous movements of the girl repelled me, and, with a shudder I headed my horse for home.

ELEANOR BAKER HUSE.

THE PUNISHMENT.

Bobby sat on the stairs, in the big hall, with his hands clasped between his bare pink knees. A few steps below him, where the sun struck through the colored window, sat Shadow, in exactly the same position.

Bobby was thinking, thinking hard, a most unusual proceeding, for when one is only four one does not give much time to reflection.

But this was on an important subject and Bobby was troubled: Shadow had been naughty, and, clearly, he must be punished. If Shadow had not persisted in dancing right in front of the jam closet, had not, in other words, tempted, Bobby would never have fallen to the depths of disgrace. Yes,

without doubt, it was Shadow's fault. Shadow must be punished, and immediately.

Suddenly Bobby arose and hopped gravely down the remaining stairs, Shadow trailing behind. Together they went to the dining-room cupboard, a dark and dreadful place. Here they stopped; Bobby opened the door cautiously and walked in backward. Then, when he thought that Shadow must be in the very backest part, he jumped out and slammed the door. With a sigh, he turned to the window. The sun had disappeared behind a cloud, and the side walks were already "freckled" by the rain drops.

* * *

Five o'clock; the little clock on the mantel chimed out the strokes with an unpleasant loudness. Almost Bobby's bedtime. Outside it was growing quite dark, and Shadow had not yet been released. Bobby had waited too long; now it was dark in the dining-room, and to open the door of that dreadful cupboard took more courage than Bobby possessed. Suddenly a door slammed in the rear of the house. The butler! he would light the lamp in the dining-room.

Bobby ran down the hall and precipitated himself breathlessly into the dining-room. The butler stood by the lamp with a box of matches in his hand. Bobby drew a deep breath and, secure in the presence of a "grown-up," threw open the cupboard door.

The match flared up, and against the oak wall, with both hands stiffly outstretched, stood Shadow.

Half an hour later, the night-lamp in the nursery showed a brass crib in which lay a very small, weary boy, fast asleep, and on the opposite wall, a grey shadow crib with a grey shadow boy curled up in it. And the lamp blinked softly, "Good-night."

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

THE TALE OF A GIRAFFE.

I am a giraffe. My name is Henery Necke Longue. I come from a very old family, which originated in the middle of Africa, long before man ever knew there was such a place. Being the thirteenth child (my mother married seven times), I am of course very unlucky.

When I was three weeks old a very exciting thing occurred, which I shall remember until I cease to exist. The family had journeyed to a place of unusually good feeding, when, all at once, my father came to the spot where my mother and I were feeding and told my mother something. Immediately she got up with a very frightened expression around her ears and, gathering the family together, hurried us to a secluded spot.

Just as we reached the place, a large herd of rhinoceroses came tearing by, right over the place where we had been feeding not five minutes before (I have learned to tell time since I came to America). I can remember how superb they looked, dashing along as if they owned creation and all that was in it. I heard my mother heave a gigantic sigh (I don't know what for—any way it blew down a nice mouthful of leaves), and as soon as they had gone far enough away, we came out of our hiding place and took the shortest route for home.

Things went along pretty smoothly now until, when I was a year old, my mother died. A very sad proceeding. But I did not miss her much after a few weeks, for my father married a young widow with a beautiful long neck, who was not much older than myself.

One summer, not long after my father's marriage, as we were on our way to our summer home by Lake W—, we scented Man. I didn't know what it was, but Papa told me it was Man and a very dangerous object. We went along, however, and everything was all right until the very morning before we reached our home. We had arisen early and, having made our toilet, we started on when—whist! something caught my baby sister around her long, beautiful neck. Whist! again, and this time it was I who was wearing a necklace. The rest of the family, being frightened, ran, my father for help, and my mother-by-

marriage and the children for safety. We two were led along, I, rebelling at first, but at last following meekly, for with every struggle my necklace grew too small and pinched my wind pipe.

After many more useless struggles we were thrown upon our sides and our legs were tied together. My sister fainted but recovered in about an hour. We were then pushed into what Man calls a train and trundled to the coast, where we were put on a large ship. We were very seasick at first, but soon recovered. What troubled me most was that there was no tooth-brush for either my sister or myself, so we had to get along as best we could.

After what seemed ages to me, we bumped up against something, and in about half an hour my sister and I were led off the boat. We saw a large herd of Man and were thoroughly frightened. My sister and I were separated, and, as I was being put on another train, I turned to catch a fleeting glance of Soft Hoof (that's my sister's name) with tears streaming down her cheeks.

I was finally taken to a large tent and put inside a cage, where I am at the present moment. People are very good to me and I have plenty to eat and drink, but I still long for the old life back in Africa. If you ever should happen to see my sister, give her my brotherly love and blessing. I hope we may meet again.

RUTH NEWTON.

THE ALARM-CLOCK.

"No, Eunice," said Phil teasingly, "you may not borrow my alarm-clock. Girls do not need such things. It is only men, who have important business to attend to, that need alarm-clocks."

An angry flush rose in Eunice's checks, but controlling herself, she said in a pleading voice,

"O Phil, won't you please buy me one for my birthday tomorrow?"

"I'll see about it, Sis," returned her brother, and then he added a little doubtfully, "Say, Juno, do you suppose one tiny alarm-clock could possibly get you up in time for anything, even if it were to meet the President of the United States?"

"Some people have more than one," replied Eunice hopefully.

The first rays of the morning sun had barely found their way into Eunice's room, the next morning, when a loud Burr-r-r by the side of her bed brought her to a sitting position. For a while she looked in a dazed way at the small intruder, but as the buzzing continued, the alarm-clock was seized and shaken so violently that it absolutely refused to utter another sound.

"Horrid thing," said Eunice, "he ought to have known I wouldn't get up at five o'clock for all the alarm-clocks in the world, and I'm so tired, too."

In a few minutes teasing brothers and bothersome alarm-clocks were forgotten, and Eunice was peacefully dreaming. She did not have the good fortune to remain in this state long though, for another Burr-r-r brought her rather suddenly from the land of dreams. Springing from the bed, she snatched the unfortunate clock from the chair, but, to her surprise, not a sound came from it. She listened a moment, and then, with a groan and a shiver, crawled under the bed. In a few seconds she appeared, angry but victorious, with the second alarm-clock in her hand.

"Only half-past five," she said, "but I shall not wait for any more of the horrid things to go off."

A few minutes later, as she was going down the stairs, she met her brother.

"Many happy returns of the day, Sis," he said, "and, by the way, I agree with you that some people do need more than one."

"Burr-r-r," answered the third alarm-clock in Eunice's room.

Ruth P. Wedge.

SCHOOL NEWS.

THE OLIVE MEAD QUARTET.

On Monday afternoon, April the fifteenth, the Olive Mead stringed quartet played at the Middlesex Women's Club. The quartet is one of the finest of its kind in this country and is composed of four charming women, Olive Mead, first violin, Elizabeth Houghton, second violin, Gladys North, viola, Lillian Littlehales, violoncello.

The program was very enjoyable as the music was rather light and the selections not too long. The musicians played with a lightness of touch that was well-suited to the music. Their technique was perfect and their tones were smooth and clear and had much sweetness. The playing really was fine and showed unusual polish.

The program was as follows:

- Mendelssohn Quartet
 Molto allegro vivace
 Memetto
 Andante expressivo ma con moto
 Presto con brio
- 2. Mozart Duet G Major
 Allegro
 Adagio
 Rondo
- 3. Dvorak "American" Quartet F Major Lento Finale

CORNELIA COOKE.

D major, Op. 44, No. 1.

PATRIOTS' DAY.

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear Of the mid-night ride of Paul Revere, The eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five; Hardly a man is now alive Who remembers that famous day and year." April nineteenth was the anniversary of the battle of Concord and Lexington, so the hour after recess was given over to the celebration of that great day so many years ago, when the brave Minute Men made their first glorious stand for freedom against the British. Freedom! how much that word holds for us now, and how dearly it has been paid for by the men of our nation. They have fought bravely, and bravely died, all for the freedom which we enjoy now-a-days. It was the brave determination of the men of '75, that set the example for the other Colonists, and it was their tenacity which won for them the victory. It is therefore a splendid thing for us that we have "Patriots' Day," for it brings back to our minds the heroes of the Revolution who might otherwise be forgotten by some of us.

The exercises were held in the gymnasium and proved to be very appropriate to the day. The program was as follows:

I. Star Spangled Banner, School.

II. Grant's Account of Paul Revere's Ride,

III. Paul Revere's Ride,

IV. The Red, White and Blue,

V. Concord Hymn,

VI. Concord and Lexington Fight,

VII. New England's Dead,

VIII. My Country 'Tis of Thee,

Dorothy Mercer.

Cornelia Cooke.

M. Weston & Chorus.

Josephine Morse.

Farrell Durment.

Gladys Coursen.

School.

Marguerite Weston.

MR. BRYAN ON "THE AVERAGE MAN."

On Tuesday evening, April twenty-third, ten of the girls went with Miss Parsons to hear William Jennings Bryan speak on "The Average Man." The Opera House was crowded with an audience that was very decidedly of Democratic sympathies.

Mr. Bryan was introduced by the Chairman of the Democratic League Committee, and, as he rose to acknowledge his

introduction, he was greeted with a deafening burst of applause that did not cease until he raised his hand to request silence. Though his voice is low, it could be heard easily in all parts of the auditorium. As soon as he began to speak, absolute silence reigned, and he held his audience thus for nearly three hours.

After the manner of politicians, he opened his speech with several funny stories, and with several hits on the Republican Party in general, and on President Roosevelt in particular. He accused the President of having appropriated several planks of the Democratic platform, and intimated that, if this thing were kept up, the Republican platform would be made up of Democratic planks, "not that we Democrats care—we are glad to have them used by someone, even if we are not permitted to use them ourselves." The end that the Democrats are working for, he said, will be accomplished just the same, and that end is to make more opportunities for the common people, and to give the Average Man his rights.

In this class of "Average Man," Mr. Bryan includes mechanics, tradespeople, merchants, except a few merchant-princes, doctors, lawyers, preachers, etc.; in fact everyone except railroad presidents, trust owners, and a few other possessors of "swollen fortunes." Wealth seems to be the line of demarcation between the Average Man and other men.

Mr. Bryan takes the stand that the Republican party is the ultra-conservative while the Democratic is the progressive party. To define the position of the Bryan-Democrats with regard to progress, he used, as an illustration, the two stone lions which he brought from China and has had placed one on each side of his front steps. One has its mouth wide open, representing the radicals, the other has his mouth closed tight, representing the conservatives. "And I always take great pains to pass exactly between them," said Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Bryan has recently returned from an extended tour of European and Asiatic countries, where he has been studying economic and social conditions. "There is no middle class in Europe," was one of his sweeping statements, but this was somewhat modified later by his reference to the middle class

of Switzerland and to its success with the "Initiative and Referendum."

Then he went on to say that in Europe there is no middle class such as we have in America, no country where there is so great an opportunity for progress and development. The Average Man should have a more direct voice in municipal, state, and national government. He is entitled to it, and some day he will have it. The Rights of the Common People is his cry.

In truth, Mr. Bryan is a "silver-tongued orator' and a shrewd politician, but he does not impress one as either a statesman or a scholar. His hold on the Common People evidently comes from the fact that he himself poses as an "Average Man."

FARRELL S. DURMENT.

DR. CHAMBRE'S RECEPTION.

On the dark and rainy evening of Friday, April twenty-sixth, we all went to a reception at the rectory of St. Anne's. Dr. and Mrs. Chambré and the curate, Mr. Jenkins, received us in the drawing-room. Later Mrs. Chambré talked to us about the beautiful paintings on the walls and Dr. Chambré introduced us to the mysteries of his study, taking down many wonderful books and curios for us to see. An old, worm-eaten, black-letter book, the book of Ruth in Hebrew, and, on a scroll of parchment, an ancient missal book with its parchment leaves, illumined by the monks of centuries ago, were especially interesting. "Never dust your books," Dr. Chambré told us, "dust preserves them well." His were indeed, thick with dust, and that made them still more charming.

Dr. Chambré was so interesting that, before we realized it, it was time to leave. We came home feeling, I am sure, that we had spent a very pleasant evening.

MARGARET BLANCHARD.

OUR TRIP TO BLUE HILL.

Saturday, April twenty-seventh, eighteen of us, with Miss Everett for chaperon, and Miss MacFarlane for guide, took a trip to Blue Hill. When we started from Lowell the weather did not look very promising, for the morning was damp and foggy. However, by the time we reached Boston, it had turned out fair, and just warm enough to be comfortable.

When we arrived at the Blue Hill Reservation many of us were ready for our walk, as we were tired of sitting all the morning. We began our climb at rather a fast pace, running at times over the very steep places, but by the time we reached the top most of us were pretty tired.

Never have I seen such a view as from the top of Blue Hill! On one side could be seen Boston Light in Boston Harbor, and all around were little villages with tiny streams winding about them. The surrounding hills were just turning green, and here and there, nestling in the valleys, were small picturesque lakes. It was a charming sight, and, in spite of the fact that we were very hungry, we could hardly stop gazing long enough to eat luncheon.

After we had eaten the contents of our mysterious boxes, however, we were ready to begin our tramp. Miss MacFarlane started ahead, and the rest of us followed as quickly as possible, but some were not very much accustomed to tramping, and therefore did not get along especially well. We went down the side of Blue Hill by a rocky path which led to the main road. At the foot of the hill was a tiny brook, and we stopped for a drink of the clear, cool water. It was very refreshing after our hard work in descending the slope, and prepared us for the rest of the tramp. We trudged along the main road for a while, then crossed a field and went around a beautiful little lake. Our path led through pine groves all around the border of the lake, and was delightful.

We tramped about five miles in all, and were glad to get back to our starting place in time to rest a little before our journey back to Lowell. When we reached school we were rather a dilapidated-looking party, but we had had a delightful tramp, and are very grateful to Miss MacFarlane for showing us some of the beauties of Blue Hill.

MARGARET DELANO.

"JUNIOR WEEK AT TECH."

At Tech one of the gayest weeks of the year always is Junior Week. There is something to do every minute. Several of the Fraternities give house-parties and girls from all parts of the country come to join in the festivities.

The fun begins Wednesday evening, when the Musical Clubs give a concert followed by a dance. Thursday noon the "Technic rush" comes off at twelve. Although I did not arrive in time to watch the contest, I heard a good deal about it, and it is said to have been "a very busy fight."

I arrived in Boston Thursday afternoon and went right to the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity House, where I met several girls who were to be my companions there. We had much to talk about, and the boys amused us so well by playing and singing, that it was time to dress for dinner before we knew it. After dinner, before we went to the "Prom," we all went into the library and had a flashlight taken.

The "Prom" was held in the large ballroom of Hotel Somerset. About one hundred and fifty couples enjoyed the music furnished by the Salem Cadet Orchestra for thirty-six dances. The dancing was unusually lively and was kept up with great spirit until after three o'clock in the morning. As we drove home we decided that it was the best "Prom" we had ever attended.

Friday morning, we were more or less tired, so we didn't make our appearance until noon. After luncheon we went to the Tech Show, "William, Willie and Bill," a musical comedy in two acts. The songs were very catchy, and it is remarkable what fine-looking girls some of the boys made and how graceful the six boys were who gave the Tambourine dance. The song "Dear old M. I. T.," was one of the best hits in the show. For the chorus, six "girls" came in with flags for Harvard, then

six with flags for Brown, and six for Amherst, but when they sang together the last line, "We'll raise a song of victory for dear old M. I. T.," the "girls" quickly turned their flags,—and behold! they were red flags with gray T's on them. At the same time down the centre of the stage came two boys carrying a large Technology banner, raised on two poles.

Another song, "Telegraphic Sympathy," is also very clever, but the songs were all so good, it is hard to say which I liked best. On leaving the theatre, I felt that whenever I thought of M. I. T., I should always remember "William, Willie and Bill."

After the show we went back to the Fraternity House and enjoyed dinner, but it came to an end all too soon, for not long after we had to leave, declaring our A. T. O. house-party a great success.

Geraldine Simonds.

THE INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET.

Saturday, May eleventh, the day of the interscholastic outdoor meet, proved to be one of the most disagreeable of the year. Such weather! Sighs and "oh, dears!" were heard all over the school, as the girls who expected to attend the meet came down to breakfast. "Isn't this weather the limit?" "Oh, Miss Parsons, do you suppose it will clear off before it is time to go?" were oft repeated questions. Some of the more cheerful girls—probably those who were not going to Boston—kept saying: "Cheer up, girls, 'rain before seven, clear before eleven',"—it certainly had rained before seven.

At last, about a half hour before it was time to start, the clouds began to brighten, and the sun tried to come out. This was enough encouragement for us to start; but even before we left Lowell it had begun to rain again. We went to Cambridge on the cars, but by the time we reached Arlington we had given up all hope of seeing the meet. Nevertheless we kept on and went directly to the "Dunster," where we had luncheon. By the time we had finished, the sun was out and the sidewalks were quickly drying. Then we began to look forward to the meet, and hurried on to the Stadium.

Andover won the meet through the excellent work of Kilpatrick, the captain. He made more points than any other man, by winning both hurdle races, the 120- and the 220-yard race, the running broad jump, the hammer throw, and by getting fourth place in the sixteen-pound shot put. In all, Andover won $50\frac{2}{3}$ points, only failing to gain points in two events.

Volkmann won the second place in the meet, with $21\frac{1}{3}$ points. The sprinting of E. E. Nelson was conspicuous and easily made him the winner in the 100-and the 220-yard dashes, while H. Jaques, the indoor champion, won the half-mile run. On the mile run Harry Lee, of Stone School, soon after the start, went to the front and kept his place until the end of the race, coming in thirty yards ahead of the next man, Dowling, of Andover.

The field events, which came off during the track races, were very interesting. In putting the sixteen-pound shot, E. J. Hart of Exeter, beat the interscholastic record, by throwing the missile 42 feet, 11 inches in competition, and later, in the three customary tries allowed to each winner in trying for the record, 43 feet, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The pole vault was a tie between W. D. Follett, of Volkmann, Lewis, of Andover, and Gardner, of Andover. The height was 9 feet, 6 inches.

As most of the girls had friends either taking part in the meet or among the spectators, we enjoyed it very much, and those of us who are to return another year are looking forward to next year's meet with much pleasure—anticipating as good a time as we had on Saturday.

MARGARET B. DELANO.

THE SYMPHONIES.

The symphonies have been exceptionally interesting this year on account of the fact that Dr. Karl Muck of Berlin has been conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck is well-fitted to conduct this orchestra, which is one of the finest in the world, as he was conductor of the royal orchestra in Berlin before he came to America. The Emperor gave him permission

to be away for only a year, but a short time ago he extended this leave of absence to two years—two years exactly and no more. Boston is very lucky.

Dr. Muck has a great deal of personality and in this Mr. Willy Hess, the Concert-meister and first violin, resembles him. Both are musicians through and through, as one can tell immediately by the way Muck wields his baton and Hess handles his bow. Their sensitive and impressionable, yet virile, temperaments are very evident. Dr. Muck calls out the very best work of his orchestra and makes the most of every good quality it possesses. His standards are high, and therefore the concerts this year not only uphold the high reputation they have held in former years under other conductors, but even seem to surpass it.

There were not a great many soloists this year, but those who came were well worth hearing. Among these was Miss Maud Powell, the well-known violinist, who played Sibelius's Concerto in D minor very beautifully. She is not personally especially attractive nor interesting, but when she once touches the strings, she is absolutely absorbed, and one thinks no longer of her but of her music.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch was another soloist—a Russian pianist with wonderful technique, but a player who seems to be always conscious how well he is playing. Brahm's Concerto is very difficult, and he did it full justice.

The "gem of the collection," however, was Mme. Olga Samaroff, a brilliant young pianist, who set sober old Boston crazy. She played Tschaikowsky's Concetro in B-flat Minor and played it wonderfully. Her tones were round and full, unusually so for one as young as she appears to be. Her playing was simply perfect—technique, expression, tone, and all. That is all you can say about it.

Dr. Muck should be complimented on the way he arranged his programmes, for they were an improvement on those of last year. He never, for instance, has in one programme numbers by two composers so extremely different as Chopin and Beethoven. What is more, the concerts have been made more edifying and interesting. The musical tastes of those who attended have been elevated by the fine works of old musicians. Numbers by young composers of the present day also were introduced; Reger's Serenade, for example, and many other compositions never heard before in Boston. Although these are not always liked by the people, they are at least interesting.

The season closed in May after a very successful season. All music-lovers are looking forward with impatience to the concerts next winter.

JOSEPHINE MORSE.

OUR TRIP TO CONCORD AND LEXINGTON.

On the morning of the eighteenth of May, a large party of the girls with Miss Lucas and Miss Bernkopf, started out to see Concord and Lexington. You may imagine with what feelings we went after hearing, on the nineteenth of April, the story of Paul Revere's Ride and the battles of Lexington and Concord. We went on the electric car, and from Bedford on, we enjoyed the ride immensely as we were in an open car and could get a better view of the trees, just bursting into bloom. Everything seemed to be waking into new life.

Our first stop was at Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. Here, overlooking the peaceful Concord River, is the beautiful knoll, on which sleep Hawthorne, Emerson and Louisa May Alcott. Farther down the hillside is the tomb of Judge Hoar, bearing that wonderfully sweet inscription, "The pilgrim they laid in a chamber, whose window opened toward the sunrising: the name of the chamber was Peace. There he lay till break of day, and then he arose and sang."

After seeing several other noted graves we took carriages which drove us to Monument Square in Concord. There we saw the Soldiers' Monument and that first burying ground, in which stands the old powder-house. There, too, is the grave of John Jack, the slave, with its strange epitaph.

Directly opposite Old Hill Burying Ground is the Wright Tavern where Major Pitcairn made his stirring speech.

After leaving the Tavern we drove out on the Lexington road and our driver pointed out the home of Emerson. Though this is not the original house, that having been burned some time ago, it is on the same site and is an exact copy of that one in which Emerson used to dwell. It is a plain, square frame house, painted white, with green trimmings.

Not stopping long here, we drove on to, in my estimation, the most interesting house we visited—"Orchard House," the home of the Alcotts. The house is small and brown, resembling a doll's house. It stands back a little way from the road and is slightly hidden by some large trees. One tree I must mention was a large chestnut, which everyone agreed must have been the one where Jo sat and munched an apple while she read a book. Back of the house the ground rises to a small ridge. Some of us explored the path back of the house a little way and found that it leads through a most beautiful wood filled with birds.

Behind the house and to the left is the site of the old School of Philosophy. The building itself, however, now stands still farther back from the road on the right hand side of the house. Here gathered many men from far and near to hear such men as Bronson, Alcott, Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne lecture.

Separated from the Alcott's by only a hedge stands "Way-side," where Hawthorne dwelt. The great author himself changed the name from Hillside to "Wayside" because it was so near the road that he could see everyone who passed.

From here we were driven to Merriam's Corner, where the Concord Militia joined the Minutemen to repulse the British. We came back the same way to the square and then started out in another direction to see the newer part of the town on Main Street. We saw many beautiful modern houses and some older ones, too, like the Thoreau-Alcott House. Finally, turning, we came back and went out Monument Street, on which are the Old Jones House and Old Manse, to the Battle Ground and straight down to the Old North Bridge. Here we decided to eat the lunch which we had brought with us. After lunch we went across the bridge and admired the wonderful statue of the

Minute-man while Miss Lucas told us of the battle which had been fought on that very spot. Then the carriages came to take us back, and we all reluctantly left the Concord River and the Old North Bridge.

From Concord to Lexington was another lovely ride on an open car. This time, we stopped at the Common and compared the statue of the Minuteman of Lexington with that of Concord, very few of us being able to decide which we liked better. Then we went to the Old Belfry from which was rung the alarm that aroused the town on the memorable night of Paul Revere's ride.

One of the most interesting places in Lexington is the John Hancock House, which we examined eagerly—both the house itself and everything in it. Downstairs was an old desk on which we all registered. The pistols of Pitcairn, a seal for sealing letters, a ring worn by John Hancock, a wallet, and a coat, worn at a diplomatic meeting at Hague, were some of the interesting articles in the safe. Upstairs, there were a great many old books and, in the case with them, the crest of the Hancocks, a hand upraised with three cocks above it. In one of the back rooms was an old loom, and in the little passageway leading to it, the parole of one of the British Generals was tacked up on the wall. In the front bedroom there were two cases filled with relics, calashes, wedding pelisses, aprons and saddlebags. The downstairs room, used in Hancock's time as parlor and guest-chamber, contained an old-fashioned four-poster with a little trundle-bed underneath. In all of the rooms were interesting old prints. A picture of Dorothy Quincy, the wife of John Hancock, was so beautiful and fascinating that it made us wish that we, too, had been there to see her as she received the news on the night that Paul Revere, riding up to the house, was told to be quiet because John Hancock was asleep.

This visit to the Hancock House ended the day for us, as far as sight-seeing was concerned, and we went back to the Common to take our car for Lowell feeling that the day had certainly been worth while in the fullest sense of the words.

KATHARINE WOOD.

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THE FIRST SENIOR TEA.

The first festivity outside the school to which the Seniors went was the tea Miss Coburn gave one Wednesday in the latter part of May. It took us all of an hour to get ready, so you can imagine what things of beauty we were when we finally strolled along the path by the tennis courts on our way out, and how the girls stopped playing to look at us and wonder where we were going, all "fussed up" in light suits and hats. Oh, my, didn't we feel important!

We arrived at Miss Coburn's house at last, and had tea at five o'clock; and not tea alone, but all kinds of other delicious things—little cracker sandwiches, filled with some sort of cheese, which fairly melted in our mouths, college ices, and cake. Miss Coburn was sweet as a peach, as she always is, and gave us a perfectly great time. We didn't get back to the school on time for dinner, but then, who cared for that? Mrs. Underhill didn't seem to, and neither did we—for weren't we Seniors?

JOSEPHINE MORSE.

THE SECOND SENIOR TEA.

Of course, at the last of the year work must relent because, unless the Seniors are gay, who, pray, will be jealous of them and ambitious of being one of their number?

This past week, our class has been "going the gait." We have the good fortune to count Charlotte among our number, and Mrs. Tibbetts very kindly entertained us one afternoon. They have a beautiful home at the top of a hill and from the veranda one can look for miles. Below the formal gardens are orchards, which now are in full bloom, and woods galore, and for one lovely afternoon we were given the freedom of wandering where we chose. Of course, we made the best of our opportunity; we robbed the garden of flowers for our buttonholes, strolled down to the tennis-court for a while, and ended by almost allowing a little fox, captured by Charlotte's brother, to make his escape.

I think Mrs. Tibbetts could hardly guess how much pleasure she gave us in just inviting us to her home, so charmingly ordered and homelike. And such grand things as we had to eat! Truly we must have disgraced ourselves in our shamelessness at taking a "second helping."

Voluntarily refusing to notice the flying minutes, we delayed our going as long as we possibly could, until we could not find one excuse for staying longer. As we went down the hill to school again we voted Mrs. Tibbetts and Charlotte delightful hostesses, and we thank them a thousand times for our happy afternoon.

RUTH HEATH.

THE HARVARD-PRINCETON GAME.

In spite of the fact that Princeton won, the four Rogers Hall girls who were present enjoyed the Harvard-Princeton game very much. It was played at Harvard on Saturday, May the eighteenth, and good luck was with us, for it was as pleasant a day as we could wish for.

The final score was 1-0 in favor of Princeton, the winning run of Princeton's being made in the last inning through what might be called an error of the catcher, as he threw the ball over the third baseman's head in trying to put a Princeton man out. The game was not very exciting, for only three safe hits were made in the nine innings. We all wished that some Harvard man would really hit the ball and make a home run, but our wishes were in vain, for Harvard did nothing of the kind.

We could not help comparing that game to our game which was played only the day before, and we all came to the conclusion that our team, the Hall and the House combined, could defeat both Harvard and Princeton so badly that they would be ashamed to show their faces for several weeks to come.

When we got back to school we were greeted by many questions as to who won and by what score. On hearing the results there were many downcast faces at Harvard's defeat, but there were also many happy ones.

MILDRED MOSES.

Chas. L. Johnson

THE EXETER DANCE.

"Any pillows in your room?" This was the cry heard all over the Hall and the House as the Committee on Decorations scurried around Saturday, getting every available pillow and rug to adorn the lawn and porches for the coming Exonians. And a good committee it was, for when, in great excitement, we came down to greet our guests, everything looked as artistic as possible. I believe we all thought, too, that our trouble had been worth while when we saw the good-looking youths who made up the clubs. The short acquaintance in the afternoon only served to heighten our pleasure, and by six o'clock every girl had found somebody about whom she was exclaiming, "Oh, isn't he great!"

Their concert in the evening was the last drop in our cup of bliss. Each one did his part exceedingly well, and the Exeter Musical Clubs are to be congratulated on their very worthy members.

The program was as follows:

Iola Intermezzo

5.

PART I.

1.	Pearl and Pumpkin—Selections J. W. Barton Mandolin Club				
2.	Duet—The Sweetest Story Ever Told R. M. Stults William E. Hawke and A. A. C. Malcolm				
3.	In Picardie George L. Osgood Glee Club				
	Quartette Medley E. Hawke, A. A. C. Malcolm, R. W. Leith, E. M. Peake				
PART II.					

Mandolin Club

- 6. Solo—The Isle of Our Dreams, from Red Mill A. A. C. Malcolm
- 7. Quartette—Wot Cher Chas. Ingle Hawke, Malcolm, Leith, Peake
- 8. Melody of Southern Songs M. Arnold Glee Club

Initial rendering of new School Song by G. G. Harter, '08.

One pleasure followed another that Saturday, and after the concert came the dance. It may have been a little cool outside, but many a white-gowned ghost prowled about the grounds, between the dances. If one pleasure followed another, it is also true that the last one had to end, for at a quarter to twelve the manager rushed around, ringing the school bell in the ears of the late departers, and we said good-by to our friends. The boys' cheers for Mrs. Underhill, Exeter, and Rogers Hall were warmly seconded by those girls fortunate enough to get to a window as the boys left, and we all retired to dream happy dreams about letters and banners from Exeter.

Marjorie McBean.

"MISS COBURN'S TEA."

Miss Coburn, who came to Rogers Hall first as a day scholar, and who, after going through Smith, returned as a teacher and has been with us for the past eight years, is not going to return next year.

When this was first rumored we all cried in dismay, "What! Miss Coburn not coming back?" For she has become a very dear part of our very dear school.

By way of telling her how much we shall miss her, presiding with dignity in "Room E," Mrs. Underhill gave her a tea on Wednesday afternoon, May the twenty-ninth, which was a decided success.

The day was beautiful, with the exception of a rather high wind, and, to judge from the number of people who thronged in between four and half-past five, I think everyone who received a card must have come.

There was a committee appointed for introducing and serving. The dignified seniors poured and never once forgot to ask, "Cream or sugar?" So as each did her part faithfully, the whole reception went off smoothly.

Good-by, Miss Coburn, and, though you refuse to cast light upon our horizon in the form of history and literature, please don't forget Rogers Hall, and do come back to see us often.

ELEANOR STOCKBRIDGE CUSHING.

THE SENIOR DANCE.

The weather prophet proved wrong in his prediction for June the first, and we are all very glad he did, as that was the day of the Senior Dance. It was as beautiful a day as one could wish for, not too warm, nor too cold, but just right.

In the afternoon, many of the girls received callers, and the park was found to be most attractive for a promenade.

At half-past seven our guests arrived and, after a short reception, the music began, announcing the first dance. Between dances we walked around the grounds, which were transformed into a regular fairyland, for, strung among the trees, were Japanese lanterns, and, all around were artistic rustic settles and chairs. As the seventh dance was the supper dance, there was, on the part of the men, a grand scramble for the dining-room, while the girls hastened to secure comfortable seats outside.

After supper the dancing was resumed, and while many participated in that pleasure, fully as many enjoyed walking through Jack-a-lantern world outside. At quarter of twelve the familiar strains of "Home, Sweet Home" were heard, and we all felt a deep regret, for we knew that meant the departure of our guests, and the close of the last dance of the season; and, sad to say, the last dance at Rogers Hall for many of us.

We who are not to return can look back on the Senior Dance of 1907 as one of the most enjoyable of dances and, as each year rolls on, we shall remember it with pleasure as one of the many good times of our school-days.

BEATRICE LYFORD.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

In spite of everyone's fears on account of the cold rain which for two days had shown no sign of letting up, Commencement Day was indeed, as Dr. Mann said in his address, "not the first day of June but the first June day."

For the whole school the day began early; at a little after seven most of the girls, who had presented such a sleepy appearance at the breakfast table, were hard at work decorating the school-room, arranging chairs, or placing small tables on the lawn. When everything was ready, there were still a few minutes before the arrival of the guests. These were employed in taking pictures of the Seniors, and charming pictures they made in their white gowns, with sheaves of pink roses, their class flower, on their arms. The clicking of a dozen or more kodaks had hardly ceased when the Seniors were called to assist Mrs. Underhill and the wives of the Trustees in receiving the guests at the reception which preceded the graduation exercises.

The exercises, as usual, were held in the school-room. It was a great surprise to everyone, except perhaps, the Trustees, when Dr. Greene told something of the founding of the school fifteen years before, and presented Mrs. Underhill and Miss Parsons, on behalf of the Trustees, with beautiful bunches of roses. After this, the regular Commencement program began with a prayer by Rev. Allan C. Ferrin of Lowell. Then Dr. Mann of Trinity Church, Boston, gave a most interesting address, which was enjoyed quite as much by the visitors as by the graduating class. The most important event of the day, the address to the class by Dr. Greene and the conferring of the

diplomas, followed. When all the girls had received their diplomas and had been duly clapped, Ruth Heath, President of the class, presented the class gift, a large Flemish oak settle. It is to be the first piece of furniture for the girls' parlor which is planned for next year. In behalf of the Trustees, Hon. John J. Pickman accepted the gift, and the exercises were closed with the benediction by Rev. O. S. C. Wallace.

As soon as the exercises were over, everyone went out on the lawn for luncheon which was at small tables under the trees. The grounds were lovely with the lilacs in full bloom and the soft colors of the ladies' dresses among the trees made a very pretty picture. When most of the Commencement guests had gone, the girls who had been at Rogers Hall in previous years met to organize the Rogers Hall Association. By five o'clock nearly all the farewells had been said and scarcely a dozen girls were left to spend the last night at school. So the day and the school year ended with a chorus of good-bys.

JOANNA CARR.

ATHLETICS.

The year has passed and we are leaving Rogers with many lingering good-bys. For some of us this term is the last, but others will be back next October, when another year of sports will begin.

The term that is just over has been crowded full of all kinds of athletics. The hockey-game, which was postponed from last fall, has been played, and also the two basket-ball games and the baseball game.

Field Day, which the new girls had heard so much about and had waited for so eagerly, though it was postponed three days, on account of rain, came up to their expectations and proved as much fun as ever. Besides the fun of a holiday, we had, as usual, contests in running, jumping, sack-racing, etc., in the morning, and a baseball game in the afternoon, so that it is no wonder everyone was crazy for the day to come.

Usually the baseball game between the House and the Hall is played on the afternoon of Field Day, but this year the game on that day was played by two picked teams from the House and the Hall. The regular teams were not chosen until later, for there had been no time for practice, on account of the belated hockey and basket-ball games.

Though the House and Hall baseball game did not come off at the regular time, it did not lessen the excitement when the real day came; instead, the excitement waxed so great among the players and cheerers on both sides that you would have thought the whole of Rogers Hall had turned into a lunatic asylum.

The tennis courts were in great demand every afternoon this spring, and at one time they were so popular that the girls began using them at five o'clock in the morning, but that was—only for a time.

After a term so full of sports and out-door life, it is no wonder that we all hated to say Good-by.

MOLLY BEACH.

THE THIRD HOCKEY GAME.

At last the much-looked-for day came, and the final hockey game between the House and the Hall was played.

Grace Heath, the captain of the House team, was unable to play, on account of a broken ankle, but with that exception the teams were fairly matched.

When the game was called both teams started with equal vigor, and it was hard to imagine which side would win. There was extremely good playing on both sides, each team fighting its way to a goal. When time was called for the first half, the score was 3-1 in favor of the Hall.

Amid cheers and congratulations for their good work, the girls on both teams rested for a few minutes, only too anxious for the whistle to blow for the second half to be played. When the signal was given, the girls started in anew, pushing up and down the field, both sides bound to win. The House scored another goal, and just a minute or so before time was up, the Hall made one goal, making the score 4–2 in their favor.

The line	-up:			
House.				Hall.
Moses		Bully		Roesing
Weston)				Lawrence
Neldon		Rushes		∫ Chandler
Burns		Rusnes		Morse
Wilson				Coursen
Carr)				(Fleer
Fish >		Half Backs		Pierce
Mercer				Wood
Faulds)		D. 11 D1		∫ R. Heath
McCracken \		Full Backs		Beach
Newhall		Goals		Newton
Goals.				Goals.
Moses 1				Morse 2
Weston 1.				Lawrence 1
				Coursen 1.
			Етта	BOYNTON.

THE FIRST BASKET-BALL GAME.

On Tuesday, April thirtieth, as the day was bright and not too warm, we had the first basket-ball game of this season.

All day the air was tense with excitement, and at luncheon everyone was so nervous that she tried to quarrel with her neighbor.

After lunch I rushed to my room and got a megaphone, for I was to lead the cheers for the House. Proudly we bore the Elephant to the field, arriving just in time to give an inspiring cheer for our team before the whistle blew.

Helen Huffman led the cheers for the Hall, and while the battle raged on the field, my attention was turned to cheering the girls.

The first basket was made by Marguerite Weston and it was greeted with a yell of delight from the House girls. Then we gave nine lusty Rahs! for Weston.

At the end of the first half I had lost my voice, but we gave a cheer for the Hall and then one for the House.

The second half was the most exciting part of the game. Helen Faulds was doing fine work guarding Marguerite Roesing, and cheer after cheer spurred the hot players on to victory. Suddenly Marguerite Roesing made a basket, and the Hall girls filled the air with, "Rah! Rah! Roesing!"

Soon afterwards, Mildred Moses made a basket for the House, which put us ahead, and we cheered so hard that we were red in the face. Then Marguerite Roesing made another basket for the Hall and Helen waved a yellow flag and the Hall girls yelled. We cheered, too, to encourage our team.

This made the score even, and everyone held her breath. Soon Gladys Coursen made a basket and the Hall went wild again. Then a foul was made which gave the House a free throw, but we did not get a basket. This was our last chance for the whistle blew and the game was over; the Hall had won with a score of seven to four.

Then we all shook hands and everybody cheered the Hall girls, for they can play as good a game as their cheering would lead you to believe.

The line up:

House.	Hall.	
Ruth McCracken, Capt.	c. c.	Ruth Heath, Capt.
Pearle Burns		Gladys Lawrence
Kathleen Nelden	s. c.	Marion Chandler
Helen Faulds	guards	Josephine Morse
Marjory Fish		Stella Fleer
Mildred Moses	homes	Marguerite Roesing
Marguerite Weston∫	nomes	Gldays Coursen
		HENSHAW WATERS.

THE SECOND BASKET-BALL GAME.

On Friday, May third, a second basket-ball game was played between the House and the Hall. It was a fine day for the game, just cold enough to feel the tingle in the air. It seemed to put new life into the players for the work on both sides was very good.

The first half of the game was very exciting, and the players were all heartily cheered by their enthusiastic supporters. At its close neither side had scored. During the intermission the players were the center of interest, and they were surrounded by an admiring crowd which also put in a word of advice now and then, such as, "Keep it up, girls, you are doing splendidly," and, "Helen, your guard-work is fine." The second half of the game seemed very short, but it was long enough for the Hall to score two points and the House, one. The final score was three to one in favor of the Hall.

The line up:			
House.			Hall.
R. McCracken	c. c.	R.	Heath, Capt.
K. Nelden	s. c.	1	G. Lawrence
M. Weston		1	M. Chandler
M. Moses	homes	Ì	M. Roesing
D. Mercer		1	G. Coursen
M. Fish	guards	Ì	K. Wood
H. Faulds		1	S. Fleer
•	Evelin	E S.	HOGARTH.

FOUNDER'S DAY.

Founder's Day is celebrated every year on May seventh in honor of the birthday of Miss Elizabeth Rogers, founder of the school. A holiday is given us and we always celebrate it by having an out-door track meet in the morning and a baseball game in the afternoon. This year the seventh of May was rainy and, much to our disappointment, the holiday was post-

poned until a clear day. Thursday, Dr. Greene came over and gave us an interesting talk about Miss Rogers, whom he knew intimately. Friday, May tenth, proved to be the day on which the sun came out, and consequently the girls appeared at breakfast attired in their gymnasium suits, ready for a day of sports.

After breakfast the girls amused themselves in various ways, some playing tennis, others practising the races in which they were entered. All over the school there prevailed an atmosphere of excitement.

At ten o'clock the bells rang and we gathered on the field. The first event was the fifty-yard dash, which was run in two heats. The girls were called and the words, "On your marks, set, go!" were barely uttered when they were off like a flash. Both heats were run, and then the girls anxiously waited to see who would win the finals. Helen Nesmith proved to be the winner and was presented with a green bow of ribbon, the prize awarded to the winner of each event.

The next event was the three-legged race which the girls entered in pairs. One girl would have her left leg tied to her partner's right one, and in this way they ran the race, tripping all over themselves. One pair of girls fell down at the start but, undaunted, picked themselves up and went stumbling on, way behind the rest. The race was won by Natalie Conant and Helen Nesmith.

Throwing the baseball followed the three-legged race. Mildred Moses won this easily by throwing the ball 170 feet, breaking the record of the school. Next came the running high jump which was won by Marguerite Weston, who jumped four feet, eight inches.

When the jumping standards were taken off the field, six rows of potatoes, eight in a line, were placed on the ground with a tin pan at the head of each line. Each girl had to run and pick up a potato, bring it back, put it in the pan, and then run back and get another, until the eight potatoes were picked up. This race was won by Helen Nesmith.

After this came putting the shot which was won by Marguerite Weston who threw the shot twenty feet, eight inches. Mildred Moses won the hop, step and jump with Helen Nesmith

a close second. The winner of the Junior fifty-yard dash was Alice Billings. The little girls did remarkably well and compared favorably with the older ones. Throwing the basketball came next. It was quite difficult to get the ball into the basket as there was a brisk wind blowing. Gladys Coursen won by putting the ball into the basket four times out of ten.

After this came the running broad jump which was won by Mildred Moses, who jumped twelve feet, nearly two feet farther than Marguerite Roesing, who came second. Next was the sack race, and it certainly was funny to see the girls, with sacks pulled up to their waists, hopping along as fast as possible. Of course, they tumbled all over themselves, and fully half of them fell down, but they picked themselves up and went on to the finish. Majory Fish proved to be the best hopper and was awarded the green ribbon. The sack race was followed by the Junior potato race, which was run in the same way as the older girls' race. This event was won by Alice Billings.

The last event of the morning was the relay race, which was run between the House and the Day girls. The House girls who were entered were Majory Fish, Josephine Morse, Ruth Heath, and Mildred Moses; the Day girls were Alice Billings, Frances Billings, Helen Nesmith, and Natalie Conant. The House girls were the swiftest runners and consequently won the race. This ended the sports of the morning.

A stand-up luncheon was ready almost as soon as we got up to the Hall. All the day-girls stayed and we had a lovely time, eating our luncheon in the schoolroom or out on the lawn. Luncheon over, we all went down to the field again to see the baseball game, the event of the afternoon.

The program for the track-meet was as follows:

1. 50-Yard Dash-

M. Moses, M. Beach, J. Morse, M. Jefferson, K. Wood, M. Fish, F. Billings, N. Conant, E. Meigs.

1st Heat—1st, Fish; 2d Nesmith; 3d, Billings. 2d Heat—1st, Morse; 2d, Moses; 3d, Beach. FINALS—1st, Nesmith; 2d, Fish; 3d, Morse.

II. Three Legged Race—

(G. Brown, (J. Carr, (V. Towle, (M. McBean, (C. Cooke, (A. Billings, (S. Fleer, (H. Waters, (M. Fish, (E. Meigs, (M. Moses, (K. Nelden, (E. Boynton, (H. Nesmith, (A. Newhall, (N. Conant, (M. Jefferson, (A. Billings, (H. Faulds. (M. Pierce, (M. Roesing, (F. Durment, (G. Lawrence, (M. Beach, (C. Wilson, (M. Weston, (P. Burns, (H. Huffman, (R. McCracken (M. Chandler, (R. Heath (J. Morse, (M. Wadleigh,

(E. Huse.

1st Heat—1st, McCracken and Burns; 2d, Nelden and Fish; 3d, Billings and Coursen. 2d Heat—1st, Conant and Nesmith; 2d, Heath and Morse; 3d, Roesing and Pierce. FINALS—1st, Conant and Nesmith; 2d, Billings and Coursen; 3d, Nelden and Fish.

III. Throwing the Baseball—

M. McBean. M. Morse, M. Chandler, G. Coursen, M. Roesing, S. Fleer.

1st, Moses, 170; 2d, Roesing, 124.8; 3d, McBean, 84.6.

Running High Jump—

M. Fish, M. Weston. M. Pierce, J. Morse, J. Carr, H. Nesmith,

1st, Weston, 4.8; 2d, Morse, 4.7; 3d, Nesmith, 4.4.

V. Potato Race—

A. Cone, R. Newton, M. Beach, C. Wilson, H. Faulds. R. Woodbury, G. Coursen, N. Conant, P. Burns, M. Delano, F. Billings, M. Blanchard, H. Ramage. G. Lawrence, C. Cooke, H. Waters,

1st Heat—1st, Nesmith; 2d, Coursen; 3d, Cooke. 2d Heat—1st, Weston; 2d, Pierce; 3d, Billings. FINALS—1st, Nesmith; 2d, Weston; 3d, Pierce.

VI. Putting the Shot—

R. McCracken, M. Pierce, S. Fleer, M. Fish, M. Roesing, M. Chandler, M. McBean,

1st, Weston, 20.8; 2d, Pierce, 19; 3d Roesing, 18.10.

VII. Hop-step and Jump—

M. Roesing, N. Conant, H. Nesmith, D. Mercer. M. Moses, M. Weston, M. Pierce, M. Fish, M. Chandler, S. Fleer.

1st, Moses; 2d, Nesmith; 3d, Roesing.

Junior, 50-Yard Dash—

J. Brown. A. Billings.

S. MacEvoy. E. Huse,

G. Lane, H. Sleeper, R. Wedge.

1st, A. Billings; 2d, Brown; 3d, S. MacEvoy.

IX. 75-Yard Dash—

J. Morse, M. Beach,

M. Moses, M. Fish,

K. Wood, S. Fleer.

1st, Morse; 2d, Moses; 3d, Nesmith.

X. Throwing the Basket-Ball—

B. Frisbie, M. McBean, G. Lawrence, G. Coursen, A. Tibbetts,

C. Wilson, M. Roesing,

D. Mercer, M. Chandler.

N. Conant, S. Fleer. 1st, Coursen; 2d, Roesing; 3d, Weston.

XI. Running Broad Jump—

D. Mercer, M. Moses,

M. Pierce, M. Roesing, S. Fleer,

M. Chandler, M. Weston,

H. Nesmith,

1st, Moses, 12; 2d, Roesing, 10.4; 3d, Nesmith, 10.3.

XII. Sack Race—

C. Cooke, H. Waters, M. Pierce, M. Roesing,

M. Jefferson, G. Lawrence P. Burns, R. McCracken,

M. Beach, R. Newton,

M. Blanchard,

S. Fleer, F. Billings, H. Faulds,

A. Cone, C. Wilson, S. MacEvoy,

A. Newhall, E. Meigs, A. Billings, H. Nesmith,

M. Fish, G. Brown, E. Talbot,

Carr.

J. Carr, E. Huse, M. Wadleigh,

1st Heat—1st, Fish; 2d, Roesing; 3d, Nesmith. 2d Heat—1st, Heath; 2d, Weston; 3d, Carr. FINALS—1st, Fish; 2d, Nesmith; 3d,

XIII. Junior Potato Race—

G. Brown, A. Billings,

S. MacEvoy, E. Talbot,

H. Sleeper, R. Wedge.

M. Wadleigh,

1st, A. Billings; 2d, Brown; 3d, Talbot.

House Team.

Day Team.

XIV. Relay Race—

M. Fish,

J. Morse, R. Heath, M. Moses,

E. Meigs. H. Nesmith, F. Billings, N. Conant.

1st, House Team; 2d, Day Team.

XV. Baseball—

2. P. M. Hall and House.

CORNELIA COOKE.

THE FIRST BASEBALL GAME.

The first baseball game of the season was held on the afternoon of Field Day, May 10th. It was played by a picked team from the Hall, against a picked team from the House. The game was called at 2 p. M., with the House girls at the bat. They made five runs and the Hall three. In the second inning only one run was made for each side. Gladys Coursen, who made the one for the Hall, did splendid work throughout the game. In the next inning poor work was done by the Hall, no runs being made; but five were made for the House. the fourth inning the Hall played better and scored three runs, and the House made the same number. In the fifth, the House did splendid work, making seven runs, two of which were made by Dorothy Downer, who did very effective work for her team. In the next inning two runs, apiece, were made. The seventh inning ended the game with the score, 29-10, in favor of the House.

The playing was good on both sides, although the House won by so large a score. Mildred Moses's wonderfully fine pitching kept the Hall from running up a larger score. All her work was good. Marjory Fish, Helen Faulds, and Marguerite Weston did fine work at the bat. On the Hall team Marjory Fox and Ruth Heath did good batting, making more runs for the Hall than any of the other girls. Stella Fleer's pitching was effective.

The line-up was as follows:-House Hall. M. Moses, (Capt.), p. S. Fleer (Capt.), p. M. Roesing, c. M. Fish, c. H. Faulds, 1st b. M. Chandler, 1st b. R. McCracken, 2d b. G. Lawrence, 2d b. D. Mercer, 3d b. M. McBean, 3d b. M. Weston, s. s. M. Pierce, s. s. D. Downer, c. f. R. Heath, c. f. C. Wilson, r. f. M. Fox, r. f. K. Nelden, l. f. G. Coursen, 1. f. NATALIE CONANT.

THE SECOND BASEBALL GAME.

The long-looked-for baseball game came at last, after we had watched the sky anxiously all the week in fear of rain. Friday afternoon, May seventeenth, found us all assembled on the field, the House girls in their places and Marguerite Roesing at the hat.

Between bad luck and Mildred Moses's superior pitching, the Hall's first three players were almost immediately struck out; then the House began to play. Mildred Moses knocked a ball nearly over the fence, and made a home run, which showed which way the game was going.

The second inning brought the Hall no better luck and the next three girls in order were struck out. Then the House ran up the score by 8, Helen Faulds, Ruth McCracken, Dorothy Downer, Kathleen Nelden, Marguerite Weston, Marjory Fish, Calla Wilson and Mildred Moses, all getting safely home. The third inning saw Marjorie McBean on third base and Marion Chandler, Marguerite Roesing and Marjorie Fox put out. Then everyone on the House team scored but Kathleen Nelden, Dorothy Downer and Pearle Burns, making the House's score fifteen to the Hall's zero.

In the fourth inning, after the next three Hall girls had failed to see first base, the House team raised her score from fifteen to twenty, and her enthusiastic spectators fairly screamed themselves hoarse in cheering. The fifth and last inning brought the House one more run and the team retired, covered with glory, with a score of twenty-one to nothing.

The line-up was as follows:

House.

Fish c.

Moses p.

Weston s. s.

Faulds 1st b.

McCracken 2nd b.

Downer 3d b.

Wilson 1. f.

Burns r. f.

Nelden c. f.

Hall.

c. Roesing

p. Fleer

s. s. Pierce

1st b. Chandler

2nd b. Heath

3d b. McBean

1. f. Coursen

r. f. Lawrence

c. f. Fox

MARGARET BLANCHARD.

GIVING THE R. H.'s.

With a friendly pat on the shoulder, a "There, there, my dear," and, "That's right, that's right," Major Stott gave fourteen girls the letters which they felt they richly deserved. The R. H.'s are worn by the girls who have made all three teams; that is, the hockey, basket-ball and base ball teams, The lucky girls are Ruth and Grace Heath, Marguerite Roesing. Marian Chandler, Stella Fleer, Gladys Lawrence, Gladys Coursen, Ruth McCracken, Marguerite Weston, Kathleen Nelden, Marjory Fish, Helen Faulds, Mildred Moses and

DOROTHY MERCER.

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

The tennis tournament was held the week before school closed and was witnessed with the usual enthusiasm. In the preliminaries Marjorie McBean and Stella Fleer won from Josephine Morse and Anna Newhall by a good score, while Marguerite Roesing and Mildred Moses played Marjorie Fox and Gladys Coursen. Marguerite and Mildred finally won, after a hard but well-fought battle. Marguerite Weston and Farrell Durment defeated Marian Chandler and Ruth Heath, the latter couple winning with the scores 6–4 and 6–2.

The finals were between Marguerite Roesing and Mildred Moses, and Stella Fleer and Marjorie McBean; Marian Chandler and Ruth Heath losing by default. Although Mildred and Marguerite played brilliantly at times, Marjorie McBean and Stella Fleer's team work and all around good playing won the set with the scores 6–3 and 6–2. So, as a result, let me now proclaim them the champion tennis players of Rogers Hall.

DOROTHY DOWNER.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER. - A JOURNEY TO MARE ISLAND.

The first two days on the train were very uneventful except that Mother and I passed some of the time away playing Bridge with an old lady who was very amusing and who knew a lot of people we know. Then the third day I was carsick, so I did not notice anybody nor anything. The fourth day we arrived at the Grand Canyon, Arizona, and it was snowing hard. We joined the party that was going down the Canyon on little mules. You have no idea what it is like unless you have done it. The path, or trail, down the cliffs is so very narrow that sometimes, and very often, one leg touches the rocks on one side while the other leg hangs way over the precipice. The mules have to go single file, and I never saw such careful little animals. They look before they take every step, and as it is seven miles down and seven back, you can easily believe that it took all day. We went way down to the Colorado River. There we had dinner, and then we jumped on our mules again and crept back. I only wish you might have seen the Canyon. It is perfectly enormous and the colors on the cliffs are beautiful. We took dinner at the El Tovar, a big hotel at the Canyon. After dinner we visited the Hopi House, which is beside the hotel. Here the Hopi Indians live, make silver things, and dance for you. Then we went back and spent the night on the train. You see, the train that we went on stopped two days at the Canyon, which made it very pleasant.

The next morning we went for a six-mile walk along the rim of the Canyon, and that afternoon we took horses and went out riding. You would have died if you had seen me! The horses were broncos and, as I had never ridden astride nor on a bronco before, I was quite at a loss how to manage the beast. The cowboy helped me on and the horse began to go. As I did not know he was bridle-wise, I began pulling on his mouth; he stood perfectly still and then began to tear around under the

trees and everywhere. When he stopped I dismounted and let the cowboy (who, I know, thought I was a tenderfoot from way back) ride my bronco around to take the freshness out of him, and such riding I never did see, except in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. When he came back, I mounted my fiery steed again. By this time quite a crowd had collected on the piazza, the old ladies praising my bravery, and the men looking on with mild interest. I started off again, but as I did not know how to make the horse go where I wanted to, and as the cowboy, who, by the way, was much disgusted at the performance, would not tell me how to do it, the creature began to caper under the trees again. When I was almost in utter despair a man came to my relief and told me how to manage the beast, and after that I got along swimmingly.

The next day we were among the orange trees and mountains. We could look out of the train window and see row after row of orange trees with ripe oranges on them and, in the distance, the snow-capped mountains. It was beautiful, and I was dying to jump off the train and pick an orange.

The day after that we arrived at Los Angeles at four o'clock. We went to the hotel, cleaned up a little, and then went sightseeing. On our way back we saw by the advertisement of the San Carlos Opera Company that Nordica was to sing that night, so we hurried round to get tickets, gulped down our dinner, and went. The next morning we went to see some people whom we knew in town. They invited us to go out in the automobile in the afternoon to see something of Los Angeles. They took us to the country club and all around the city. When we were about ten miles from the station we found that we had ten minutes to catch the train, get our luggage, and pay our hotel bill. We made the hotel in five minutes; Mother ran to pay the bill, our host to telephone for the train to be held, and little me for the luggage. Then we jumped into the car and started for the station. I don't believe there is any speed limit in Los Angeles as we were surely going forty, if not sixty, miles an hour. I was holding my breath I was so sure we were going to run into something or be run into. Then, alas! we ran over and, I'm afraid, killed, a poor old man who had just jumped off a car.

Our host got out, told the chauffeur to take us down to the station and then come back and be arrested. I did not dare look back to see if we had killed him, but I'm sure we did, we were going at such a terrific speed.

The next day we arrived at San Francisco. I never saw such a sad-looking place, beautiful buildings are lying in ruins and the streets are in a terrific condition, with pools of water all in among the ruins. We walked up Van Ness Avenue and went into some of the shops, which are as fine as New York ones though they are only one-story frame buildings. Then we started for Mare Island, and here we are.

It is great here. Every morning at eight o'clock they raise the flag and the Marine band plays national pieces for about an hour, and then they play again nearly all the afternoon. Very smart little marine guards walk up and down the island all day long to see that no suspicious looking persons arrive at the island. When you go out at night you have to have a password or else you are locked up. I know some night I shall forget it. The flowers are all in bloom and the palms, which are all around the island, are as big as trees. Elizabeth James.

Dorothy Norton (R. H., 1905, Smith, 1909) has been chosen a member of the Alpha society at Smith College.

Mildred Wilson (R. H., 1903, Smith, 1907) is a member of the board of Editors of the Smith College Monthly.

Helen Foster (R. H., 1906) has been visiting Hilda Talmage at Smith College. While she was there they made a trip to Greenfield to spend the day with Leila Washburn.

Emily and Bessie Ludlam have given up their home on Nesmith Street, Lowell, and have gone to York Harbor for the summer. Their plans for the future are still undecided.

Mrs. Arthur Huguley (May Wilder) has taken a house in Winchester, Mass.

Mrs. Stuart Plumpley (Nellie Steell) has a son, Alfred Norton Plumley.

Elizabeth James, who has been visiting at Mare Island, has returned to her home in New York.

The Fosters, Edna and Helen, are going to Europe for the summer.

Alice Ramsdell took the leading part in a play given in Buffalo by amateurs for the benefit of the District Nursing Association. From all accounts, she must have been a very captivating heroine.

Madge Mariner was married on April third to Mr. Norman Towne of Evanston, Ill. Louise Cayzer and Helen Waters were two of her bridesmaids and the whole wedding was as charming as those who knew Madge would expect it to be.

Elsie Boutwell was married on April seventeenth to Mr. Maurice Crawford Tompkins of Boston. Mrs. G. Winthrop Sands (Theo' Newton) was to be her matron-of-honor, but illness prevented her from being present. Mrs. Tompkins is to live in Chicago.

Invitations have been received to the wedding of Mary Cummings, an old Rogers Hall girl, who is to marry Mr. George W. Stearns Platts, in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, on the tenth of June.

Those who were here two years ago will be interested to know that Florence McDuffee of Kalamazoo, Michigan, was married to Lieutenant John Nevin in New York on the twentieth of March. It was a romantic marriage. Lieut. Nevin and his bride went for their honeymoon to Lieutenant Nevin's post on Midway Island in the middle of the Pacific. There are about twenty men on the island and only one woman, an old negress, besides Florence (McDuffee, "that was"). They intend to stay there for six months.

THE ROGERS HALL ASSOCIATION.

We are no longer the Rogers Hall Alunnæ Association; on Commencement we formally disbanded to become members of what we all agree is a far better, more representative body, the Rogers Hall Association. For several years different members of the graduating classes have talked of either reviving the old Association, which has not met for several years, or forming a new organization on a less limited basis. This year many things have conspired to make us feel that the time for forming it had really come. Ever since fall we have been planning for it. course, the first thing to do was to find out the addresses of the girls, and this spring, with Mrs. Underhill's and Miss Parsons's help, we succeeded in getting nearly all of them. When the list was ready, Anthy Gorton took charge of sending out the notes. Nearly all of the girls responded to the notes sent them and expressed a very eager desire to become members of the Association. As yet, the exact number of members can not be stated, but before the first fall issue of SPLINTERS, we hope to have full information on the subject.

As you know, Mrs. Underhill invited all the girls who were coming to the meeting to Commencement in the morning and to the Collation after it. In the afternoon, as soon as the other guests began to go, we old girls held our meeting out under the trees. There were fifty-three girls at the meeting and there were, unfortunately, several others who misunderstood the time the meeting was to be held and who were obliged to go home before the meeting. Nearly all of the classes that had been graduated were represented. The class of 1897 made an especial effort to be here as this was the tenth anniversary of its graduation. The five members of the class were all here, Mary Dewey, Marion Ashley, Bertha Holden Olney, Helen Coburn and Julia Stevens. There were many other girls from near and far who made a special point of coming, and it was especially pleasant to have so many of the older girls anxious to return. meeting was called to order by the president of the Alumnæ

Association, Marion Stott, and Marion Kerr was made secretary pro tem. The constitution was drawn up without any very long discussions and the officers of the Association were then elected. So well and expeditiously was this managed under Marion Stott's guidance that it was not long before the officers were chosen and the by-laws and other business of the meeting decided on. Then we had afternoon tea with a chance for renewing old acquaintances and for pleasant talk before the girls had to go for their trains. I am sure we all felt repaid for our efforts to make the meeting a success, and some of us already are making plans for our next reunion in 1909.

This notice in SPLINTERS is not to give a thorough account of the meeting—that you each will have later in an Association report—but to let those who were not at Rogers Hall on June fourth know that there really is an organized association of Rogers Hall girls. Any member who wishes immediately for more information about the organization, or any girl who has put off answering the invitation asking her to become a member of the Association, will find the corresponding secretary, Anthy Gorton, very willing to answer her queries. The secretary's address is Eastern Point, Gloucester, Massachusetts.



SPLINTERS

Rogers Hall School, Lowell, Mass.

SPLINTERS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Editorial										. 1
A Visit to a Salmon (Cannery		·	·						. 3
An English Fantasy.										. 5
The Navy										. 7
The Kentucky Derby	•				•		•			. 9
My Night in Verona	, ,	•		•	•	•	•	•	•	. 10
"My Friend, the Char Daily Themes .	uneur	•	•	•	•	•	•	•		15
Book Reviews	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	18
Children's Page	•			:				:		. 23
School News										. 28
Athleties										. 42
Alumnæ Department			•							. 45

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SPLINTERS.

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EDITORIAL.

We are all nicely started now in our school year, and ready to help Splinters start on her new year—at least we ought to be ready, for doing good work for Splinters is one of the ways we can show our loyalty to the school. I think we are all accustomed to the schedule also, by this time, and will really miss having our time so well arranged, when we are at home during the holidays. Of course, just at present, we all feel like the girl who said she was planning to sit on the stairs and "whoop it up" every day at four o'clock during the Christmas vacation—just to see how it would seem to be noisy during study hour. But after we have been at home for two or three days we shall wonder "where the time does go," and wish we "didn't have to do everything at once." Then we shall realize that the school schedule is planned, not only to make our work go smoothly here, but to teach us how to plan our days in after life; and instead of thinking it a great bore, we ought to be willing to be taught that lesson of method—and, in that way as well as in every other to get as much good out of this school year as possible.

There is another very important thing which we should not forget here at school, and that is, that now is the time to form the friendships which last for life. I remember two old ladies whom I used to know, who had apparently known each other always. One day I asked them when their friendship had begun.

"Why, bless you, dearie," one of them said, "we began to like each other at boarding school, when we found that we were both fond of soup!" So some of us, when we are as old as she was, will have enjoyed just as long and happy friendships which were formed right here at school.

But by good friendships I do not mean the sentimental devotion of one girl to another, popularly termed "a crush." Crushes are such hopeless, uncomfortable things, and they have such a bad effect on both girls that I hope none of them will develop in school this year. All our friendships so far seem to be good, honest likings, and we ought to do our best to keep them at that point. Crushes never develop from real friendships, although in some cases friendships develop from crushes. I do not think a crush is possible between two girls who know each other exceedingly well—you seldom hear of roommates having a crush, for instance. So you see it isn't a real, flesh-and-blood girl that other girls have a crush on—it's an ideal, and when the awakening comes, as it's almost sure to, it means a great deal of misery for them both.

Closely allied to the subject of "crushes" is that of "dates." Having "standing dates" with a limited group of personal friends was a pleasant little custom in which we indulged all last year, and which threatened to continue this year. When two girls had a standing date it meant that on a certain afternoon or recess during the week they went to walk together, and if another girl ventured to go with them, she was immediately termed a "butter-in." The dates were made, not only for recess or afternoon, but for every conceivable occasion, even for the few moments—very few for most of us—that we spent in the drawing room before breakfast. As we made these dates only with our very particular friends, it can be easily seen why our circle of friends did not enlarge as it does this year, but remained restricted to a certain clique.

Finally, at the beginning of this year, Mrs. Underhill suggested that we were carrying the date custom altogether too far, and asked us to find out, by holding meetings in the different houses, how the girls felt on the subject. The question, whether or not to abolish dates, was put to vote, and we decided to abolish them, almost unanimously. I think all of us are pleased with the new arrangement, and it is remarkable how quickly the word "date" has dropped out of the school vocabulary.

The school has been benefited in two ways by the change: there is a much stronger interest in athletics, and the school spirit is better. The difference in athletics has been noticeable this fall, for girls who used to say, "Oh, I can't play today—I have a date which I'd rather not break," now go out to hockey and basket-ball practice without the slightest demur; and the result is that we have splended teams, for which the rest of us are proud to cheer. The school spirit has been growing stronger, also. When "two's company, and three's a crowd," the talk usually hinges on very personal matters; but when five or six girls are together, school affairs are usually discussed, and that is bound to make the girls ever so much more interested in, and loyal to, the school. So when two advantages result from breaking up one custom, we ought to feel very grateful to Mrs. Underhill for suggesting that we give up dates.

Now that we have started in so well on our new year we ought to keep on trying, and make this the very best year, as far as it lies in our power, that Rogers Hall has known—in athletics, in school-work, in our social life, and, last but not least, in Splinters.

Virginia Towle.

A VISIT TO A SALMON CANNERY.

Last summer I spent a few days in the queer little town of Blaine which is situated on Puget Sound and is almost on the border of Canada and the United States. One morning during my stay a party of us started very early for one of the large salmon canneries near by. I had not been through one of these canneries since I was a small child, so it was almost a new experience for me. We walked out a pier nearly a quarter of a mile long, built on mud flats which are covered with water at high tide. We had not gone far before we were greeted by a very fishy odor which convinced us that we were nearing the cannery. We soon reached the end of the pier on which was a group of low, grey buildings. Several fishing boats were tied up at the wharf and it was quite evident that a load of salmon had just been landed. We went through the big double doors

of one of the buildings, and there in the middle of a large room stood a Japanese man, knee deep in the silver fish. He had in his hand a long steel implement shaped like a harpoon. this he would spear the fish and throw them to a group of Chinamen who fed them to a large machine standing near by. This machine is a recent invention and greatly simplifies the work in the canneries. It takes off the heads, tails, and fins of the fish, then cleans them and even cuts them into slices. slices are put into cans by American girls and are then passed on to some more Chinamen who solder on the lids. The cans are placed on trays and each can is then tapped with a steel instrument by a Chinaman who tells by the sound whether it has a leak or not. The ones with leaks are then resoldered and the good cans are dipped in turpentine, labeled, wrapped in tissue paper, and put into cases. The inspection of the cannery took us about a half an hour. We then took a launch and started across the Sound for the traps.

The sky was cloudy and there was a very heavy fog. As we got out into the Sound the little town began to slip out of sight, and then the hills on each side became fainter and fainter. A flock of sea birds scattered at our approach with harsh, weird cries. Finally we could see nothing whatever of the land and might as well have been in the middle of a large sea. The water was just rough enough to give us that delightful sensation of slipping up over a hill and then sliding down into a little valley. After a long ride, the little boat making its way bravely through the fog, we could see a few ghostly piles standing out of the water and looking like the skeleton of some huge monster. Nearly every pile was topped by a large sea bird, each bird standing on one leg, preening his feathers. As we came near, the birds, becoming alarmed, flew one by one away from their lowly posts. Approaching the piles more closely, we could soon see a maze of net work stretched from pile to pile. This net work formed a series of traps, each trap leading into another. The first one was very large and the last very small. The entrance into the last trap was shaped like a V, very broad at the beginning, and just wide enough at the end to let a salmon through. The fish almost invariably make straight for the entrance, thinking they will reach clear water. When they once are in the last trap it is very

seldom they get out, and if they do, it is almost impossible for them to escape through the preceding traps. In this last small trap, which is only forty feet deep and forty feet square, were over twenty thousand salmon. We tied up and watched them for quite a while. It really was fascinating to see these thousands of fish swimming, swimming, forever swimming, without hope of escape. As they turned from side to side, they glinted silver in the light. Once in a while an ambitious fish would jump out of the water and then fall back with a noisy splash, making the stillness and the loneliness more apparent.

Finally we turned around and started homeward. All the way, as we forged ahead through the dense fog, the pilot steering almost by instinct, I could not help thinking of and pitying the poor fish so far out in the Sound, alone except for the birds, swimming aimlessly around, until the fishermen should come to lift the trap and take them to one of the near by canneries.

CORNELIA COOKB.

AN ENGLISH FANTASY.

The bell rang for the English recitation; with the rest I filed into the library, my Barrett Wendell under my arm, and unhappily conscious of the fact that I had spent the evening before crocheting instead of working on my English composition. When my turn came, I answered, "Unprepared"—and after listening to a few words of well-merited reproof, settled back in my chair and slowly drifted off into Spain, the land, as every one knows, of air castles. I was sweetly dreaming of the dance which I knew was coming that evening at home, when some one appeared at the door and I heard my name, "Grace, Miss Scribner wishes to speak to you."

Mechanically I gathered up my books and made my way to the schoolroom, thinking over, meanwhile, my latest misdemeanors, and wondering which one had been discovered. What was my surprise to hear Miss Scribner say, "Grace, I have here a letter from your Mother. She asks that you be allowed to return for a day or two, and since you were disappointed in your plans for going home last week, I am going to grant this request. You may leave at once, but, remember, I shall expect you back in time for dinner to-morrow night."

I could hardly believe my ears, but with a hasty, though very grateful "Thank you!" I hurried off to my room to get ready. In less time than it takes to tell, I alighted from the carriage at the station, just in time to catch an express (?) for Boston. To my unbounded delight Father met me, and after lunching at the Touraine, put me on the train for ——. The afternoon was spent with my chum, in talking over everything that had happened since we had last seen each other, a long month before.

And that evening at dinner—can I ever forget it! My young brother sat grinning (yes, grinning, no other word can express it) at me, as if I were some new and peculiar sort of being, across a table which seemed like a vast desert, since I had one whole side to myself. I felt almost as if I needed a "wireless" to talk to Mother!

The all-eventful evening soon followed. To think that I, the girl who had sat so wearily in class that very morning, could be this same radiantly happy being who was actually going to a dance—a real dance! It seemed as if everyone was there whom I had ever known or ever cared to meet; the music and the floor, the other two requisites for a truly successful dance, were perfect. Everyone was apparently having the best of times, and the sounds of merriment grew louder and louder. What could be happening on the further side of the room? I leaned forward, trying to catch the theme of the very hilarious conversation. Someone nudged me violently. "Do pay attention, she's talking to you! When did you write that awful thing?"

Slowly I drifted back to life and its stern reality, to discover that my last theme had just been read and that the "merriment" of my dream was merely the girls' laughter at the absurdities of the composition. My roommate had brought me back in time to hear the teacher's closing words,—"It is bad enough to come to class without having prepared to-day's lesson. I must at least insist that you pay attention."

My castle in Spain tumbled about my ears, and my day dream was over.

Louise Emerson.

THE NAVY.

There are so many different "views" of the Navy written by so many well known people that it seems very like presumption for a little school girl even to avow that she has a view on the subject. Of course my view is a susceptible one; nobody could expect a scientific opinion from a very susceptible girl who has recently spent four months within fifteen miles of the greater part of the North Atlantic squadron. Some of the time the distance might have been measured in rods instead of miles.

The Navy as a whole has the first place in my heart. It is the most glorious invention of an inventive age. Any American who speaks of our Navy lightly and does not feel that he can boast of the greatest service on earth, ought to be made to forego the privilege of American citizenship. For the Navy has won world-wide prestige. The speed and stoutness of our ships, the rapidity of our gunnery, the skill of our commanders, are the admiration of the naval world.

The Navy has been called the "Fist of the Nation," and certainly to this well-developed and well-trained fist of ours is due much of the respect shown us by other nations. Not until the naval victories of Santiago and Manilla did Europe concede to us the rank of a world power. Admiration for this muscular right arm of America is easily aroused at first sight of a battleship.

Watch one coming into the harbor, the sun shining on her beautifully kept brass work and her terrible guns. Watch her drop anchor as her flag comes down from the gaff and flies proudly at her stern. If anyone can watch her without a thrill of patriotic pride, he is no true American. There she is, idly turning with the tide, beautiful, wonderful, proud of the flag she carries and the nation she represents.

The personnel of a navy is quite as important as its ships. It has been said that a ship is worth what her captain and crew are worth. We regard a man worthy of special consideration who is born into the world with the average amount of brains, dignity, and good sense; who is able to take command of other

men, and make them look up to him with respect and admiration; and if this is so, we must admire the majority of naval officers.

We esteem admirals and captains for their high rank, which speaks of years in their country's service, years spent in commanding men and in making the service stronger and better for their having been a part of it. But how about the men who are midshipmen, ensigns, and lieutenants now, but are some day going to take the places of the retired admirals and captains? They may not have a whole fleet, a squadron, or even a ship under their command, but they deserve a great deal more credit than the majority of people are willing to place to their account. The person who makes the statement that the "Navy is all play and no work," had best count ten before he speaks and then talk to himself.

Take for an instance of good hard work, target practice. We all should be proud of the records our ships made on the southern drill grounds and off Cape Cod last summer. The melancholy series of accidents we have had, painful as they have been, have at least served the purpose of bringing into bright relief a courage and discipline that have never flinched under any test. Those accidents themselves were the results of a too eager desire to excel, to break records without sufficient regard to caution.

Our record of target practice is held by mere boys, the average age of the best crews being between twenty-two and twenty-three. Very often a whole turret crew is in charge of a midshipman. This seems almost marvelous to people who knew the old Navy, for then a lieutenant reached the age of forty without even having had charge of a petty gun-boat.

It is generally conceded that the United States has the finest fighting men and ships in the world. England is still ahead of us in numbers, but comparing the navies, ship to ship, the United States fleet, as far as it goes, is superior even to that of Great Britain. For soon we are to have two new twenty-thousand-ton battleships that are to surpass even the British Dreadnought. They will carry the same number of guns but will be longer, wider, and will have a larger displacement. The e are the new New York and the Delaware. But England has a

great advantage over us in her greater celerity in construction. If she chooses she can lay down a ship next year to beat ours, and have it in service as soon as we can hoist our flag on the Delaware and the New York.

And all this is my idea of the Navy from a susceptible point of view. If I were allowed to tell of good times when a ship is in port, I could mention dances, teas, and dinners, and other innumerable good times on board. It would certainly not be hard for anyone to guess that I love every inch of the service, that I am brimming over with so much enthusiasm and admiration that I could fill a whole number of Splinters with the glories of the wonderful American Navy; -but a volume of SPLINTERS is not at my disposal! In what I have written, however, my hope has been that my enthusiasm may arouse an equal enthusiasm in others, or if that is expecting too much, surely I may hope everyone will realize that very much of the respect and honor shown by other countries to the United States is due to our proud array of battleships, to our well drilled, efficient naval service, to that splendid fleet and those splendid men and officers for whom no praise is too great.

To the Navy, then,—may it be first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of every loyal and true American.

DOROTHY RUMSEY MERCER.

THE KENTUCKY DERBY.

Everyone has heard of the famous Kentucky Derby even if he or she has never been fortunate enough to attend. Every year the races begin in May and last for several weeks. On the opening day the first race is the Derby, and every good Kentuckian goes out to see which of the many beautiful thoroughbreds will carry off the blue ribbon.

Just before the time for the race to begin the jockeys ride the horses up and down the track just in front of the grand stand, so the people may see the different entries. Then all the horses are taken to the "post" and arranged in a row with a long line stretched in front of them, so the start may be even. The horses are so eager to be off that the poor riders have a hard time holding them in, until "Zip!" up goes the line, and away the horses go, straining every nerve and exerting every energy to win. The thousands of excited people stand up in their seats and snap their fingers in vain attempts to pull their "favorites" in. On they go, over the smooth beaten track, around the course until the home stretch is reached, then the mass of people stand breathless, each one hoping that his or her special choice will dash forward at the last moment and win by a nose. With a rush and a flash they are past the line and the triumphant jockey brings his horse up to the Judge's stand to receive the tokens of victory.

"Click!" and three numbers are raised in front of the stand; these numbers show which three horses came in first, second, and third. The numbers that are raised correspond with those on the Dope sheet, which everyone has a copy of, and opposite the numbers on the sheet are the names of the horses and their records.

Henshaw Waters.

MY NIGHT IN VERONA.

It was late one summer afternoon that I arrived in Verona and was driven to the only hotel in the town. After settling my possessions in a room, I went out for a stroll through the neighboring streets. The market square was extremely quaint, and the small flower stand in the centre attracted my attention, as the coloring of the various blossoms was so vivid. After purchasing a few violets for almost nothing, I turned my steps back in the direction of the hotel.

While eating dinner a loneliness came over me which I attributed to the fact that there were only two other guests in the dining room. The lights were few and dim, and above me for a ceiling there was an immense skylight made of dull glass.

As I was studying this freak of architecture a shadow glided over the glass, but thinking it was cast by a person walking in an upper balcony, I did not wonder at it.

After reading until quite late I retired to my room, having to pass along an iron balcony which went around an inner court-yard. Aside from this strange entrance there was no other way to reach my destination. Being very tired I soon was fast asleep.

My sleep must have lasted some time, but finally I waked with a queer sensation of having been present at some extremely unpleasant occurrence. Had some noise disturbed me? Of course not! Certainly there was nothing to be alarmed at, and with this decision I dozed off again in perfect comfort. repose was not of long endurance, however, for suddenly I found myself sitting straight up in bed, quivering with fright. All at once I heard a dull moan that pronounced, "Voila!"-"Voila!"—— "Voila!"—— "Voila!"—— "Voila!"—— "la!" The wail seemed to start directly outside the windowblind and then weirdly die out in the distance. It was uttered again and again, now low and mournful, now wild and sharp, the cry of despair. I have never heard anything like it. I never hear it again! Had I not known that in Italian, "Voila," means, "Leave me," I might not have been so terrified; as it was, every nerve in my body quivered and my hair bristled all over my head.

My first solution was that someone was being murdered, and that the deed was taking place directly outside my room. I hardly dared stir, and as for running through the hotel corridors in search of help, that was out of the question, for there was no mode of escape except by the very balcony that was the scene of the crime. After a time the moans ceased, but I still remained motionless and horror-stricken until morning. With the first rays of the sun my courage returned. I determined to brave the fearful sight that awaited me outside the door and make my way to the office to give the alarm.

I unfastened my door and peered out. To my astonishment there was no corpse in sight; everything was as I had seen it the day before. Wonderfully relieved, I hastily made my way downstairs, where a number of servants were in the various halls dusting, and I soon perceived that the clerk was at the desk. Immediately I went to him and told him of my restless night and its ghastly experience, asking him the cause of the distressing cries. He laughed nervously, turned pale, and said that probably I had been dreaming, for nothing out of the way had happened. But as I turned away I heard one of the bell-boys say to another, "She has heard it," and looking around I saw in their frightened eyes proof that I had not been dreaming.

Packing my boxes I left the hotel as soon as possible, and took the first train for Milan. In the coach that I occupied there was a very pleasant man and his wife. I told them of my fearful experience, and the man seemed quite astonished to find out that I did not know that the hotel was supposed to be haunted. He thereupon related the tradition, which ran as follows:

During the early days of the Capulet family an uncle of Romeo's lived in a large palace that has since been turned into the —— Hotel. He had many enemies, and to get rid of them he would ask them to his house to dine, and then have them murdered, throwing their bodies into a dungeon below the inner court. There was one poor victim, however, who was supposed to have been thrown in alive, and his ghost haunts the walls and crevices to this day, moaning in utter distress. The story is well known, and since that memorable night I have met several persons who confess to a similar experience during their one night in Verona.

IRENE SNOW.

"MY FRIEND, THE CHAUFFEUR."

"Yes, we shall be back by six o'clock," and away rolled the red car down the street with four happy girls and the chauffeur.

"Have you a new chauffeur?" one of the girls asked me. "What's happened to Henry?"

"Oh, Henry thought he needed a vacation," I replied, "so I telephoned down to the garage for another. This one is French,

so he won't understand a word we say. Don't you think he's good looking? Rather a common type of face, though."

Grace nodded, and then we all began to talk of other things. The day was perfect, and we bowled along smoothly until we were about ten miles out from the city. Then the machinery began to skip a little, and I could tell that something was wrong with the cylinders. To make matters more interesting we had come to the foot of a long hill. I knew that we couldn't reach the top of it without fixing the cylinders, so I endeavored to make the chauffeur understand by gestures and what French I was able to muster to my aid, that he was not to attempt the ascent. He only smiled a little, and saying, "Je ne comprend pas," tried to gain the top. When we had gone about a quarter of the way the car began to go backward, and then the man very unwillingly got out and gingerly fixed the carburetor and cylinders. Five different times on the way up to the "Half Way House" the machine stopped, and each time the chauffeur said a few words under his breath which I should have thought were English swear words if I hadn't known him to be French, and then descended to repair the difficulty. One of the girls leaned over to me and whispered wickedly,

"Je ne comprend l'automobile tres bien, Mademoiselle!" in wicked imitation of the chauffeur's husky tones, and I fancied that I saw his back shake.

When we arrived at the "Half Way House" we found a merry crowd of automobilists waiting for us, and after a hilarious lunch we left the machines and began the further ascent of the mountain on foot. The view was delightful, and, as we were all tired when we reached the summit, we sat down to enjoy it, and to rest for a few moments. The few moments lengthened into hours, for we sat there and gossiped, regardless of time, until one of the men, with a hasty exclamation, looked at his watch and informed us that it was five o'clock. Far off, behind a distant range of hills, the sun was beginning to set, and in the gathering twilight we hurriedly scrambled down the trail. We found the automobiles waiting at the "Half Way House," and all of us quickly got in and started for home. The others took the direct road, but we girls chose the shore road along beautiful Lake Champlain.

"Do you know the way, Alphonse?" said I, forgetting to speak French.

"Yes,—I mean, oui, Mademoiselle!" said Alphonse, also forgetting to speak French, and growing crimson, as he realized his mistake. Grace leaned toward me and whispered:

"Je comprend un peu d'Anglais, Mademoiselle!" and we all laughed, while Alphonse's ears grew still more crimson.

The moon was rising over the horizon and the sky was growing dark. The waters of the lovely lake were very still, and the evening air was hushed. Suddenly there was a loud report. We screamed, and Alphonse, turning around, said in a very natural English voice,

"That was the back tire blowing up. You ladies will please stay here with the car while I go back to find a telephone and 'phone the garage for help. There isn't an extra tire here in this machine."

Shortly after the return of Alphonse we saw the lights of an approaching machine, and soon heard my brother's cheerful "Hallo!"—for Alphonse, by my orders, had telephoned to him instead of to the garage. He and the truant Henry came hurrying up with a tire and a "jack" ready to help us out of our difficulty immediately.

"Where's your chauffeur?" asked my brother.

"Here," said a husky voice from the back of the car. He and Henry went to join the owner of the voice, and then we heard a loud exclamation, some low, hurried conversation, and then the three men burst into laughter. We girls were all curiosity, and we hastily climbed out to discover wherein lay the joke. My brother stood holding an automobile lamp turned directly on Alphonse—who, minus his disfiguring goggles, looked exceedingly American.

"Let me introduce you girls to Dick Gordon, Vermont '08," said my brother. "He happened to be in the garage this afternoon when you telephoned for a chauffeur, and he thought he'd like a little fun, so he came to the house as Alphonse. Well, I guess you got your fun, didn't you, Dick?"

"Je ne comprend qu'un peu d'Anglais," said Mr. Gordon, laughing; then he added, "But I think the joke is on 'Alphonse' this time." GERALDINE SIMONDS AND VIRGINIA TOWLE.

DAILY THEMES.

APPLES!

The old apple tree! How well we all know it, and how we sometimes love it and sometimes hate it. Immediately after recess there is a grand rush for the apples which we usually imagine, only imagine, are on the ground. Then what a scramble there is for sticks, stones, or anything that is heavy enough to be thrown. How furious we get, after having tried and tried to hit one, wasting all our strength, after seeing all the girls go off with a nice, big, juicy apple, to be left the last girl, without an apple! How we do envy those other girls, and even the bites which they let us take out of compassion, do not appease our hunger at all. We think of recess coming quickly to a close, and without an apple! Hark! Is that the bell? We pick up a stone and make one despairing shot, and—an apple falls at our feet. Even at this late hour it is much better than nothing. On the way to the schoolroom we eat as quickly as we can, stopping a moment at the door to take one last bite, before throwing our hard earned apple away, and sometimes—but I must not tell!

EUGENIA MEIGS.

THE POPULARITY OF MR. LANE.

What girl in school does not love Mr. Lane, our far-famed postman? But this is only a fickle love, for when one day he is so kind as to bring one several letters, one feels sure one could worship at his shrine always, but when the next day comes and goes, bringing not one letter—! Here, however, I shall spare the reader a description of that slighted one's feelings, not only toward Mr. Lane, who is innocence personified, but also towards all one's friends. But if more girls were to take my advice and answer some of those letters lying around waiting to be answered

for weeks, our Mercury, in the shape of Mr. Lane, might favor us many, many times, and we should bring far more cheerful faces to our next classes. Then, though there may still be times when our wrath will rise against this veteran postman of ours, yet most often he will be a welcome sight as he comes up Rogers Street, with his utter indifference to all our excitement proclaimed in his deliberate gait and impassive face.

MILDRED Moses.

A CANDIDATE FOR HEROISM.

My window overlooks a garden where five little boys play. Four of them are white and one is black, and as the little negro is small and slim and the other four are quite fat, the little black boy usually gets the worst of it in all their games.

One day last summer there was an unusually loud disturbance in the garden, so I dropped my book and hurried to the window just in time to see a most amusing, if unfair, performance. The four white boys had the little black boy upon the roof of a cement shanty. They had arranged themselves in a semicircle about the victim, and while one boy continually fired a pop gun at the bare feet of the little darkey, the other three shouted, "Dance, Nigger! Dance!" and patted time for him to shuffle to.

The lack of shoes made dancing on the cement roof a painful process, so finally the little fellow rebelled. But the fattest of the boys grabbed him and half dragged and half pushed him off the house. Then, with a shout, the four fat boys descended the ladder and proceeded to arrest the victim, but he was not to be jailed so easily. He struggled furiously, and finding that he could not escape, he cried out, "I'se tired of bein' de victim, I wants to be de hero sometimes."

Henshaw Waters.

THE ROMANCE OF A TEDDY-BEAR.

Roddy, the bear, sat disconsolately on the window seat. From the opposite side of the room a pair of bewitching blue eyes shone at him. The owner of these eyes was a lady, a lady with yellow curls peeping out from under a big black hat with blue

ribbons. Her mouth was small and rosy, curved with just the possibility of a smile.

Roddy was plump and white, with little black eyes that looked like shoe-buttons, a brown nose, and a sober, brown mouth. He wore a huge pink bow that stood out behind his ears like satin wings.

Roddy was in love. With all the passion of his sawdust heart he loved the lady of the blue eyes and black hat. He was very sad, too, for the lady lived high on the wall behind a glass in a black frame, and he could never climb the wall or break through the glass barrier between them. So, mournful and despairing, the little bear sat on the window seat, and the lady looked down at him out of her black frame.

At this point in my story one of the Princesses of the domain entered the room, shutting the door behind her with a bang. The walls shook, and the lady fell to the floor with a crash. Roddy nearly jumped from his seat with joy and surprise, for the lady's black frame and glass barrier were shattered.

The Princess picked up the lady, carefully disengaging her from the bits of broken glass, and laid her on the window seat next to Roddy.

The lady smiled at him, and the little white bear's cup of joy was full.

ALICE WESTON CONE.

THE ROSE LEAF.

Once upon a time, a great many years ago, there lived a boy who was always dreaming, dreaming of a very wonderful thing. What it was he could not be certain, but he knew that sometime he should see it and know it. At last, one day, as he was walking in a garden, he saw a rose leaf, fresh and beautiful, lying on the grass; the evening dew was on it and the soft rays of the setting sun tinted it with pale gold. To the boy it seemed the most beautiful thing in the world, and he went away, knowing that he had seen a symbol of his dreams.

Years went past, and the boy grew to be a man, but he searched always for the rose leaf. Sometimes he thought that

it would take the form of a very beautiful woman, sometimes it seemed to dance before him as fame, sometimes as great riches; but it never came within his reach so that he could know what it really was, or call it his.

Time passed; he was an old man. His whole life had been given to the search; he had never done any good in the world, had never helped anyone, never sympathized with or loved anyone. He had become thoughtless of all but himself, his one aim was to gain the desire symbolized by the rose leaf.

At last, in his travels, he came to the shrine of the Goddess of Granted Hopes, who sits on a throne forever weaving, weaving. Here he bowed, waiting, breathless, for the moment when his weary search should be ended.

But the Goddess from her throne looked down on the old man, bent and wearied from his lifetime of searching; and with a slow, inscrutable smile, she tossed at his feet—a faded, crumpled rose leaf.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"BEFORE ADAM."

Jack London's latest book, "Before Adam," is intensely interesting, especially from a psychological point of view. By dealing with the dreams of the man who is telling the story, the book attempts to explain our instinctive fears and emotions. Only the sleeping visions of the story teller are spoken of, but we are given to understand that during the day he leads the life of an ordinary person of the present time. This hero has had these dreams from childhood,—dreams in which he seems to be living in a prehistoric time and place. He dwells in the trees until his tribe are discovered and partially destroyed by the Cave Men. Meanwhile he has fallen in love with a girl of the Cave Dweller's tribe, whose advanced ways of living, after many of his own friends have been killed, he finally adopts.

Before this time, while still a boy and living with the Tree Men, one day he and a companion, in wandering through the woods, stray farther away from their tribe than they at first realize and encounter a hostile race of people. In that age anyone new or strange was regarded as an enemy. The two boys are pursued and escape only by making use of a log which they find floating in a near by stream.

This mode of escape had been forced upon them, and their wonder and surprise when they find themselves drifting down the stream, away from the wild horde on the shore, is delightfully portrayed by Mr. London. They are so pleased with this new discovery, namely, the use of fallen trees as a means of travel, that they spend the entire remainder of the day amusing themselves in this fashion.

The modern child's fear of the dark, Mr. London explains by relating that our ancestors in prehistoric ages had acquired this fear through their horrible experiences with the wild animals which roamed the forest at night. Many more examples of the ways in which our instincts and customs were acquired are given, and they make the story one of the most interesting that I have ever read.

Louise Emerson.

"THE LADY OF THE DECORATION."

The story is of a Kentucky girl who, freed by her husband's death from an unhappy marriage, goes to Japan as a kindergarten teacher in one of the missions there. She is a bright, interesting girl, who, partly because of her troubles, is becoming selfish and self-centered and who hopes to "find herself" by giving her life to helping others. She stays in Japan several years, gradually learning to love her work and the people.

The book is composed of her letters to her best friend, "Mate," as she calls her. She is very brave, but finds it hard to leave her home and friends and start alone for a far country, even though it is the most beautiful country in the world and, above all, does she find it hard to leave the man she loves.

Yet she does leave him and sends him no word, for she thinks it best that he should forget her. I think her strong purpose and her sense of humor are all that keep her in Japan through the first few weary months. Her letters try hard to hide homesick longings, but in the midst of her gayest jokes one can almost hear her sob when she recalls the merry days gone by.

She paints a wonderfully clear picture of the life in Japan, and her deep sympathy for the people makes us share her interest in their lives. The women appeal to her especially, by the very hardness of their existence. Great numbers of them earn their living by carrying heavy burdens on their backs all day long. Once she tried telling a group of them the story of Christ by means of the magic lantern. Nothing in His life seemed to appeal to them until, near the end, she suddenly heard exclamations of pity, and, looking at the slide, she saw the picture of Christ, struggling under the burden of the cross. It was that sight that brought the quick tears of sympathy to their eyes, for they understood it so well.

I think anyone must feel a great interest in Japan after reading the book and must long to do something to help the people. It is this interest in the land of the cherry blossoms that is uppermost in our minds even while we laugh at the little teacher's humor and cry a little, perhaps, with her in her homesick hours. For she understood the island people so well that we see them with her eyes, and smile with her at their absurdities, and are deeply touched by the pathos of their lives.

It is only a simple little story, but it is very true to life, and well worth reading a second time.

MARGARET BLANCHARD.

"HIS OWN PEOPLE"

"His Own People" by Booth Tarkington is written about a young man, named Robert Russ Mellan, from a small town in Ohio. Young Mellan feels that he is born to a higher sphere of society than that in which he has always moved, so he goes abroad feeling that among the titled aristocracy of Europe he will find his own people. On the steamer, he meets a young millionaire who introduces him to the Countess de Vaurigard.

The Countess is extremely kind to him then, and afterward, when she meets him in Paris and Venice. Mellan immediately becomes infatuated with her, and writes home patronizing letters about what a gay life he is leading, and what titled, distinguished people he has become intimately acquainted with.

When the story opens Mellan is in Rome living in a way far beyond his means. He has become intimate with the Countess who gives a dinner for him at which Mellan and Cooley, the millionaire, meet a number of the Countess's "titled" friends. The two Americans drink too much, lose heavily at cards, and in general make fools of themselves. The next morning, after they have become sober, they are told that they have been the dupes of swindlers, and Mellan finds himself penniless. He is in absolute despair, and is only saved by the better instincts of one of the gang, who says that she is not in the habit of robbing kindergartens.

The plot of the story shows clever workmanship, for until the very end we are in suspense as to how matters will turn out. The character drawing is also cleverly done. We cannot help seeing that the Countess de Vaurigard, though a beautiful, fascinating woman, is some sort of adventuress; and however much we enjoy reading about her, yet there is throughout the story something about her that we do not like. We realize in the end that the success of the gang of swindlers is largely due to her keenness and to her personal charm. As for the hero, Robert Russ Mellan, we feel sorry for him, and that is the best we can do for him. He is so weak and innocent, it seems rather a shame that some of the cleverest sharpers of Europe should take him for their victim. We feel, however, that the lesson will do him good, and cure him of his silly, romantic passion for titles.

Clearly the moral of the story is that one should not try to step out of one's own sphere of life.

Helen Nesmith.

"THE WEAVERS."

In "The Weavers," the latest book by Gilbert Parker, the interest lies in the development of character, rather than in the historical setting.

The story is concerned with David Claridge, a young Quaker, who at the beginning is little more than a boy; his life has been spent in a small English village, where he has been brought up by his grandfather, a man who has one rigid code, which he follows unfalteringly, and from which he never departs. With such a guardian it is only natural that David's views of life should be narrow, and his beliefs limited by his sectarian bringing up.

At the death of his uncle, a man who has done much to help Egypt, David goes, as a self imposed duty, to take his uncle's place. An entirely new environment opens out for him and the realization comes to him that his work is here. He goes to Egypt with a clean record, but almost at once is driven to kill a man. The deed transforms him from the boy into the man.

The man is well drawn and stands out from the other characters in strong relief, partly because of his entire difference from the Egyptians about him, and partly because of the remarkable unselfishness which he shows in giving up his life to a people with whom he can have nothing in common.

The Egyptians in the book interest us particularly, for they are vividly depicted and stand out in such black contrast to David Claridge, who we like to think is as typical an Englishman as Nahoum is an Oriental.

It is evident that Gilbert Parker is intensely interested in the great need of Egypt at the present day, and that in David Claridge he has given us a true picture of what a spiritual man could do in the place.

Of the other characters, Faith as the average Quaker woman, sweet, gentle, and sympathetic, presents a strong contrast to Hylda, who, though lovable, is in many ways more a woman of the world.

Altogether, the book is interesting, true to life, and well worth reading.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

MILKING COWS BY MACHINERY.

When I used to think of milking cows, I always imagined a neat dairymaid in a snow-white apron and cap, sitting down on a three legged stool to perform her daily duty. But since my visit to the big, up to date farm near which I spent the summer, the pretty vision is mine no longer.

The cows are milked by machinery!—an ingenious and labor-saving method, by which one man can do the work of three men working in the old-fashioned way. The milk is obtained by means of a very powerful suction pump, and as soon as each cow is milked, the milk is weighed; for a record is kept of each cow.

After the milk is strained, it is taken to the cream separator, a no less wonderful machine than the others. And finally from the richest of the cream, there is made machine-churned butter!

So the whole dairy, though it has put an end to the career of the fascinating milkmaid of the nursery rhyme, is well worth a visit.

ALICE T. BILLINGS.

WHEN I RAN AWAY.

One September day I sat on the bulkhead wondering what to do. At last I thought of a bright thing. I would go and ask the cook to give me something to eat. So I went into the house and asked the cook for a cookie. But she would not give it to me. How unkind of her! I would not stand it. I walked out of the house with my head thrown high, and started down the road towards the village. I would run away to some place where the people would give little girls cookies.

Pretty soon I came to a house. I would go in that house and ask for a cookie. I knocked, and a woman with a baby in her arms came to the door. I asked for a cookie and she gave me one.

I now pursued my journey in a better humor and soon came to the car tracks. Soon a car came along and stopped just where I was standing. A woman got in and I followed her. Soon a man in a blue suit and brass buttons came up and asked me for something he called a fare. Not knowing what to do, I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out a nickle my father had given me that morning. The man took it! How mean of him to rob me of my fortune! The man passed by and my eyes roamed around the car. Suddenly I saw a familiar face. I rushed up the aisle and threw myself into—my mother's arms!

ELIZABETH BRADFORD TALBOT.

A RUNAWAY.

Pauline was visiting her aunt in the country for the first time in her short life, and she was now just six years old. The house in which her aunt lived was quaint and old-fashioned.

Now, Pauline, being a restless child, was always wishing that she might take some long walks and explore. So one day she and Snyder, the dog, ran away. She started early, somewhere near nine o'clock, and went a long distance. Then, not having a lunch, she began to get hungry, also thirsty, for she had been running so fast.

Late in the afternoon she wondered why some one didn't come and take her home. They must know how tired she was, and they always used to come for her when she went away to spend the day with any of her little friends.

Then it dawned upon her that she must be a long way from home, and she became thoroughly frightened. What if a great, big bear should come and eat her up. Even Snyder had left her. She sat down and began to cry. Then gaining courage, she walked on a little farther, and turning a corner she saw unexpectedly, a large white house, and getting more frightened than ever, she cried again, this time loud enough to be heard by those in the house. A young lady, very pretty, stepped out and asked what the matter was.

"Oh! Grandma Hunter! Do take me home."

So the young lady, not Grandma Hunter at all, took Pauline home, for, at the first glance she knew the little girl was Pauline Osgood.

At the gate stood her aunt, shading her eyes with her hand and looking anxiously up and down the road.

With a glad cry Pauline sprang forward, perfectly happy to find herself once more in the safe protection of her aunt. So happy she was that she forgot to thank the lady for bringing her home, but she was forgiven as the lady knew how happy Pauline was, having herself had the experience of being lost and found.

KATHARINE DARRACOTT.

AN ACCIDENT.

Etta and Marjorie, two little girls, were great friends. They often played together with their dolls and doll-houses. During the summer Etta went to visit her aunt, and the two girls wrote loving letters to each other.

They had a secret. Every way in which a stamp can be stuck on an envelope meant a special thing to them. If it was upside down in the upper left-hand corner it meant an accident. If it was straight in that corner it meant an invitation, and so each position of the stamp had a secret meaning.

One day, at her aunt's, Etta was playing on the lawn when her aunt called, "Etta! Here is a letter for you. I guess it is from Marjorie."

Etta snatched the letter and in an instant noticed that the stamp was upside down in the upper left-hand corner. With trembling fingers she tore open the envelope, and read as follows:

"Jersey City, N. J., July 12th.

DEAR ETTA,

That darling kitten of mine cut his dear, sweet little foot on some glass. I was so scared! But Doctor says he will be better soon.

Lovingly,

Marjorie."
Susie McEvoy.

RUTH'S FIRST SUNDAY AT CHURCH.

Ruth was a little girl about three when she went to church for the first time. Now she is a grown up lady and tells me the following story of her first Sunday at church.

When I was three, mother asked me if I should like to go to church. Of course I wanted to go, so mother tied on my little bonnet with the blue rosettes and buttoned my shiny buttoned coat and we started. We reached the church and joined the crowd of people going up the stairs. Then we went down a long aisle, till we came to a kind of box with nice comfortable cushions.

On a platform before us was a man, waving his hands and talking rapidly. I did not understand what he wanted, but I had asked so many questions, I hardly dared to ask mother any more. Soon after, my attention was attracted to an old lady who sat back of me, and who was eating something. I looked again; it was pink peppermints!

"Oh," thought I, "if she would only give me one, just one, I should be satisfied!"

Soon I felt something slip into my hand; it was a peppermint! I turned around again and there the little boy in front of me held up a green peppermint. I held up mine.

"I'm going to put mine in the collection," he whispered.

Not knowing what that was, but, not wanting him to get ahead of me, I said, "So am I."

"I am six, how old are you?" asked the little boy.

"Most four," I answered out loud.

Immediately a large black arm was put about him and he was turned sharply round.

I leaned back on mother's arm. It was so comfy and the music was playing softly, so I shut my eyes just for one minute. The next thing I heard was mother saying, "Come, little girl, it is time to go home."

"Going home so soon?" said I sleepily.

GLADYS A. BROWN.

MY DREAM.

This, I think, is the most beautiful dream I ever dreamed. I dreamed that I was sitting on a carpet of green moss under an oak tree. It was a midsummer night and the air was soft and warm. A great full moon cast a beautiful light over everything. By its light I could see that I was in a grove of trees. The exquisite beauty of the scene cast a spell over me, and I sat motionless.

Suddenly the leaves of the trees around me began to rustle softly, and I heard the sound of low, sweet music. Then very quickly the grove was filled with beautiful maidens. It flashed upon me that these must be the spirits of the woods and trees. Then I saw that they had begun to dance, slowly and gracefully, in time with the music. The music grew faster, and the dance became more intricate and beautiful. Each nymph seemed the embodiment of grace, and none seemed to me more graceful than the other. Then they began to sing, with low, sweet voices, in a tongue unknown to me.

The dance and song continued for a while, during which the moon went down nearer the horizon. Then the moon was covered by a cloud. A low muttering, as of thunder, was heard. Instantly the dance stopped, broke up, and a cry from one of the nymphs enlightened me as to what was the matter.

A voice exclaimed in a frightened tone, "Hush, the Storm King comes!"

A swift scurrying of frightened feet, and the grove was empty.

Quick, pattering raindrops announced the coming of the Storm King. Then, with a whirlwind of wind and rain enveloping him, he descended on the grove. Apparently angry at finding no one there, he blustered so fiercely that I clung to the foot of my oak tree in terror. Angrily smiting a moss covered boulder, and breaking it with his staff, he passed on.

All was quiet, a solitary cricket chirped once, and I awoke.

Gwyneth Browne.

SCHOOL NEWS.

THE DANCE FOR THE NEW GIRLS.

It is the delightful custom at Rogers Hall for the old girls to give the new girls a dance on the first Saturday evening of the school year. Accordingly, on the night of October fifth, soon after dinner the girls repaired to the gymnasium, many of them carrying flowers, and all of them ready for a good time. Each girl wore, pinned in a conspicuous place, a card on which was written her name and home address. The information was of much value and soon the hall was buzzing with conversation of this sort:

"Oh, you live at———? Perhaps you know———? Oh, you do know him! Isn't that fine!" and

"Do you happen to know so and so's brother? You do! Why, yes, he's an Alpha Delt at Cornell."

Discoveries like these soon broke the ice, though there was not much ice to break, for the old girls were cordiality itself. If you were looking around in rather a "dejected," "homesick" way, trying your hardest to find your next partner, an old girl was sure to bob up from somewhere and help in the search.

The evening, too, could not have been more perfect, for it was a typical Indian summer evening, with the moon shining to grace the occasion. Girls could be seen strolling over the lawn between dances, talking over the good times of last year and making friends with the new girls.

During the evening light refreshments were served, and at ten o'clock we bade Mrs. Underhill good-night, feeling that the evening had brought us many new friends and had been a success in every way.

Certainly Rogers has reason to be proud of its "old girls," and we new ones are very grateful for all they have done to make us feel at home among them. Our first dance will be long remembered, for it was on that evening that we were given our first experience of the good times that are so numerous at Rogers Hall.

RUTH PATTILLO GRIFFIN.

"SALOMY JANE."

On Thursday evening, October the tenth, a procession of carriages could be seen making their way down town and one immediately guessed the occupants to be Rogers Hall girls by the frequent sounds of laughter which came from the inside. This surmise was right, for we were on our way down to witness the play "Salomy Jane."

The scene of the play is laid in a little California town, in the period just after the "forty-niners," where the citizens, who are many of them Southerners, object to the blood-feuds which are carried on, yet are obliged to take the law into their hands now and then, as when the stage was robbed and a horse stolen.

Of course the centre of interest in the play is Salomy Jane, the mistress of all the men's hearts, who captivates everyone, when she greets them at her house door in the evening, with a slight nod of her head and her low voiced, "Evenin', Rufe," or "Evenin', Jack," as the case may be.

Her two principal suitors are Rufe Waters, who talks much and does little, and Jack Marbury, the gambler. The former she puts to the test, to which he fails to respond. Jack she finds worthy, but she cannot love him, because she has already given her love to "The Man."

The play is made up of a series of narrow escapes of "The Man" whom Salomy always aids at the critical moment. At the end of the play we have Salomy and "The Man" in the corral out of reach of danger.

Salomy Jane represents to me the rarest type of womanhood, that of a dainty, sweet woman, whose strength of mind and frailness of body win the respect and appeal to the protection of the men around her. I think it made the love story in the play seem all the more real to me when I learned that Miss Robson and "The Man" are married.

Dorothy Morse.

CONCORD AND LEXINGTON.

Though we have had many fine days this Autumn, I think everyone will agree that the twelfth of October, the day we went to Concord and Lexington, was among the very finest. It was

just after the first hard frost and the trees were a mass of crimson and gold as we passed them on the trolley between Lowell and Concord. Here, at Concord Square, the barges met us and we were driven out the Lexington road, by the stately home of Emerson, past that of the Alcotts, now deserted and uncared for, and Hawthorne's, with its tower study accessible only by a trapdoor. After driving about the other parts of town, past the Alcott-Thoreau house, and other places of interest, we came back to the Square, stopping there long enough to buy chocolate, postals, and ginger-pop. We then went to see the graves of the famous authors in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. Here a very fascinating small boy assured us, all in one breath, that "this-isthe-grave-of-Ralph-Waldo-Emerson-who-was-born-in-1803-anddied-1882-and"—but at this point someone interrupted him, for we were ready to go on to the Battleground, that battleground which once echoed with "the shot heard round the world," and which is now as quiet and peaceful as the cemetery itself.

By this time it was afternoon and we ate our picnic lunch on the bank of the Concord River near the Old North Bridge and Daniel C. French's splendid statue of the Minute Man. Returning to the Square by the road which leads past Hawthorne's Old Manse, we had nearly an hour to wait before going to Lexington. This time most of us spent in examining the queer epitaphs and inscriptions on the gravestones in the quaint, old cemetery near by. Such sentiments as,

"As you are now so once was I, As I am now so you will be, Prepare for death and follow me,"

seemed to have been popular in the late seventeen and early eighteen hundreds.

Aside from the Green with its picturesque statue of Captain Parker, Commander of the Minute Men, the most interesting place in Lexington is the Hancock house, where Hancock and Adams were sleeping the night of Paul Revere's famous ride. Now owned by the Daughters of the Revolution and used as a museum, the house is filled with old portraits, quaint gowns and slippers, cocked hats, a huge four-poster bed or two, and curious cooking utensils. Here, too, we bought the inevitable post cards to send to small brothers and sisters attacked with the

post card fever. From Lexington to Lowell is not very far, so half past five saw us again at school, tired to be sure, but feeling that we had spent a most interesting and long-to-be-remembered day.

JOANNA CARR.

PROFESSOR BLACK'S LECTURE ON WIT AND HUMOR.

We have been to some exceedingly interesting lectures at the Middlesex Women's Club, but I, at least, have attended none quite so entertaining and delightful as Professor Hugh Black's lecture on "Wit and Humor," which he gave on Monday afternoon, October fourteenth, and to which some of us older girls were allowed to go.

The difference between wit and humor, Professor Black told us, is like the difference between the popping of champagne corks and the bubbling of some mountain spring; for wit is artificial, while humor is natural. His definition of wit was exceedingly good, I thought. "Wit," he said, "is the unexpected connection between two ideas that comes on one with a pleasant shock." The lowest form of wit is punning,—I think everyone in the audience must have agreed with him there!—and but one degree above the pun comes the wit that depends on what it leaves out to be funny. For instance: "Little Johnnie liked to play on the railroad track, and one day he didn't think he'd stop, just because the train was coming. Friends will please send flowers." Satire Mr. Black considered the highest form of wit, and he spoke of Swift's "Tale of a Tub" as a splendid example.

The lowest form of humor is a practical joke, and he was quite severe on practical jokes. To illustrate his remarks about humor the Professor told us several exceedingly funny stories. There was one, especially, which convulsed everyone, about a mule. He said that he had heard of an old mule who had to drag loads of clay around a brick yard for six days in the week. On the seventh day, her one day of rest, she spent her time going around the yard the other way, in order to unwind herself.

Professor Black is Scotch, and he has a delightful accent. He talks in a very interesting manner, and holds his audience by the charm of his personality. He told us that he wished he might give us some examples of Scotch humor, and we were all disappointed that he did not have time to. As we left the hall I think we felt exceedingly grateful to Mrs. Underhill and Miss Parsons for giving us the opportunity of hearing Professor Black's lecture.

VIRGINIA TOWLE.

ELECTIONS.

The Hall girls who hurried up to the studio after study hour the evening of the eighteenth of October were certainly noisy, for this was the night our Hall officers were to be elected.

Everyone was excited, and we were all talking at once, with our voices not in the lowest key; all wondering and asking whom the others were going to vote for, and in our excitement nearly forgetting whom we wanted ourselves.

The elections are an important event, for, since we have student government at Rogers, a good deal of responsibility rests on our officers, and it's important, of course, that the right girl should be chosen for each office.

A great deal of serious thought was given to the matter beforehand, and the results were received with much enthusiasm and have proved already vastly satisfactory.

The following is the list of officers chosen:

	HA	LL.				
President				Helen Huffman		
Vice-President				. Joanna Carr		
Secretary and Treasurer				Ruth P. Griffin		
HOUSE.						
President				. Marjory Fish		
Vice-President				. Elsie Lunham		
Secretary and Treasurer				Rachel Morehead		
COTTAGE.						
President				Dorothy Mercer		
Vice-President				. Mildred Moses		
Secretary and Treasurer				Dorothy Downer		

COUNSELLORS.

Virginia Towle Geraldine Simonds Beatrice Mudgett Elizabeth McCrea

Marguerite Baldwin

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE.

Cornelia Cooke (Chairman) Elizabeth Field Dorothy Morse Eleanor Cushing
Rosabel Sampliner
Louise Emerson
MARGUERITE BALDWIN.

MME. CALVE'S CONCERT

On Saturday, October nineteenth, Mme. Calvé, assisted by M. Decreus and Mme. Chemet, gave a concert in Symphony Hall, Boston, to which five of us were fortunate enough to go. For about two hours we listened spellbound to the exquisite tones of the violin, to the beautiful notes of the piano, and to the marvelous voice of Mme. Calvé whose clear, strong voice filled Symphony Hall, the largest hall in Boston. The spell the great singer cast over us was so strong that, at the close of each song, the audience remained perfectly still some moments before showing their appreciation in long sustained bursts of applause.

Mme. Calvé was very artistically dressed in black velvet and a large black hat with sweeping plumes.

Mme. Chemet, the violinist, played most sympathetically, and M. Decreus, Mme Calvé's accompanist, showed himself a true artist. Indeed, we enjoyed the piano and violin solos almost as much as we enjoyed Mme Calvé's own numbers.

Of the songs, I remember one particularly in which Mme. Calvé imitated the tones of the violin with wonderful accuracy and sweetness.

To the many encores demanded Mme. Calvé responded generously, singing several very dear, familiar songs among which "Coming Through the Rye" seemed a special favorite with the audience.

We returned to school very glad that we had seen the famous prima donna, and could exclaim to our envious school-mates over the wonders of her voice.

The programme was as follows:

	Part I.
1.	St. François marchant sur les Flots Liszt M. DECREUS
2	(a) Andante (b) Rondo MME. CHEMET Ed Lalo
3	(a) La Damnation de Faust Berlioz (b) Sérénade de Gounod (violin obligato) MME. E. CALVE
4.	Violin. (a) Berceuse Fauré (b) Danse Hongroise Brahms MME. CHEMET
	Intermission.
	Part II.
1.	(a) Mysoli
	MME. E. CALVE
2.	Piano. (a) Adagio Beethoven (b) Etude Schutt
3.	(a) Adagio Max Bruch (b) Tambourin Leclair, 17th century MME. CHEMET
4.	(a) Largo
	(c) Habanera (Carmen)
	MARJORIE STEWART.

"A BACON BAT."

Perhaps, unfortunate reader, you have never been on a "bacon bat," accordingly that name calls to your mind nothing pleasant. Let me, therefore, describe to you the last one at which I assisted, so that you, too, may be among the lucky number who understand the delights of a "bacon bat."

The day of our adventure was one of those glorious, crisp October days when we just long to be in the country, and our spirits were highly in keeping with the day. I wish you could have seen our party! Twelve queer looking individuals we were, each carrying a bright, new, tin cup, and, between us, several pails filled with potatoes, chops and bacon.

We took the street car quite a way into the country, then getting out at a very pretty place, started to walk; but luck was certainly with us. Along came an agreeable old farmer who let us all pile into his wagon; then again I wish you could have seen us, some swinging their feet over the edge, others huddled together, and all perfectly happy. We rode this way for about two miles through the most beautiful country, until we came to a particularly inviting field in which to build our fire. There we all gladly deposited our various bundles and set to work getting stones for our fireplace, also dry wood, and long sharp sticks to cook the bacon on. We had rather hard work making our fire burn because the wind blew so hard, but when we finally did get it started it was a fine one.

Perhaps chops cooked on a flat stone don't taste good! Of course, if you are very fussy, you may not like to eat chops that look a little burnt and grimy, nor potatoes baked quite black. But if you like to eat out in the cool, crisp, autumn air and are in the mood for a good time, then you enjoy taking a grimy chop in one hand while in the other you firmly grasp a roll between which is a piece of crisp bacon and a pickle, and you eat with the greatest enjoyment, regardless of the juice which persists in running all over you unless you are very careful. The coffee, too, tastes good even if it isn't always as clear as it might be. For dessert, we toasted marshmallows on the same long sticks with which we cooked our bacon.

On our way home we walked through the loveliest woods, skuffing our feet through the dry rustling leaves. When we came to a small clear stream we could not resist the temptation to take off our shoes and go in wading. To be sure the water was very cold, but after we became accustomed to it, it felt fine. After our cold dip we again started on our way home, reaching the school about five o'clock.

Now, dear reader, that you know what a "bacon bat" is, don't you think that you, too, would enjoy going on such a trip?

CAROL CALHOUN.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK'S RECITAL.

As I settled down in my seat at Mme. Schumann-Heink's recital, I was all a-quiver with expectation, for I had never heard a really famous singer. At the end of the first song I was vaguely disappointed in her, but soon, before I knew it, I had forgotten to criticize and was responding unresistingly to the emotions roused by her different songs. The rippling daintiness of the Mountain Brook, the deep pathos of Der Wanderer, the dramatic power of Wagner's songs and the bewitching Gypsy airs, all seemed to reveal different phases of the great singer's personality.

It seemed almost impossible that the same person could render both the dainty ballads and the thundering songs from Wagner equally well. Her voice is so extraordinarily powerful and yet so absolutely under control that it trills as delicately as a bird's. Her high, clear notes were wonderful in "Tis better to be laughing than sighing," the one encore which the wildly enthusiastic audience was able to get. This song and the "Rosary," with the new meaning which her interpretation gave it, are the two memories which I shall treasure longest.

The range of her voice is most unusual; from the highest notes to the lowest the tones are sweet and clear.

When I left the theatre it was with a delightful sense of familiarity with a charming personality, and, in the words of a friend, I wondered "how such glorious sounds can come from a woman who is only human after all, like the rest of us."

The programme of the recital is as follows:

I.

Arie from the Opera "Mitrane" (sung in Italian). Rossi (1668)
b. Du bist die Ruh
c. Wohin Franz Schubert
d. Der Wanderer
II.
a. "Waltrauten" Scene—Act I, 3d scene from the Opera "Got-
terdammerung'' Richard Wagner
b. Recitative and Arie "Adriano" from the Opera "Rienz" Richard Wagner
III.
a. Die drei Zigeuner (the three Gypsies) Liszt
b. Six Hungarian Gypsy Songs (Cycle) Brahms
1. Ho there Gypsy!
2. High and towering stream.
3. Know ye when my loved.
4. Loving God, thou knowest.
5. Art thou thinking often now?6. Rosebuds Three.
0. Rosebuds Three.
IV.
Six songs (sung in English)
a. The Rosary Ethelbert Nevin
b. O let night speak of me Chadwick
c. Danza
e. His Lullaby S. J. Bonds
f. Love in a Cottage Rud. Ganz.
V.
Prison scene from the Opera "Prophete" (sung in French) Meyerbeer
"Fides"—mme. schumann-heink

ELIZABETH WILDER.

OUR HALLOWE'EN.

It is often hard to be original and when one is told that one must be, it is harder still. The Hallowe'en party, planned by the Entertainment Committees of the three houses, and held on Saturday night, November second, was decidedly original. It was called "A County Fair."

Secrecy as to what part the different girls were to take was very well kept, and it was with more or less of an excited, curious spirit that we entered the Gym that night.

What a sight would have met the eyes of anyone peeping in at us through the closed blinds! Farmers walking arm-in-arm with their wives, their children following in the rear, mouths open, and big eyes wide with wonder; little boys and girls sucking sticks of peppermint candy at which a few teachers were seen to gaze with envious eyes; a prize pumpkin so large that it could have made pies for all the people in Lowell; a jockey straight from a Long Island Race Course; Anna Held with her dancing bears; a Fortune Teller, dark and mysterious; a colored Mammy with her little Charge; a pompous Englishman and a talkative Frenchman who were visiting American girls' boarding schools and had consented to tell the country people what they thought of Rogers Hall.

During the course of the evening, those whose spirits prompted them to perform took the floor, while the rest watched in breathless admiration. Ruth Newton, with her cake of gingerbread under her arm, sang of her grandfather whose geese were so fine. "School Days," a song so apropos for us, was sung through the noses of Joanna Carr and Margaret Stephenson. Then Dorothy Morse as Anna Held threw her arms around the neck of Gerry, who made the most hugable, lovable woolly bear, and besought her to be her "Teddy B." Dorothy Downer, with her hundred little braids sticking in all directions, sang "Poor John." Margaret Blanchard brought forth a burst of applause by her funny little doggerel and quick-step.

Miss Harrison as the Frenchman, Miss Wright as the Englishman, and Helen Huffman in the latest creation from Paris, sang hits on some unfortunates. The majority were very good, and I can appreciatingly say that some hit the mark.

Refreshments were served by the Village Belle who sold cider for a kiss.

At ten o'clock, when the last chestnut, doughnut and corn cake had been eaten, the last dance danced, and the last goodby said, we left the scene of our County Fair, feeling that it had been one of the best Hallowe'ens we ever had.

DOROTHY R. MERCER.

A SHAKESPEAREAN MUSICAL MONOLOGUE, "MISTRESSE MYNE."

On the evening of the ninth of November all the girls assembled in the gymnasium to hear Mrs. Coursen give her Shakespearean monologue. At a quarter of eight music was heard apparently from far away, the sound gradually coming nearer, and presently "Mistresse Myne" appeared singing an old ballad. She was indeed a charming figure from the Elizabethan age, in her old rose costume, and we felt transported at once to merry England in the time of long ago.

"Mistresse Myne" in her opening speech informed us that she was a ghost, come back to sing the praises of her beloved Shakespeare. She described her first visit to the theater in London to see "As You Like It," and sang several ballads from the play. After this, she gave selections from "Twelfth Night" and "Hamlet." The grave digger's song in "Hamlet" was particularly deserving of praise, as it showed Mrs. Coursen's ability to change not only her voice, but also her entire personality. "Mistresse Myne" delighted us all with her beautiful voice, and we felt very sorry when she said she must return to the spirit world.

But the music of her songs lingered with us, even while we danced afterward to modern "tunes." And many of us, when we left at ten o'clock, had found a new charm in Shakespeare's wonderful lyrics, which "Mistresse Myne" had shown us.

KATHARINE M. KESSINGER.

COTTAGE SUPPER.

At about five o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, November tenth, our two Dorothys were seen putting on their aprons, and rushing madly about. Before long, delightful odors were wafted up to us from the kitchen. We made many journeys down to the scene of action, and before very long were told that the supper was ready. There was a grand rush for the kitchen, and on reaching it, we were all requested to sit down and keep out of the way. First we were given a plate of delicious creamed chicken with a large handful of potato chips. After our hunger had been a little pacified with these articles we had our dessert. I don't believe that the fudge ice cream and mocha cakes ever tasted better, and we enjoyed our feast immensely. Wonders never ceased, for the girls even begged to be allowed to wash the dishes, a request which was never heard of before in the history of the school. GLADYS C. LAWRENCE.

THE HOUSE SUPPER.

Sunday evening, November tenth, we House girls assembled in the Laboratory for our first House supper. There we found Miss Harrison and Elizabeth McCrea presiding over the chafing dishes. On the table were plates piled with lettuce sandwiches, and to our joy we saw there was also a plentiful supply of olives.

Soon after we sat down two or three girls passed us hot chocolate with whipped cream, and plates of creamed chicken.

The chafing dishes were again called into use in making the fudge sauce for the ice cream, and with the dessert we had a box of candy which Hazelle Sleeper kindly contributed for the occasion.

When we had finished this most delicious supper we discussed the football games played the day before, until the bell rang for prayers.

ALICE CONE.

THE HALL SUPPER.

At half past five on the evening of November tenth the Hall girls were summoned to the first Hall supper of the year. There was a rush of kimona clad figures to the Art Room, where

we found several charmingly flushed young ladies bending over chafing dishes in which bubbled the most delectable creamed chicken. Each girl was quickly served from the contents of the chafing dishes and then helped herself to sandwiches, olives, and hot chocolate. The crowning glory of the repast was fudge ice cream; after partaking of which, those who were so fortunate as to escape membership of the dishpan brigade, departed and left the faithful few to their task.

MARY WALKER.

THE HARVARD-DARTMOUTH GAME.

On Saturday afternoon, November sixteenth, thirty-six Rogers Hall girls were gathered on the Dartmouth side of the Stadium anxiously waiting for the Harvard-Dartmouth football game to begin. We were not kept waiting very long, for the Harvard men in their bright red blankets came on the field on a lively run. It was great to hear the cheering from the Harvard side of the Stadium as their eleven ran across the field. Then the Dartmouth team came on the field with the same lively pace and the Dartmouth supporters also gave their cheers.

The game began with Harvard kicking off. Harvard played a good fighting game at the very beginning and it looked as if they might score first. The tackling of the Dartmouth team however, must have been too much for them, for they soon lost their ground and the Dartmouth men played for sometime around their goal. But, by main force, Harvard pushed back against the opponents' goal and had several good chances to make a goal, but the men were too slow or lost their heads, for finally the Dartmouth men pushed back to the Harvard goal. Then time was called and the first half ended with no score on either side.

There was only a short wait and then the second half began with Dartmouth kicking off. The playing on the Harvard side was fearfully weak, and when they did have any chance of getting near the goal, they would only half tackle the Dartmouth men. The teams played back and forth between the two goals for nearly half of the second half and then Dartmouth began earnest play and made three touch-downs.

The game ended with the score 22-0 in favor of Dartmouth. Most of us were sorry that Harvard did not win, though we could not but feel disgusted that the team didn't show more spirit and fight harder for the game.

Elsie Lunham.

ATHLETICS.

Another year has begun in our school life, and while we are at times sorry to be back at our intellectual labors, yet all such feelings vanish when one has a hockey stick in her hands, racing from one end of the field to the other, after an unoffensive, much abused ball.

So far we have had little disagreeable weather to dampen, not only our exuberant spirits, but the ground as well, and twice every week the hockey field may be seen crowded with green figures, who brandish long sticks in the air, and frequently on their opponent's shins as well. But this has little effect on most of us, as this year guards, to protect those heretofore much abused limbs, have been introduced, and now, whenever one exhibits bruises and cuts, instead of sympathy one is greeted with a derisive, "Oh, why don't you get some guards?"

Then, too, the basket balls have been brought forth from their hiding place, put into excellent condition, and into the enthusiastic hands of the players. Although the games do not come until spring, we are beginning to play now so as to get good practice outside, and so have splendid teams when the time comes to exhibit them. At first the passing was high and ill placed, so that it resembled the forward pass of football, but now we have it low, and sometimes so swift that it knocks us off our feet, but never do we let the ball go, once we have it.

The tennis courts are also in great demand, and the girls can hardly wait until luncheon is over before they fly down with their rackets and balls. In the spring alarm clocks, set at five-thirty, are in great demand, but now when one wakes up early, the cold air blows out all good intentions, and we turn over and go to sleep again.

The new girls seem to be very enthusiastic, and several are to be congratulated on making the hockey team, the first step towards the much longed for R. H.

All our outdoor sports tend to make time fly, and before we realize it we shall be home for the Christmas holidays, relating to our friends marvelous tales of the brilliant playing done by our favorite team.

MILDRED MOSES.

THE FIRST HOCKEY GAME.

The hockey season has commenced with a great deal of enthusiasm on both sides, and for the last week many have been heard to ask, "Who do you think will win the first game?" But now the answer can be given, for on Tuesday, November 12, the House won with a score of three to two.

There was a great deal of good playing on both sides, the House full backs and the Hall forwards playing an exceptionally good game. At the end of the first half the score was two to nothing in favor of the House, the two goals being made by Marjorie Stewart and Mildred Moses. There was much cleaner and better playing during the second half. Three goals were made during this time; first, one for the Hall by Elizabeth Field, then another by Mildred Mansfield of the Hall team. This last goal made the score a tie, but soon after Mildred Moses made another goal for the House. After a very even, hard fight the game closed.

The line up was as follows:

	HALL.	HOUSE.				
Bully	Dorothy Morse	Mildred Moses				
Rushes	Mildred Mansfield	Rachel Morehead				
	Cornelia Cooke	Gladys Lawrence				
	Elizabeth Field	Marjorie Stewart				
	Miriam Pierce	Dorothy Mercer				
Half Backs	Joanna Carr	Dorothy Downer				
	Frances Herman	Marjorie Fish (Captain)				
	Marion Chase (Sub.)	Helen Faulds				
Full	Etta Boynton (Captain)	Elsie Lunham				
Backs	Kathryn Dyer	Dorothy Tobey (Sub.)				
Goal	Ruth Newton	Gwyneth Browne				
		Helen Faulds.				

THE SECOND HOCKEY GAME.

To the ominous sound of rain, the girls opened their eyes on Tuesday, November eighteenth, the day of the second hockey game. For the past week, the girls on each side had eagerly looked forward to this day, on which the championship in hockey was to be decided. The teams were equally matched and an exciting game was expected. Providence was kind and by ten o'clock the clouds had rolled away and the sun appeared. It seemed as if the old saying, "Rain before seven, clear before eleven," was true.

The teams lined up on the field at two-thirty, amidst cheers from their respective sides and the game began in earnest.

For several moments the suspense was great. The Hall succeeded in getting the ball up the field to the House goal, but on account of Elsie Lunham's splendid guarding, were not able to put the ball over the line. Before the Hall girls realized it, the ball was snatched away by one of the House girls and by some very good team work, the ball was passed down the field and a goal was made for the House. Once again the House scored during the first half.

The Hall girls came on to the field the second half feeling it was their last chance to redeem themselves. But the House was too strong for them, and the game closed with a score three to nothing in favor of the House.

House.

Morse	Bully	Moses
Mansfield		Morehead
Pierce	[Forwards]	Lawrence
Cooke	[Newton C. (Sub.)
Field]	Stewart
Carr		Fish
Herman	}Half Backs	Downer
Huffman]	Faulds
Dyer	Full Backs s	Lunham
Boynton	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	Calhoun
Newton	Goal	Brown G.
	DA	AISY B. YOUNG.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

THE ROGERS HALL ASSOCIATION.

Eight years ago last June, the Rogers Hall Alumnæ Association was formed. All the girls who had been to Rogers Hall were charter members, and it was voted to admit from then on only graduates of the school. For several years the meetings were well attended, but, as the girls took up their home duties, fewer were able to come each year. At last, by tacit consent, the meetings of the association were given up. Since that time Rogers Hall has had very prosperous years and the list of girls connected with the school has increased to four times its original size. These new girls, especially, were anxious to have their connection with the school definitely recognized, so this spring Mrs. Underhill suggested that on Commencement Day we should gather together all the girls who were interested and see if it would be practicable to form a new society. With some difficulty, Harriet Coburn and Anthy Gorton compiled a list of the names and present addresses of all the girls who have been to Rogers Hall, and invitations were sent to them to come to the school on June fourth to form an association that would include all the girls who had attended Rogers Hall for a full year, and who were still interested in its welfare. In answer to these invitations came many replies from girls who were coming, and from others who could not return, but all expressing hearty approval of the plan.

On Commencement day, after the graduating exercises were over and the other guests of the school had begun to go, fifty-three former Rogers Hall girls made a circle under the apple trees in the garden. Marion Stott, who was the last president of the Alumnæ Association, presided and Marion Kerr was secretary pro tem. The chairman gave us a brief history of the old association, speaking especially of its defects, and suggested that in its place a new association should be formed. After her speech it was unanimously voted to form a new association

which should meet biennially on Commencement day. An outline for a constitution was then read by Harriet Coburn and each article in it was discussed in turn and voted upon. This constitution provides that "this association shall be called the 'Rogers Hall Association," and that "any girl who has been at Rogers Hall at least one full year and who has not forfeited her right to be considered a member of Rogers Hall may be an active member of the association;" that the meeting of the association shall be held every other year on Commencement day; and that the annual fee of fifty cents shall be paid to the treasurer biennially.

After the constitution had been drawn up the following officers were elected for the two years' term:—President, Harriet Coburn; Vice-President, Ruth Heath; Corresponding Secretary, Anthy Gorton; Recording Secretary, Julia Stevens; Treasurer, Mary Dewey.

The Executive Committee was then instructed to have printed and to send to every member of the association a catalogue containing the names and addresses of all the members of the association.

After the business meeting the girls gathered around the tea-table for a social half-hour, renewing old friendships and meeting the new graduates. Before the meeting broke up a register was made of all the girls who were present at the first meeting of the Rogers Hall Association. This list shows that nearly every class was represented and that the girls came from far to be present at this meeting.

Carnzu Abbott, Westford, Mass.; Marion Ashley, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Roccena Ashley, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Mary B. Beach, Randolph; Clara Smith Case, Worcester; Alice Chalifoux Ellsworth, South Bend, Indiana; Ada Chalifoux, Lowell; Harriet Coburn, Lowell; Helen Coburn, Lowell; Clara M. Danielson, Boston; Harriett Davey, Amsterdam, N. Y.; Annie Dewey Mann, Quechee, Vt.; Mary M. Dewey, Quechee, Vt.; Daisy Dexter Shaw, Lowell; Louise Ellingwood Swan, Lowell; Dorothy Ellingwood, Lowell; Bernice Everett, Franklin, N.H.; Stella Fleer, Lansdowne, Pa.; Anthy Gorton, Gloucester; Harriet Greenhalge Martin, Lowell; Margaret W. Hall, Lowell; Ruth H. Heath, La Crosse, Wis.; Sally Hodgkins, Lynn; Bertha Holden Olney, Lowell;

Juliette Huntress, Lowell; Margery Hutchinson, Dorchester; Estelle Irish Pillsbury, Lowell; Elizabeth James, St. Albans, Vt.; Marion Kerr, New Bedford; Armine Marsh Palmer, Dorchester; M. Alice Mather, Lowell; Ruth A. McCracken, Muskegon, Mich.; Josephine Morse, South Lancaster; Harriet Nesmith, Lowell; Isabel Nesmith, Lowell; Ethel Pierce Wood, Lowell; Brenda C, Pettingell, Lowell; Valerie Prentiss, Rutherford, N. J.; Belle Read, New Boston, N. H.; Alice E. Robinson, Lowell; Marguerite Roesing, Evanston, Ill.; Edith Richards, Newport, N. H.; Edith Russell, Lowell; Susannah W. Simpson, Lowell; Florence Renne Soule, New Bedford; Rachael Sprague, Lowell; Julia W. Stevens, Lowell; Marion Stott, Lowell; Charlotte Tibbetts, Lowell; Dorothy Underhill, Lowell; Leila Washburn, Greenfield; Susan Webster, Lowell; Dorothy Q. Wright, Lowell.

Julia W. Stevens.

Those who have read the above report of the first meeting of the Rogers Hall Association will doubtless remember that membership is not limited to graduates. But in accordance with the constitution voted on in June, no girl who leaves Rogers Hall without being graduated is a candidate for admission to the association until a year after she has left school. So this year we have only the eight graduates to add to our numbers. But such a charming eight makes up for greater numbers. Three are college girls-Molly Beach, Ruth Heath, and Charlotte Tibbetts—and they all go to Vassar. They are in Strong Hall and if the enthusiastic letters that have been received from them are a criterion, they evidently feel well repaid for all their hard work at Rogers Hall. Grace Heath, who was unable to be present at the graduation of her class in June, also intended to be a college girl, but this fall, on account of ill health, she was unable to begin her course. She is at her home in La Crosse, Wisconsin, and among other things is interesting herself in Settlement work. The rest of the class-Stella Fleer, Ruth McCracken, Josephine Morse and Marguerite Roesing-are also at home, taking up the duties that fall to the lot of unoccupied daughters. Stella Fleer, Marion Chandler, and Marguerite

Roesing spent the summer in Europe but came home in September. Stella lives in Lansdowne, Penn., and Marguerite in Evanston, Ill. Ruth McCracken is another member of the class who expected to go to college but she was obliged to change her plans on account of home demands. They are fine girls, these eight, and the Rogers Hall Association, through Splinters wishes to give them a cordial welcome to its numbers.

Frances Anderson is visiting in Wisconsin. From there she is going to Phœnix, Arizona, for the winter.

In October Ruby Abbot had a house-party and among the guests were Lois Fonda and Marguerite Roesing (R. H., 1907).

Elizabeth Bennett (R. H., 1896, Wellesley, 1900) spent the greater part of her summer climbing the mountains of Switzerland. Now she is in Munich between which place and Dresden she intends to divide her time this winter.

Another Rogers Hall girl who is spending the winter in Europe is Eleanor Buttrick, who is in Berlin.

Hazel Chadwick has decided to take up school work again at Miss Hall's School in Pittsfield, Mass.

Dorothy Ellingwood's (R. H., 1904, Sargent School of Gymnastics, 1907) fine work at the Sargent School of Gymnastics has won for her the position of Physical Director of the Illinois State Normal School at Chicago. Her address is 6146 Woodlawn Avenue.

Bernice Everett (R. H., 1902, Wellesley, 1906) is at her home this winter in Franklin Falls, N. H.

Edna Foster has announced her engagement to Mr. Henry Oliver Smith of Pittsburg. Although her marriage will not take place until next autumn, it is already decided that she will continue to live in Buffalo.

Mrs. William Fox (Maria Stevens) has a daughter, Priscilla, born June 27th.

Among our foreign travelers is Clara Francis (R. H., 1903). She sailed for Europe in October and expects soon to join her cousin, Elizabeth Bennett at Munich.

Mrs. Donald Gordon (Louise Ayer) has taken a house on Commonwealth Avenue, corner of Gloucester Street.

Florence Harrison (R. H., 1902, Smith, 1906) is teaching History and English at Rogers Hall and is having great success.

Ruth Heath (R. H., 1907, Vassar, 1911) is already a member of the Vassar Glee Club and is on the second basket ball team.

Emily and Bessie Ludlam have been in York, Maine, for the summer and are now at 44 Dwight Street, Brookline, for the winter.

In June Harriet Nesmith (R. H., 1905) started on a most delightful Western trip. She made Vancouver Barracks her headquarters and from there took several trips, the longest of which was along the coast of Alaska as far north as Skagway.

Among the girls taken into the Alpha Society of Smith College this autumn was Mildred Wilson (R. H., 1904, Smith, 1908). Of the same society Dorothy Norton (R. H., 1905, Smith, 1909) has been chosen secretary.

On October second, Edith Nourse was married to Mr. John Rogers of Lowell. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers are traveling in Europe. They have been to Greece and the Holy Land and are now in Egypt. Soon they are going to Italy from which country they will sail for home in December. Their address will be Andover Street, Lowell.

Carol Quincy is living this winter at the Buckminster Hotel, Boston.

Early in December Louise and Alice Ramsdell with their mother are going to Paris for the winter.

Belle Read has announced her engagement to Mr. William A. Mitchell of Lowell, who is superintendent of the Massachusetts Cotton Mills.

Caroline Wright (R. H., 1903, Radcliffe, 1907) is an assistant teacher at Rogers Hall this year.

The girls who were fortunate enough to have Miss Caro Taylor as teacher of English at Rogers Hall will be interested to learn of her marriage to Mr. Orville Hayes Martin of Kansas City. Her address is 126 South Pleasant Street, Independence, Missouri.

Mrs. Chester A. Halnan, (Helen Lovell, R. H. 1904), has a son, born October 6th.

Louise Hyde, (R. H. 1904), has announced her engagement to Dr. Watson, of Massena, New York.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Editorial								1
Diary of a New Gir								
The Bell of Silence								
The Paisley Shawl								
The Adoption of Be								
A Trip to a Lumber								
The King is Dead;								
Un Lied								
From England to S								
Sketches								
Book Reviews .								
Children's Page .								
School News .								
Athletics								
Alumnæ Departmer								
	_	•		•				

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SPLINTERS.

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February, 1908.

No. 2.

EDITORIAL.

It is fitting that in February, the month in which we celebrate the birthdays of our two greatest Americans, Washington and Lincoln, we should try to realize what a national holiday really means. The fourth of July usually passes by with a grand display of fireworks, much noise and many accidents. Thanksgiving suggests turkey, a large dinner and often a severe attack of indigestion. Lincoln's or Washington's birthday may mean merely a release from school and perhaps a matinee. But when we come down to the real significance of these holidays we realize how small and trivial these pleasures are.

The signing of the Declaration of Independence on that memorable Fourth of July has meant too much to the people of this country to have it pass by with a mere noise of a few fire-crackers. At the Thanksgiving dinner there are not many who think that the day was one originally appointed by a courageous little band of Pilgrims to offer up their praise to God and rejoice because they had, with his assistance, triumphed over their hardships. Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays also have their deeper meanings. These days are set apart by the Government not alone to commemorate the past but that the citizenship of the future should be strengthened.

How then should we pay our tribute to these men? By letting the memory of their lives penetrate and influence our own in such a way that our patriotism will be stronger and purer. In this age in which we hear so much, on one hand of the lack of opportunity, and on the other the corrupting influence of too much wealth, the lives of our two greatest Americans forever prove the falseness of such contentions. It would be difficult to find men whose lives were more different in boyhood and whose

stations in life were farther apart. Washington, the born gentleman, had a good education, refined surroundings, wealth and assured position. He came from a good family and belonged to what is called the better class; while Lincoln had no education whatever except that which he acquired for himself. His surroundings were of the lowest, were even coarse and vulgar.

Whatever were the influences of their boyhood they were great enough to rise above them. They both had, as the foundation of their characters the elementary principles of patriotism, "plain devotedness to duty," and steadfastness in the face of all disaster. These qualities are within the reach of all and are the ones without which the more brilliant attributes of the mind are valueless. These are the things of which we should think on the birthdays of these men, that something of their lives may be passed on as a heritage to us and that we should feel ourselves "A link in that entail that binds all ages past with all that are to be."

DIARY OF A NEW GIRL.

October second—

It isn't half as funny to leave your happy family and tear yourself away from the bosom of your native State—though I will say that my native State didn't seem so terribly affected at parting from me—as you might think, and as a good many people, mostly small brothers and older girl cousins seem to think. But I have one thing to cheer me up—I can't miss the people at home nearly as much as they must be missing me; and another nice thing is, that my roommate, who's a Boston girl and probably wears blue stockings and has a conscience as big as a barn, hasn't come yet, so I can choose the best dresser and desk.

Oh, and another nicer thing is that I like this place a lot. I had an idea it would be a sort of glorified grammar school building, and, gracious me, it's the nicest kind of old-colonial,

with lawns and an orchard, and a nice looking dog that I accidentally stepped on right off. And the nicest thing about everything is that it looks—not the school but everything here in New England—quite old and settled. It makes me feel as if the varnish hadn't dried yet out where we live. Lowell itself isn't so attractive that if the authorities were advertising it they would mention Merrimack and Central Streets as broad, quiet and dignified—but out here in Belvidere, it's almost as nice as it is out home—that is, the part of it that I've seen.

October fourth—

While I am waiting for my roommate to arrive—she's two days late, in order to be fashionable, I reckon—I'll devote myself to my diary. I've been wondering quite a good deal what she'll be like, and I've finally decided. She'll be a typical Boston girl, with spectacles, and a smile like an iced pineapple—I can see it! And she'll be so interested in ethics and anthropology and chirography—whatever they are—that she won't even notice that I've taken the dresser with the largest mirror. Probably she'll be a very hygienic person, and want to sleep with all the windows open, even if it's as cold as Iceland's greeny mountains outside. But I shall be firm, decidedly firm, in such a crisis, and all her Boston rhetoric will not influence me in the least.

There are some splendid girls here from all over the country, and the "old girls" as they call those who've been here before, are just as nice as can be to us "new girls." Ever so many of them have been in here already to ask me how I like the school, and if I am going to try for any of the teams—and if I am homesick. I am not homesick at all, by the way, only I'm sorry for the family having to get along without me. I've told everyone so far that I intend to play forward on the Hall basket ball team, and bully in hockey, and I think I shall pitch on the baseball team, unless they think I'd make a better third baseman. I'd like to know what one girl meant when she said that she hoped I wouldn't let my modesty keep me from playing. I don't think I'm terribly modest, truly.

Everybody here seems to think me a Westerner, when indeed I'm almost Eastern. Just because our State isn't so near the edge that we have to hang our feet over into the Atlantic, I can't

see why it should be called "Out West." One of the Boston girls here—only she doesn't seem a bit Boston, in fact she's quite pretty—said to me, "Oh, I should know you were a Westerner right off by your charming self-confidence."

Dear me, I'm afraid I've lost all my self-confidence now, just the same. I made the most awful mistake yesterday morning, just through my natural politeness and kindness of heart. came out through the door on to the side verandah I noticed ever and ever so many letters piled up on an umbrella stand waiting to be posted. "Now," thought I, "here is a good chance to show the people here how really thoughtful and considerate I can be," and I took up the letters and trotted over to a mail box on the corner of the next street. I was mailing them leisurely, when I heard someone call my name, and I looked up to see a teacher on the verandah up at school beckoning to me frantically. "Just a minute," said I airily, and poked the remaining epistles into the box. Well, I was quite astonished when she finished talking to me on the verandah, for it seems that it's very much against the rule to mail any letters, so everyone leaves them on the umbrella stand and the postman calls for them there. Wait until I am "thoughtful and considerate" again.

There's a carriage stopping at the gate, which probably contains Miss Iceberg, M. A., of Boston, my future roommate, so I'll descend and investigate, I think.

October sixth—

Well, to use a wholly novel and unique expression, I am "tired, but happy." I have just been to the new girls' dance, and I've certainly had an "exceedingly pleasant evening." I didn't know girl dances could be so much fun, but I'd ever so much rather go to one than to a stupid old boy dance. I think boys are stupid—I do, you know, truly I do. I don't believe I shall ever care about boys again—they don't interest me at all. Why, I'd rather talk to the girl who took me tonight—she's Marion Wilson from New York—for a minute, than to any of the men I know for an hour. She seems to understand just what you want to say before you know yourself, and she's ever so attractive. I think I should like to look quite a little like her. Why, she's almost as pretty as some of the girls at home. I asked her what

she was going to try for on the hockey team and she said "Bully," so I didn't mention the fact that I'd decided to play bully myself.

If I didn't like Marion Wilson best of anyone in school I think I should like my roommate most of all. She's just as nice as she can be—a really splendid girl, and I think we two are very much alike. She has ever so much dignity, and yet she's jolly and not at all conceited. We changed dressers and desks the first day she came because the ones I had given her were both by the window, and I like fresh air while she's afraid she'll catch cold if she stays in a draught. She is very pretty but she hasn't as much style as the girls have out at home.

October seventeenth—

Oh, dear, I've "been and gone and done it" now, and I'm flying to my diary to find consolation and refuge from Pauline (I've forgotten to say that that miserable roommate of mine is named Pauline). I wish she would let me alone and stop laughing. If I were a boy I'd tell her I hoped she'd choke, but as long as I am a girl I must be a lady, and only wish she'd be one, too.

But I reckon I'd better stop fussing and explain. You see, here at school we have a little private bank with checks of our own, not negotiable, but just to teach us girls how to manage our money when we're older. Well, I didn't know that the checks weren't all right to send anywhere, how should I? So I sent one down to a firm in Boston in payment for a sailor waist I'd had made; and they sent it up to the Lowell bank, which promptly telephoned up here to find out what the trouble was. Of course it made ever so much bother for everyone, and the worst part of it all is that I've been held up as an object lesson all day. And though you receive a lot of attention and gain a good deal of notoriety when you're an object lesson, it isn't the kind which makes you alarmingly popular.

I wish Pauline would stop laughing. Thank Heaven, I have sense of humor enough to see when a thing isn't funny!

November first-

I didn't feel very well this morning, so I thought I'd stay in bed, and here in bed I am. It isn't half the fun I thought it

would be, though, and I think I'll get up this afternoon. Why, you can't have any visitors at all when you're ill, and even if you're ever so hungry, you only get tea and toast, which doesn't make one feel a bit like staying in bed for very long. One of the girls brought me in a box of candy this morning, before the notice, "Keep out," was pinned on the door, and I was enjoying the candy very much when I heard some one coming, so I slid it underneath me. Dear me, when I took that box out a half hour later, it looked quite a little more like hash than candy.

But even if I am lonesome and hungry I have one consolation—I am not having to recite in Latin. I can make it up tomorrow all right, but I was a great deal too busy last night to get my lessons—and as long as Marion Wilson is in that class I wouldn't flunk for millions. Of course I didn't stay in bed to get out of reciting, but just the same I thought it very fortunate that I didn't happen to feel well today.

Oh dear, I am hungry, though!

December first—

Just now we are enjoying the blessings of flannel waists or sailor suits and high shoes. I don't enjoy high shoes in a truly aesthetic way, so I leave them off whenever I think I'll escape notice. But although I've been learning here that I am not so important as I thought myself, still I don't seem able to escape notice much of the time, and I've had to change my shoes six times this week.

It's queer how much less important you really are than you wish people thought you were. I've been awfully shocked, two or three times lately, to find—not what people thought of me—but to find that they don't bother to think of me. And nobody seemed the least bit impressed when I came out for hockey practice—though at home I was captain of the team. And when you find that the girls think more about other girls than they do about you, it makes you want to follow suit and think more about other girls than you do about yourself. But before I finish thinking about myself I want to put down one really interesting thing that I've discovered: When a girl first comes here to school, she's first of all a New York girl, or a Boston girl, or a Cleveland girl at Rogers Hall; but after a while, it doesn't make

any difference where she's from, she's a Rogers Hall girl at Rogers Hall.

VIRGINIA TOWLE.

THE BELL OF SILENCE.

The little shop resounded with the sound of a hammer as the young artisan swung it back and forth, pounding the gold and silver figures into the huge iron bell which stood in the room, almost completely filling it. With every stroke of his hammer he thought of her—the Lady Alixe. It was to hang in their castle, he supposed, and as he worked, unconsciously putting some of his love into the beauty of the figures, he wondered if perhaps they would ring it on her wedding night. He wished he might ask them to try it then, but what right had he, Ivan, a poor young artisan, to ask favors of the greatest in the land and, besides, were not the citizens of Kopek to give it to her for a wedding gift? Had he not been bold enough already when he had dared raise his eyes to look at her as she rode in the chaise or passed him in her coach as he walked home from work—she, the Lady Alixe, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael?

Men said she loved the young Boyar Boris who was to be her husband, so why should he sorrow? He knew the bell would always be somewhere near her, and perhaps she might wonder sometime who had made it. So he worked away, a smile on his handsome young face, listening to the happy laughter and song outside, for this was a time for much merriment, since the Lady Alixe was to be married that day a week to Boris, Boyar of Baschkirf. A great feast was to be held at the castle on the hill to which all the country folk were bidden.

During the week the little town of Kopek was decked in flowers as if for the greatest festival of the year. The vodka flowed freely and the peasants in their bright colored costumes danced in the streets, often revelling far into the night. Amid such merrymaking Ivan found no place, but far away from all this mirth and gayety, alone in his little smithy, he worked early and late.

The night before the wedding Ivan stood alone, he put aside his hammer and critically regarded his work; how he longed to hear it ring out and yet feared it, because he knew that the first stroke would call the country folk to the marriage feast and to my Lady Alixe's wedding.

As he put on his cloak and hat he took one last inspection of the bell. It was not beautiful enough for her, but he was conscious it was the best he could do. He had spent many days and often nights on it and now it stood finished. Tomorrow it would be put in the market place where everyone could see it and then when my lord and his daughter rode into town the mir would make a speech and it would be sent to the Boyar Boris' castle and he would never see it again.

The next morning Ivan awoke early and after dressing, made his way to the market place, but early as it was, the bell was already in its place. The jewels in the golden figures caught the sunbeams, dazzling the eyes of the people who stood about staring at its beauty and for once quite forgetting their gossip.

Suddenly was heard the distant gallop of horses and soon the coach, with my lady and her mother, appeared in view, her father and the young Boyar riding beside. The mir assumed an important position and welcomed them with much ceremony. My lady's eyes turned toward the bell and as Ivan saw her lean forward, her lips parted in admiration, all the pride he had felt in the praise of the mir was lost in the joy of the knowledge that she cared for it. For what would have been the value of the world's approval if she had not admired it?

The mir's words of presentation were wholly lost on him as he watched her face; perhaps it would be the last time he would ever see her, but was it not enough that his work would always be near her? Was it not far more than came to most men, to have their masterpiece near the lady of their love? The speech delivered, my lord and his lady returned to their castle, the people went to their homes, and the bell was sent on its way to be hung in the great tower of the Castle.

All day long went on the elaborate preparations for the wedding. But as night came on, out into the darkness of it a great cry was raised, for the Lady Alixe had disappeared. Her maid had watched her for a long while as she strolled in the

garden, and then went to lay out her wedding gown for the morrow; on returning, she had found her gone. A great hue and cry was raised and though all the country round was searched for days and days she was never seen again.

Great sorrow reigned for many a long day in all the country, for my lady was dearly loved by all the people for her gentleness and beauty. The young Boyar left his castle and went to court. One by one the old servants died or wandered away, so now the old castle stands solitary, alone; the moat is long since dry; the drawbridge down; grass grows in the courtyard; the locks on the great doors, which will never again open to receive a bride, are long rusty; and the halls are silent, no more resounding with the clank of armor or happy laughter, as in the days of old. But sometimes when the sunlight rests on the tall tower, you may see the flash of jewels on the great Bell of Silence, as it waits to ring forth the glad tidings of my lady Alixe's wedding.

ELIZABETH McCREA.

THE PAISLEY SHAWL.

It was many and many a year ago
That maidens one and all
Appeared in that beautiful, wonderful thing
That is known as a Paisley shawl.
Yes, each girl lived with no other thought
Than to own a Paisley shawl.

And in a boarding school long ago,
One could read on the blackboards tall
In a twirling, swirling schoolgirl hand,
"Lost! One red Paisley shawl
On the afternoon of Monday last
Between the House and the Hall."

And so, ever since that long ago,
Some fad has, every fall
Come spreading like wildfire over all schools
Like the fad of the Paisley shawl.
There were golf capes gay and raglans long,
And they passed by, each and all.

Now in a square and vertical hand
We advertise one and all
For the sweater coat left by the apple tree
After Friday's basket ball.
A graceful wrap for a ladylike girl!
Alas for the Paisley shawl.

In twenty years what style will it be
I wonder, at Rogers Hall.

Will they embroider balloon veils
To wear at the Martian balls?

But perhaps, who can tell what tricks Fashion plays,
'Twill go back to the Paisley shawl.

MARGARET BLANCHARD.

THE ADOPTION OF BETTY.

In great catastrophes, such as the San Francisco fire, the outsider is so appalled at the suffering of the stricken city as a whole, that he forgets for the time being, the individual sorrows and tragedies making up that whole. It is only after the first shock to the country has subsided that stories of personal experiences come to light. Such a story was that of the loss of little Betty Gordon.

The house in which the Gordons lived was not in that part of San Francisco seriously affected by the earthquake nor in the district at first threatened by the fire. Indeed, no one supposed that there was the slightest possibility of the flames spreading so far, and Mrs. Gordon was much ridiculed for beginning to pack

things into trunks before any of her less far-sighted neighbors thought of such a thing. But the command to vacate the premises immediately that the men with dynamite might attempt making an obstruction in the path of the now rapidly approaching flames, came as a complete surprise, even to her. the ensuing confusion, Betty Gordon with her small Chinese nurse, Ah Sing, became separated from her mother and father. were worried but not seriously alarmed, supposing that on arriving at the Presidio she would easily be found. Making their way as rapidly as possible through the crowded streets filled with the hoarse shouting and talking of many people and with the sound of trunks being dragged along the pavements, a sound like nothing ever heard before but once heard never to be forgotten, they finally reached the camp of the refugees. Here a sight met them which filled them with apprehension for Betty's safety—hundreds, even thousands of people, each with a little pile of their dearest possessions, all that remained to them perhaps of beautiful homes filled with rare ornaments from the Orient. Very few there were who had not lost some near relative or dear friend, and many faces bore traces of tears, though by now few were actually crying, everyone being occupied in trying to help those less fortunate than themselves.

To Philip Gordon and his wife the next week spent in searching the relief camps and improvised orphanages passed like a dreadful nightmare. In response to their eager, anxious question, "Is there a little girl here named Betty, about three vears old and with dark curly hair and big brown eyes?" there was always the same answer, "Come in and see for yourself, there are so many lost children to whom that description might apply." Then the little half-hope that had dared to raise itself in their hearts would sink again deeper out of sight than before. Though friends in Berkeley had given them shelter, day after day saw them in the ruined city searching through the Presidio and Golden Gate park, everywhere in fact that they heard of any children separated from their parents, but always the same discouraging failure met them. They even visited the black ruins of their home to see if by any chance Betty could have strayed back into the house. At last, discouraged and heartsick they gave up the fruitless search.

Several months later when the Gordons were again settled in a house of their own in Berkeley they decided because of their loneliness to adopt one of the little tots made fatherless and motherless by the fire, if they could find one who resembled Betty. Another weary round of visiting orphanages followed, but nowhere did they find a child exactly answering their description. The truth was that though they did not realize it, they were seeking Betty herself. Among the places visited was the home of a beautiful and wealthy woman, a Mrs. Dane, in Berkeley, who was caring for twelve children until permanent homes could be found for them. There was one little girl here whom Mr. Gordon was in favor of taking, so they went late one afternoon, to make the arrangements with Mrs. Dane. told them that the children had been having their supper, but that they might, if they wished, go up to the nursery. On the way up-stairs she told them of a little waif that had been brought to her the day before by a young missionary. He had found the child in the care of an aged Chinese woman, dressed as a Chinese child and had paid no particular attention to it until he heard it chattering in English. The old woman could give no satisfactory account of how she came into possession of her young charge so he had taken the child away with him.

By this time they had reached the nursery door and could see the babies amusing themselves until it should be bed-time, the little stranger sitting a bit apart, not yet strong enough, after the rough treatment and poor food she had received at the hands of the Chinese, to join in their playing. Mrs. Gordon stood still by the door staring with incredulous eyes at this little one, then with a cry of "Betty! Betty!" she fainted as she snatched the child to her, all the sorrow of the past months blotted out by the realization that here was her own little one almost miraculously returned to her.

JOANNA CARR.

A TRIP TO A LUMBER CAMP.

It was a bright, cool day of early September that my guide and I started out to visit a lumber camp. I had never visited one before, therefore my expectations were great, and if they were somewhat disappointed in the camp, the trip was made worth while by the wonderful scenery.

We took the tram at the bottom of the mountain and followed for some distance a plunging river which was hurrying the logs down to the sawmill. As I watched the logs moving down the stream in an endless procession I realized how great was this work of lumbering, for each day this same river floated down hundreds upon hundreds.

Presently we left the river and went almost into the heart of the mountain. On both sides of the trail lay magnificent trunks of aged trees. Those who never have seen fallen trees cannot realize the sensation one feels. It seemed almost as if they were human beings brought to some untimely end.

Everything appeared to be in confusion, yet there was a feeling that order reigned in the chaos. Why should the slaughter of these splendid trees continue for how could they be carried away? As the thought flitted across my mind, the guide pointed out to me men who were attaching the logs to an iron chain. Then horses dragged them to the river where they were dumped. The workmen hardly spoke to one another and I thought how dreary this life must be, but I quickly forgot them as a new interest held my attention. We had arrived at the very top of the mountain and the train had slowly puffed away.

I was left practically alone for my guide was busily talking with one of the workmen. Alone, I wandered away from him, attracted by a gentle splashing sound. Coming quickly around a bend in the path I chanced upon a solitary lake. It was solitary. No houses bordered its banks. Everywhere was the wilderness. Hardly a ripple stirred its waters and it almost seemed as if nothing could ever disturb it away off there. As I

stood and watched it the shadows began to lengthen. Purple tints shaded the skies and reflected their glorious colors in the depths below, thus intensifying the darkness. Slowly from behind a point of land which jutted out into the water crept a lone log. Silently it floated till presently it was lost in the shadows and I was alone again.

I turned away and wandered back to the guide, who had become much alarmed at my absence. I had no desire to inspect the rest of the camp for just the treat of being able to look upon that lonely lake had set my thoughts towards other than material things.

Daisy B. Young.

THE KING IS DEAD; LONG LIVE THE KING!

There was bustle and confusion in the streets of quaint old Roldan that beautiful September night. People were hurrying hither and thither intent on some errand which only they seemed to know about; peasants lined the city streets laughing and talking, now and then running to the road to bow and courtesy to the gentry as they passed in their carriages emblazoned with coats of arms and family crests. Everyone seemed happy and the happiness was contagious for even the very animals frisked and romped and the leaves on the trees danced up and down. Only the houses seemed to frown upon the merriment for they were draped with festoons of black crape and on every door was a wreath of withered roses.

On the top of the hill overlooking the town was the palace where the newly crowned king was holding his first ball. The carriages of the gentry and nobles of the realm came galloping up the hill and deposited their fair loads of beautiful women and gallant men upon the palace steps. The laughter of the women and the greetings of the men rang out upon the night and softly mingled with the music and laughter within, and over the palace a wonderful September moon threw its light.

The ball room was a scene of beauty and gorgeousness. At one end on a raised dais sat the young king on his throne, the bravest knights his kingdom could boast of around him.

He was a handsome boy with strong features and high coloring. His eyes sparkled with animation and his childish voice full of excitement could be heard above the more mannish voices of the knights. Often his eyes would wander to the corner where his young cousin to whom he was betrothed was sitting surrounded by admirers. Oh he was happy that night; he felt there was nothing left to wish for. His was the fairest realm in a thousand leagues to rule, his was flattery and adoration, his was the most beautiful woman in the world to marry.

"Come, more music," he cried, as, amidst a crash of cymbals the musicians ceased, "More music, a quadrille, and I shall lead it with my fair cousin. Ah beloved," as the two stood waiting for the first figure, "Thou never looked so wondrous beautiful as thou dost now. I am thy king today but in a twelfth night thou shalt be my queen and there will not be a more loyal subject in the realm than I shall be to thee."

The courtiers ceased talking as the king and his betrothed began the dance. Never, thought the loyal subjects, had there been such a handsome monarch, such a beautiful girl. Their grace, their ease, their supple young bodies bending forward and backward, now bowing, now courtesying, brought forth murmurs of admiration from the nobles and ladies who were watching every figure of the dance with the keenest interest. The women were unselfish enough to own that the queen-to-be was more lovely than they, and they were lovely, too.

Sitting on the steps of the dais was the court jester in his cap and bells. No one knew his age for he had been making the world merry while the oldest courtier was in his cradle. He had served the warrior Tesalia, the young king's uncle, then the peaceful Dalmatia, the young king's father, and now he was to serve the young king.

His mission was to make a laugh ring out from the sound of

weeping, to bring a smile to eyes bedimmed with tears, to shut doors to trouble and open windows to the sunshine.

Chombo, the fool, seemed merrier than ever this night of nights. His jests had brought tears of laughter to the eyes and down the cheeks of many of the noble company. He had danced one of the ancient Roldan dances for the king, he had sung song after song, which were satires on many of the ministers of state, to the applause of young would-be ministers, and now he was resting for a minute on the steps, chin in his hand, his ferret-like eyes fastened on his young master. The lights shone upon the hundreds of little bells which covered his clothes and they sparkled and twinkled like hundreds of little stars.

From where he sat he could see the grand staircase leading to the upper rooms. The fool had often thought that if one had to climb steps to reach heaven they would be just like this carved marble staircase.

As he looked a man came across the hall and slowly began to mount the stairs. He was clothed in a black Capuchin gown and in one hand he carried a prayer book. The jester knew him; he was Father Ravena, a holy man and the wisest in the kingdom.

Suddenly the priest stopped, and turning, looked into the ball room. His eyes met those of the fool and for a minute held them, but only for a minute for Chombo's head had fallen to his knees. When he looked up the priest was gone.

In the fool's face there was a different expression. The corners of his mouth were drawn down with pain, in his eyes was a look of misery and his delicate nostrils were quivering.

At a call from the king for another song he slowly got up and with all animation gone from his face and with an air of nonchalance he sang:

"The sun, though it sets, rises again,
Vive le roi, vive le roi,
The moon, though full, knows it must wane,
Vive le roi, vive le roi,
We struggle along through smiles and pain
Trying our best something to gain;
Vive le roi, vive le roi,
Vive le, vive le, vive le roi."

"Let's be merry though death's the end,
Vive le roi, vive le roi,
What the devil does we can't mend,
Vive le roi, vive le roi,
We have to listen, our ears attend
To a Higher Power we must bend;
Vive le roi, vive le roi,
Vive le, vive le, vive le roi."

When he had finished he walked slowly out onto the balcony and leaning against the railing, looked up at the moon, his hands clenched at his side and his lips pressed close together.

In one of the upper chambers lay the body of King Dalmatia. He who had ruled wisely and well so many years, was dead and his son was on the throne. Hardly three days had passed since the last breath had left his father's body and the

royal but unloyal son was giving his coronation ball.

Heavy curtains were drawn across all the windows but one and through the open space the moon shone full upon the face of Dalmatia. He was lying in state in the center of the room and on either side of the black draped bier a stately candle burned.

Kneeling at the head was Father Ravena telling his beads. As the music and sounds of joviality floated up to the chamber of death, the priest frowned, drew in his breath with a sobbing gasp and grasped his beads so hard it seemed as though they would break under his strong fingers.

"Blessed Lady," he prayed, "In all that forgetful company let there be one who remembers. Let there be one, Blessed Mary, who loves the memory of Dalmatia."

At the sound of a footstep he raised his head and, as if in answer to his prayer, Chombo crossed the room and without a

glance at the priest knelt down on the other side of the bier. As he slid to the floor the hundreds of little bells jingled out a merry tune. From underneath the folds of his silken doublet he drew a tiny rosary and joined the priest in prayer.

Downstairs the last dance was beginning and, as the fun had reached its height, merriment reigned supreme. Faster and faster the dancers circled the room, louder and louder grew the voices and laughter until in one huge crash of drum and cymbals the music ceased and the dancing stopped. Then the carriages came once more to the door and the gay company began to depart.

Chombo arose from his knees and stood at the open window through which the moon shone. His eyes were moist and on his cheeks glistened two drops which resembled tears. He looked down below at the happy care free people.

A number of young gallants were standing together calling, "Good night," to the belles of Roldan. Suddenly one of them took up the refrain of, "Vive le roi," and joining arms they started down the street.

The last carriage had disappeared and there was not a sound in the night air but the sound of the strong, young voices:

"To a Higher Power we must bend.

Vive le roi, vive le roi,

Vive le, vive le roi."

Fainter and fainter echoed the song and as the last sound died in the distance, Chombo crept back to the king's side.

Downstairs the lights had been extinguished and all was silent; upstairs Chombo's sobs were all that broke the stillness of the death chamber, and the moon shone full on the dead king, his two loyal subjects close by his side, the wise man and the fool.

DOROTHY RUMSEY MERCER.

UN LIED.

Ich weiss ne pas que je vous aime Weil je no longer feel the same; Quand you're around es seems to mir As if je dois to lieb dich dir.

Ich mag nicht tell you que je feel
Parce que my tongue might some trick spiel
Je suis so bashful when bei vous
Und so je schreib' ces mots à you.

Un Sprach will not erzähl' my woes
Votre schwer Herz breaks up mon repos;
So Lieb, I shick' this lettre to you
Hoping you'll say "Ach, cheer auf, do!" VIRGINIA TOWLE.

FROM ENGLAND TO SOUTH AMERICA ON A TRAMP STEAMER.

Instead of going to Liverpool or Southampton, and sailing on the Hamburg American, Royal Mail or Lamport and Holt Line, with the usual amount of flowers, candy, fruit, and steamer letters, we sailed from Barry, Wales, on a tramp steamer.

We were told that the steamer would sail on the twenty-seventh of July, but a few days later the agents wrote and said that it would be the twenty-ninth, then postponed it to the fourth of August. Finally we left Salisbury on the thirtieth not knowing when the steamer would sail and whether it would leave at all.

On reaching Barry, an interesting coaling port in southern Wales, we went directly to the hotel, which was, rather to our surprise, a very good one. The next morning we started out on an expedition to find the steamer. After we had walked some distance, asking our way of many people, we were finally told that if we walked far enough along the docks we would surely find it. We waded on through several feet of coal dust, in the end reaching the steamer. She was covered with coal also and was in fact still loading. Having asked the chief mate when the steamer was to sail, and receiving no very satisfactory answer we returned to our hotel, dirty and somewhat out of temper.

Our principal occupation for the next few days was trying to find something to do. Barry had nothing to offer of interest to the usual summer traveller, except a lovely park, and that was private property. The morning of the fourth, after having been told at short notice that we were to leave that day, we went on board, and even though it was Sunday, found all hands busy preparing for our departure. I never in all my life hope to see such a dirty ship again! She was still covered with coal dust from the fo'castle to the poop. They had no gang plank by which we could go on board, but put two of the covers from off the hatches dome, and then two of the quarter-masters held a dirty rope of which we were supposed to take hold much to our disgust. We were then shown to our cabins, such as they were. The agents in London, from whom we had bought our tickets, had assured us that the accommodations would be all right, and said: "Just wait until you see our cabins!" It was fortunate for the agents that we hadn't seen them before, for if we had, we certainly would never have gone on this line. They were so small that the trunks would hardly go in and when once there, it was all one person could do to move around. Imagine two! The bunks were narrow, and as hard as boards, but this was by no means the end of our troubles, for after the first meal we found that the food was very poor, that the table talk not as pleasant as it ought to have been, although after the first meal it improved a little.

My mother and I were the only first-class passengers, and before the end of the voyage it became exceedingly monotonous

with no one to talk to except the officers, and they weren't particularly prepossessing. The doctor was an opium fiend, the cook and stewards had the faculty of continually burning themselves or getting hurt.

After leaving Wales we stopped for emigrants in Spain, at Coruña and Vigo. As we entered the harbor of Vigo early one morning when the sun was shining brightly upon the town, with its houses of pink, red, yellow, green, and blue, it seemed more like the scene of a play than an actual city. We went on shore to see the town and found the people most inquisitive, and eager to exclaim over every foreigner they saw. The women wore gaudy colors and all carried something on their heads, making their walk very straight. While the women were working the men were sitting around in the public square smoking cigarettes and gossiping about the events of the day. The town itself was very dirty and the narrow streets went either up hill or down.

As we were leaving the harbor our whistle pipe broke, and as they did not care to stop then, and have it fixed, it was useless for the rest of the voyage. Before we were entirely out of sight of Vigo we picked up about twenty men, some of which were convicts fleeing from justice, and others were escaping so that they would not have to serve their time in the army. This was rather exciting, and as the officers did not know just where these men would join the steamer, they were obliged to signal to all the small sail boats and tugs that they saw.

The next twenty-two days were uneventful. The only land we saw during that time were the Canary Islands, and the Island of Fernando de Noranlia, the Brazilian convict station. Here we went a little out of our course to enable us to signal our position, so that they might report to England. The island looked surprisingly inviting for a convict station, and through the glasses we could see some people walking around it.

Montevideo was the first port in South America at which we stopped. A day or so before arriving there, it became very foggy so that it was impossible to take the sun, and thus find out the exact position of the ship. The afternoon before reaching Montevideo it was still foggy and since we were unable to use our whistle the ship had to fairly creep along. Mother and I

went up on deck to see if by any chance we could see land, as the fog was then beginning to lift. We didn't know where we were and I secretly think the officers didn't know either. We were heading right for the shore and were only about a mile away from it. Imagine what would have happened if the fog had not lifted when it did!

However, we reached Montevideo safely the next morning, but it was so rough that it was impossible to go on shore, so we anchored about two miles out, and remained outside for about forty-eight hours, while the waves and wind tossed and blew us about unrelentingly. At the end of this time we were finally able to land, and then Mother and I proceeded to Buenos Ayres by the night boat, joyous at finally leaving our tramp steamer.

GLADYS LAWRENCE.

SKETCHES.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY BALLAD.

The old hockey stick lay upon the shelf, And a tear shone bright in his eye. Oh, why, oh, why am I old and torn And put up here to die?

In many a fight have I been full brave,
And many a victory won;
Still am I fresh, and still am I gay,
Oh, tell me why I'm undone.

I have played for many a year, a year,
A lady's pet have I been.
But a fine, new stick now takes my place,
So I think it a sin, a sin.

Said the saucy new stick to the scarred and the old, Just look at those holes in thy limbs, Not a ball could ye hit, every goal ye would miss, And thy chances of victory be slim.

High on your shelf ye may boast, ye may brag, But high on your shelf ye shall stay. Remember as I come to play in your place That "every dog must have his day."

Then the old, old stick heaved a bitter sigh So unkind did fate appear. His pride was so hurt, his dismissal so curt That he shed a sticky tear.

Thus the bright new stick sallied forth on the field
And so improved his glorious days,
That he died of a very much swollen head,
And "Splinters" sang e'er of his praise.

MILDRED MOSES.

A MOTION CARRIED.

The club room was a wide, new back yard fence. Confusion reigned supreme—from the sedate old president to the youngest and friskiest member.

"Order, order," the head meowed his loudest, and because of this stern command, quiet was gradually restored.

Then a very pompous old cat, evidently a member of long standing, spoke up. "It is known to all of us that the time has come when something must be done to do away with our new enemy Rastus, the black collie. In behalf of us all I wish to ask if there is any among us strong enough to hold out against him?"

Now for many a year in this particular neighborhood, this club had reigned supreme, with no rude intruders to disturb its peace. But all their seclusion had now been broken up, for a new family had moved in near by and had brought with them a frisky, barking young pup.

"Shall we stand this terrible heathen any longer?" The question rose clear and loud in the quiet night air. In answer to this, shriek after shriek from all ends of the fence cut the air. With this, shoes and the like came flying down and the majestic old president showed amazing signs of youth and activity, dodging the missiles like one long used to it.

Then the club members used great discretion and remained quiet for some time, until all was still again.

One fussy young kitten broke the silence, "I can stand this no longer. I no sooner have my coat licked clean, my whiskers cut in the latest style, all ready for a call, than that cur comes along. Then I lose all my glossiness of coat in hair-raising scrambles up a tree."

To this the pompous one replied, "Why not take a stand and defy him?"

"By George, I never thought of that! Show me the enemy just once more and I shall put him to flight with one look from my fiery eye!"

The words were no sconer meowed when terrible sounds rent the air, "Bow-wow-wow," one after another. Such a scrambling as there was, old cats forgot their rheumatism, young kittens their manners, each one rushed on for his own safety, and at the head of them all was the young braggart with the fiery eye.

MILDRED MOSES.

MY GARDEN.

With me my garden takes the place of friends, books, pets and many other things which people usually deem necessary to their happiness. Perhaps, dear reader, you may have a great pity for me in your heart, but when you hear about my garden you will envy me instead. It is behind my house and the three sides of it are enclosed by a high board fence. That probably does not bring such a very pretty picture to your mind but just stop and think how it looks when these high walls are concealed by a dense covering of rambler roses!

When these are in blossom they fill the entire yard with their sweet odor, while the bright pinks and crimsons of the flowers blend together making a wonderful sight. When summer comes and their blossoms are gone, the fence is covered with the dark, shiny green leaves which I sometimes think I love better than the more gorgeous flowers.

Enough about the boundaries of my little garden for I must now tell you how it is laid out. There is a narrow path down the middle of it. This path is lined with a hedge of carberry bushes which, in the late summer and autumn, are profusely covered with bright red berries, giving warmth and cheeriness to the somber autumn scene. From this path there are many other paths winding in and out among the various beds of flowers. These paths are covered with grass, which is my especial pride to keep very neatly trimmed.

In July and August my garden is most beautiful. Then one bed with pansies, the soft purples and blues of their sweet faces are always a comfort to me-of all flowers pansies really have the most variety. They are like people in that respect; you never see two purple pansies just alike. So you who have never cared for pansies, thinking they were simple little flowers, look at them again and see how sweet and interesting they really are. Around my pansies I always plant a row of that most refreshing of all flowers, mignonette. Near the somber pansies I have bright and gay nasturtiums which often keep their cheery faces concealed in the fresh green leaves. Farther over near the fence is a bed of sweet peas in two long rows, for sweet peas you know, are always planted in rows. How delicate and pretty they look decked out in their dainty dresses and pale lavender. Then in the center I have a large round bed filled with shasta daisies, their white heads standing out pure and upright in contrast to their gay companions. On the other side of my garden is a bed filled with that sweetest of flowers, heliotrope. Surrounding this is some dear little candy tuft. I also have phlox here and, after all, how pretty phlox is, even if most people have discarded it from their gardens, as too common a flower. There also are bachelor buttons, poppies and marigolds. Last but not least are the beautiful old hollyhocks and sunflowers, how stately they are, how they sway gracefully to and fro in the wind and bend their heavy heads under the rain, always bright, always cheerful. If you do not

love my beautiful garden from this very feeble description, I only ask you to think how much better the reality is.

CAROL CALHOUN.

HIS NURSE.

"Muvver, Muvver, is you goin' to leave me Muvver? I'se lonesome and the room's so dark."

It was a fair haired, chubby baby of two who lay in his little bed, trying so hard not to cry, for he was a manly little fellow, and did not like to own that he was afraid.

His mother had come to kiss him good night before she went out for the evening.

"Haven't I always told you that God is here, taking care of you?"

"Ye-e-e-s," he answered in a quavering, half convinced voice. "Is he in the next room?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then kiss me good night and leave the door open."

The room was so dark that he was perfectly sure there were terrible monsters all around him, but when he got to shivering too much, he remembered his "Muvver's" comforting words. At last, after what seemed a long, long time he heard his mother's step on the stairs. Quickly he ran to the door of the room. "You may go now, God," he called, "Muvver has come."

When his mother reached his room he was fast asleep.

DOROTHY H. MORSE.

CROCHETING TIES.

No explanation is needed, the title is enough. Such a wave of industry that has swept over the school! You round a corner and there is a girl crocheting for dear life. You walk in the park on a warm day and run into a tie party. It seems almost impossible to avoid these industrious people and most difficult to escape the fever itself. The work certainly is fasci-

nating. I speak from experience. You punch your needle through the little hole and draw up your thread and then in again and up again. Every once in a while you hold your breath for fear you have dropped a stitch. Everyone is making a tie for Father. Some girls are fairly giving Father a whole stock of ties. You really wonder if he will ever wear them out, they are so numerous and of so many kinds and colors. the gav stripes in popular college colors that are sent to him. You can't help thinking that those fond parents have attended an extraordinary number of colleges. However I should hate to say how many girls' reputations for truthfulness have been ruined forever when certain unconcious young men appear on Saturday gayly smiling over the stripes of Father's ties. The fad for crocheting these wonderful creations is still at its height, but the question is, how long will it last? Such enthusiasm can't endure forever and it will be a very short time before there will be "nary" a tie in sight. CORNELIA COOKE.

THE ORIGIN OF TRIMMED HATS.

Curiosity is becoming a catalogued emotion, but it has not yet been respectably buried, for a friend of mine recently questioned me about the origin of trimmed hats, so I told him the following story:

Centuries ago the only headgear was such as is worn in Korea; a broad, untrimmed hat, with a band around the crown.

As you remember, hunting was one of the most popular sports, the game being plentiful and accessible. One afternoon, a young girl, wandering through a forest, felt something drop on her hat, but she soon forgot the incident. Later, when she was stooping over a stream, great was her surprise to see a real red robin gracefully perched on her black straw hat. Vanity so far overcame her womanly tenderness, for the hat was now vastly becoming, that she carried the hat home, bird and all.

She was compelled to hide the treasure, for in that crude and uncivilized age ornithological specimens as trimmings would have been considered inhuman. After all sorts of tortures of repression, she dared all and wore the hat. Among the reproaches, which were a natural consequence, one could distinguish envy; but prejudice soon gave way to style.

It required great skill, hence expense, and let me add, practice, to shoot a songster of just the correct shade, then to shoot it in such a way that it would land in the most approved fashion.

Ladies first bought their gowns, then hastened to the forest or woods, where they wandered for days until the archer milliner could sight a bird of just the correct tint. Sometimes, after falling, the tilt of the left wing seemed unnatural, then all the tiresome suspense had to be undergone again.

Women in time, reasoning, I will not say by what process, evolved the present method of trimming, and we are still hunting for style!

Frances Herman.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ALICE-FOR-SHORT.

In this book, William de Morgan gives us a wonderfully clear picture of life and makes his characters live for us as only an artist can. The story is laid in London among people of a rather high social standing, who have adopted a little waif and it is around her the interest centres. As a child she is delightful, an odd, reticent little creature, whom the irresistible humor of the author makes quaint and funny beyond description. She is not less delightful when she is a woman, for she is so sweet and tender, yet as fun-loving and mischievous as one could wish.

The plot seems, perhaps, long-drawn out and full of unimportant details in comparison to many modern novels, but I think we know the people better for it and surely they are old friends when we leave them. They speak of very trivial things, but, as the author says, people in every day life don't always say important things so they can't in books.

The hard, ignorant cruelty with which the children of the slums are familiar is made more tragic because of the laughing, cynical way the author treats it. They grow up not realizing the barrenness of their lives, but taking it all for granted with pathetic unconsciousness. The following is an example.

"The battle was by now beginning to tell on Goody Pepperment," this being a nickname given Alice's mother, "as Hallice saw by a gleam in the eye that rolled toward her as its owner drank her tea and rum, or rather rum and tea; and she anticipated an affectionate stage, which would have been welcome in itself but for an anticipation of other stages that would probably follow. Indeed had Hallice been asked when she was fondest of her mother, she would probably have said when she was snoring. There was security in her snore."

Poor little half-starved child! Life was very serious to her and she found little or nothing to laugh at or be gay about until dear "Mr. Charley" carried her away. We pity "Mr. Charley," too, and we feel that, in spite of his gay exterior, his unfortunate marriage saddened his life.

I doubt if the book has any deep or hidden purpose; it is simply a sweet, true story, whose people live and breathe, laugh and cry like all the world, for men and women are alike everywhere in the black cellars of the London slums and in the big house on the hill.

MARGARET BLANCHARD.

JOSEPH VANCE.

Most of the popular novels of today are bright, interesting stories, but very evidently written for "filthy lucre," while Mr. de Morgan's "Joseph Vance" seems to have been written for the love of writing. The book has little plot work: It is the story of a well-spent life, leisurely told, and with a pleasant English vein of humor running through it, which reminds one very delightfully of Thackeray. Many people, in fact, have called the book a mixture of Thackeray and Dickens—like Thackeray in its subtle humor, its charming bits of philosophy, and its character drawing; and like Dickens in its feeling of

fellowship for London's lower class. Thackeray's cynicism, however, the author has very happily escaped.

All the people in the story are made to stand out very clearly, and when one has finished the book, he feels as if he had met many delightful and human people. "Joe" himself, dear little "Nipper" growing up into such a kindly English Don Quixote; "Lossie" the beloved, with her impulsive motherliness; that good hearted philosopher, Dr. Thorpe, who knew "God would make it all right in the end." Mrs. Vance, with her remarkable grammar—and best of all, the hero's father, Christopher Vance. It seems to me that he is one of the best characters of modern times, and I am exceedingly sorry for the people who have not made his acquaintance, and who have not enjoyed his delightful wit.

Like Thackeray's novels, "Joseph Vance's" greatest charm lies in the author's wide knowledge of human nature, and in his portraits of London folk, one can recognize the faults, virtues and little mannerisms of many of his own circle of friends. "Joseph Vance" is not only worth a second reading, it really deserves one, for it packed full of good thoughts, which cannot all be appreciated at the first reading. VIRGINIA TOWLE.

"COMRADE JOHN."

"Comrade John" was produced by the co-operation of Samuel Merwin and Henry K. Webster, both writers being already well-known through the popularity of two of their former stories, "Calumet 'K'" and "The Short-line War." The books by these authors are full of life and a breezy western atmosphere; the characters are, for the most part, shrewd, calculating men, interested in some difficult feat of engineering or some practical business scheme and the stories are all typically American.

"Comrade John" deals with the wonderful success—and failure of a new "religion," a theme especially well-adapted to interest us at this present day when everyone eagerly grasps at the new, the novel, in whatsoever line it may be. The prophet

of this new faith, Herman Stein, is a strange mixture of Dowie and that other leader of a new thought which is still flourishing and reaping immense profits, and of which the theory, that one must "build character and soul, which together make beauty, by working with the hands," is the basis.

The subordinate interest in the book is in the redemption, through the love of a woman, of the hero, John Chance, who consents to aid Stein's duplicity with his own engineering skill, not realizing, at the time, the great wrong he is committing. The special value of the story lies in the fact that it is a theme of vital interest to the average mind of this restless age.

Louise Emerson.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

MY GHOST.

I was sitting in a high pasture, deeply absorbed in a book of thrilling ghost stories, when it suddenly occurred to me that it was getting very dark and very late, and that I had better go home at once. I arose from my seat of moss feeling stiff and lazy. The way home was through a lonely bit of woods and then down a long, dreary road. Somehow, I dreaded the walk home and kept thinking how foolish I had been not to have gone home sooner.

At last rousing myself from my drowsiness, I laughed at my fears and started off. However, the ghost stories had worked on my imagination until I could not forget them. Of course I really did not believe in ghosts, but suppose there was a kind of ghostly apparition?

What were those footsteps behind me? I turned around quickly and beheld a tall, white object, running, or what seemed to me, gliding towards me. I gave a scream and ran for my life. What could this be, but a ghost? And there was no knowing what it would do to me!

Though I ran as I had never run before, it seemed hours to me before I came to the road, and infinite years before I came in sight of my home. Twice only, did I dare look back, and each time the ghost seemed to be gaining on me.

Breathless with running, I dashed into the house and stammered, "A Ghost—chased—me—down the road!" My mother and father cruelly laughed and father glanced out of the window, to see if the ghostly apparition were still in sight.

He turned around, laughing heartily. "Why, that is the Perkins' gentle old white cow! They must have forgotten to take her in!"

ALICE T. BILLINGS.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE'S WORLD.

It was a warm afternoon in midsummer. The schoolroom was close and quiet. Ann Marjorie's hand ached from carefully fashioning the letters in the copy book. She was sleepy too, and soon the dull buzzing of the bees became only a drone.

The black letters on the copy book danced before her eyes, and finally danced away. The little girl was in dreamland.

A queer little man led her along narrow, narrow paths where branches of great trees on either side met overhead. Soon she came to an open field where many little children in bright colored gowns danced around a maypole. They seemed to be having a good time but they said never a word. The queer little man told Ann Marjorie that this was the field of silence and fun, where little girls came who had talked too much in the big people's world. On they went to the "field of perpetual motion," where little boys and girls were always running about and waiting on each other. The queer little man said, "These are the people who had been lazy in the big people's world."

Finally they came to a cool wood and from all the trees little Teddy Bears winked at Ann Marjorie, and a crystal like stream flowed along over the beautiful jewel pebbles.

Ann Marjorie had always wanted a Teddy Bear so she wished to stay in this field. The little man told her that she

must not go near the stream or try to gather the beautiful pebbles. Then he left her.

In a little while she forgot his warning and wandered to the edge of the brook. Then she leaned over and was just about to pick out the lovliest pebble of all when a Teddy Bear pushed her and down, down, down she fell till her head struck something hard. It was the desk in the schoolroom, and there was Miss Smith bending over her and saying that school was dismissed.

RUTH BILL.

A MASQUERADE BALL.

During my vacation last summer, I visited my aunt in W—— and while there, met two sisters with whom I became acquainted in about five minutes.

One afternoon the telephone rang and when my aunt answered it she found it was one of them, who wanted to know if I would like to go to a masquerade ball in a neighboring barn that evening.

"Like to go!", why I was simply crazy to go but,—that abominable "But," how many times we would like to get it out of the way!—I had no costume and being away from home, where could I get one?

However, my aunt, after hunting around for a while, produced two large American flags and a gold paper crown in which I impersonated the Goddess of Liberty.

With what great anticipation I looked forward to this, it would be impossible to tell, but when I tell you it was my first masquerade you may have an idea.

My friends and I made up together and walked in a pelting rain (but what of that?) to the barn.

When we crossed the threshold we stopped short, for the sight that met our eyes was enough to make anybody pause.

We thought we had strayed into a circus. The barn was strung with Japanese lanterns, and the floor was just right for dancing, and what dancers there were! There was a darkey, a clown, a Swiss maiden, a ballet dancer, an Indian maid whose costume was very comical, being made of a bright red blanket, some sort of leggings and a large feather duster stuck in a jaunty red cap. Her face was painted black and red and she was a "sight"—there was no other word for it.

There was also a rough rider and many more characters represented. One boy was very funny with a blue dress and pink sash and hair ribbon. His hair was curled and until the unmasking I thought him a girl.

When we had danced to the music of a graphophone until we were tired we had corn balls and ice cream.

We ate until we could eat no more and at ten o'clock we parted with many thanks to our hostess for our delightful evening.

BONNEY LILLEY

THE DUKE'S REVENGE.

"The Duke" belonged to a country doctor, but his position did not in the least lower his estimation of his own personal attractions. Indeed, there was a no more conceited horse in the whole country than "the doctor's Duke." He showed it in the poise of his handsome head, in the flash of his great brown eyes and in the very tread of each dainty foot.

The most dominant trait in "the Duke's" character, aside from his pride, was his dislike of women. He prided himself that it took a man's firm hand to control him and a man's steady voice to quiet him. He could not endure the unsteady touch of a woman's hand upon the reins or the gentle tones of a woman's voice. Moreover he expected everyone to humor his whims.

Imagine, then, "the Duke's" astonishment when he was harnessed one morning to a carriage containing four women and driven to a lake, five miles away by the doctor's daughter, a young woman about twenty-five years old. Astonishment kept him under control during the trip to the lake. Meditation kept him passably quiet during his stay there. It was not until he was being harnessed for the return trip that the crisis came. As he was being backed into the shafts, a breeze blew a branch of an overhanging birch across his face. That was the last

outrage his proud spirit would endure. He would have his revenge and he would have it then. With a snort of anger he reared upon his hind legs, throwing the doctor's daughter beneath his hoofs which were poised a moment in the air and then lowered with a frightful thud to the ground. Ah! he was just too late, for in a second the girl was upon her feet beside "the Duke" who was trembling in every limb. His red nostrils were dilating with every breath. In vain the courageous young woman tried to lead him from under the bushes. Not a step would he stir until a man, who had come at the call of one of the other women, appeared upon the hill. In an instant "the Duke" became as gentle as a little kitten. He allowed the man to lead him into the road, finish harnessing him and even to place the reins into the hands of the doctor's daughter. He was perfectly satisfied. He had shown a woman that there were two things to which she must yield herself, the will of a horse, and the superiority RUTH WEDGE. of a man.

THE ALGEBRA PROBLEM.

I sat at my desk during the evening study, trying in vain to work out an algebra problem. I had worked and worked until my head ached, and it wouldn't come out right.

I leaned back in my chair, tired of thinking, and sunk in the depths of despair.

"I'd give anything, oh anything, if only this problem will come out right," said I. "I have tried and tried—" "You have not tried," said a small squeaky voice, which seemed to come from the page. Startled, I leaned forward, looking closely at the page.

What I saw there was a very tiny thing, shaped like a square, transparent, and with legs, and arms, and head like a human being. It squatted on the book, and began speaking.

"You see," it said, "I am the Algebra Problem. I am a very easy one, very easy indeed. You can tell that I am easy because I am transparent, so that if you thought and tried hard, you could see through me easily."

"But I think you are very hard," said I, "and others think so, too."

"Blockheads!" snapped the Algebra Problem. "Why don't they think? But I suppose," he added, calming down a little, "they don't know how to work. They have brains, but they don't know how to use them."

I was very anxious to change the subject, you may be sure, so I said, "Tell me more about yourself, Algebra Problem."

"Well," it said, "there is nothing much to tell. I have brothers and sisters, many of them, some harder, some easier than I. Wait until you meet my harder brothers, and you will never think that I am hard again. Those that are harder are more cloudy, less transparent, than I. Most people hate us, but for no reason except that they do not know us, for those that do know us like us very much. By the way, you said you would give anything if I would come out right, didn't you?"

"Did I? Well, yes, I suppose I did," said I, "and I hold to my word. I will give anything within my power."

"I am going now, so I will tell you what I want, and if you give it, I promise that I will come out all right. I want you to give me your mind."

"How can I give you that?" said I in dismay.

"Concentrate it upon me entirely. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," I replied, and then I gave a start, which awakened me from my day-dream to a full realization of the fact that the wretched problem was still undone.

"But I shall keep my promise to the Algebra Problem," thought I.

I buried myself in my work, unconscious of outside things, for the space of ten minutes, at the end of which I announced triumphantly that the problem was done, and correctly, too.

GWYNETH BROWNE.

SCHOOL NEWS.

THE THANKSGIVING RECESS.

The last carriage door had banged, the last good-bye had been said and the girls who were to remain at school entered the house, feeling just a trifle homesick after the flurry of departure. But all fond thoughts of Thanksgiving at home were soon forgotten and we began to enjoy our holidays.

In the afternoon most of the girls went to Boston to see the "Red Mill" and returned humming snatches of "The Isle of My Dreams" and other favorites. When we assembled at dinner we found the dining room very cozy and homelike with its one long table, and after dinner we just "did nothing" to assure ourselves that vacation had really begun.

Thanksgiving morning everyone went driving and many were the pilgrimages to a certain very interesting town near by, and many were the dilemmas over contradictory guide posts and wayward quadrupeds. However, after numerous and startling adventures, all returned in time for the event of the day, the Thanksgiving dinner. There were several guests at dinner and best of all, a dear, white-haired grandmother whose presence gave the old-fashioned Thanksgiving spirit to the occasion. After dinner all the girls went for a walk and the day closed with feasts from bountiful Thanksgiving boxes.

Friday, we were allowed the delightful luxury of sleeping late and taking breakfast at "Page's," but few availed themselves of this privilege as several of the girls left for Boston on an early train and the rest of us who couldn't sleep, for the simple reason that we didn't have to get up, went down town or driving. In the evening the Thanksgiving boxes were again greatly in evidence.

A trip to Boston seemed the proper form of amusement for Saturday so we all took an early train for the city where we went to see the "Rose of the Rancho" or "The Little Cherub," after stopping at "Huyler's" for numberless fudge ice creams. There

were some farseeing maidens who even shopped industriously for Christmas presents.

The girls who had gone home for the Thanksgiving recess began to return Saturday afternoon and we who had been left behind realized that our vacation was over.

MARY WALKER.

THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO.

If you have not seen the Rose of the Rancho, when you hear the name you probably think of a beautiful rose growing on some noted ranch. But in this case it is personified by Miss Frances Starr. The setting to this Rose was an old Spanish town in southern California at the time of the American invasion.

Frances Starr was extremely clever. She certainly knew her rôle for her moods were perfect. Her mock recklessness in the second act was charming. Although Spanish in spirit there were often traces of her Yankee father.

Charles Richman, the man who took the part of Mr. Kearney, was almost too boyish in the first act, especially when he was asking Juanita for the papers of the Ranch. But in the other acts he was more serious, and everybody felt perfectly satisfied with him. He seemed to have more strength of character and to be more a man.

What a different sort of being was Don Luis, Juanita's other lover! He was too pretty for a man, and yet he reminded one of Mephistopheles. He dressed in the gay clothes of a Spanish fop. The hot Spanish blood in his veins made him quick to take offence, though all his actions were always put off until "tomorrow." He seemed to have no stability of character, but was always the picturesque, romantic lover.

Padré Antonio, the superior of the Mission, was the confessor of the people of San Juan. His greatest sorrow was to sit by while his people were being driven out from their ranches and homes of their ancestors by the Gringoes. To a casual observer Padré was the rigid priest, but he was human to the heart, and for Juanita whom he loved passionately, he would do anything.

He was the only person who understood her narrow-minded mother, and with great skill he played into the hands of both, but always with the view of giving the palm to Juanita. The man who took the part did it more than justice.

The part of Kinkaid was very well taken, but his character is so repulsive that it is likely no one noticed the excellency of the acting. He was a Montana "landjumper" at the time in California. He was a man who had respect for nothing and nobody. He even had no regard for the church. Thoroughly hated by all, the only man from whom he would take commands was Mr. Kearney. First, because he thought him to be in the same business as himself, and second, because he was the stronger man.

These are only the principal characters; the others went chiefly to make up the background. It can be said with truth that all did their rôles well. The detail of the acting, the costumes, scenery, and properties, in their faithfulness to Spanish life were works of art, and showed the skill and artistic merit that we have come to associate with Mr. Belasco's name.

DOROTHY DOWNER.

THE DRAG RIDES.

We were very fortunate during the fall in having two perfectly splendid drag rides. The weather has been so beautiful that it has been a pleasure just to be out of doors, but driving through the country has been ideal. On our first trip we had two drags, and drove through the Billericas and Tewksbury, and there stopped at the grocery store and post office combined, to invest in every eatable object that could be bought. To be sure we were very busy eating after that, but not so busy that we failed to notice how beautiful the country was. Long stretches of gray and brown were relieved by touches of red and a little green.

Our last trip came three weeks later in which time great changes had taken place in the coloring. The gray was very gray, the brown had a grayish tinge, and the red was entirely gone. The country seemed just ready for a snowstorm though the air was like that of a May Day. We drove around by Haggett's Pond, and through West Andover to Andover, and there stopped at the corner drug store—this time for something to drink. It became dark when we were about half way home and the best part of the drive was going through those woods in the dark. We never thought of feeling "spooky" about it, though, for I guess we were making too much noise ourselves; just that kind of noise that causes people who hear it to say, "There is a crowd of girls, and everyone is having a good time!" Helen B. Huffman.

THE MUSICALE.

Saturday evening December the eighth was the date for the yearly Musicale given by Mrs. Underhill; this is one of the most delightful occasions of the Rogers Hall year, to which we look forward all the fall term. The concert is followed by a dance which, as it is the first of the season, is the cause of much excitement. About seven o'clock that evening could be heard among the girls such exclamations as these, "Oh, how adorable you are to-night!" "My dear, how gorgeous your hair looks!" "I love your flowers, they're perfect—who sent them?" Soon the guests began to arrive, among them the men whom the girls had been permitted to ask.

At eight o'clock the party assembled in the large school room to listen to Signor Picco sing, and to selections rendered by Miss Glorvigen on the piano and Mrs. Parke on the violin. Signor Picco has a voice of much power and virility. It is a true baritone and his middle range is exceptionally good.

After Miss Glorvigen had finished I heard a man near me say "That woman plays wonderfully, her scales sound like running water." This statement was certainly correct for every note was as clear as a bell. Miss Glorvigen has an unusual amount of strength and a beautiful touch which enables her to put a great deal of expression into her playing. She has what artists call "temperament" which I think in this case means a

great deal of fire and force combined with much sweetness. Certainly she has won the love and admiration of all her students.

Mrs. Parke plays the violin with much freedom and ease, her high notes being especially good. The audience was at all times charmed with her playing, particularly in her last selection, the "Hungarian Dance" of Brahms.

After the Musicale a delightful buffet luncheon was served, and then the dancing began. Without a doubt this was one of the most charming dances that has ever been given at Rogers Hall.

The programme of the Musicale was as follows:

Suite for Viole Allegro Rondo						•	٠	٠		. Schutt
Mattinata										. Tosti
Love Abiding	•									. Jordan
May Morning	•		•		•	•	•	٠		. Denza
Nachtstück										Schuman
Liebestraum I Etudes de Con	No. 3 ncert	3, A : : No.	flat 3, 1	majo D flat	r ma	jor }	٠.			. Liszt
Humoresque				•		•	٠	٠		Dvorak
Humoresque Intermezzo										
										Brahms
Intermezzo	ance							В	rahm	Brahms
Intermezzo Hungarian Da	ance							В	rahm	Brahms as-Joachim Lontano
Intermezzo Hungarian Da Di Pietro	ance							B	rahm	Brahms as-Joachim Lontano . Denza

MISS JOHANNE GLORVIGEN, Pianist

Mrs. Carolyn Belcher Parke, Violinist
Signor Giuseppe Picco, Baritone
Margaret Stephenson

FENWAY COURT.

As usual, the day we planned to go to Fenway Court was a snowy one, but we all put on overshoes, and started on our way rejoicing, for some of us had visited Mrs. Jack Gardner's palace before, and knew what a treat was in store for us.

By the time we reached Fenway it was so windy that we had no thought other than getting inside, and we did not stop to notice the exterior longer than to see a very pretentious building modeled after an Italian palace. The side entrance, the one used by the public, had no particular interest for us but once inside we were surrounded by wonders. The room to the right of the entrance contains the pictures of the modern artists, among them two of Whistler's, also that beautiful Venetian scene by Mancini which I remember especially.

After seeing this room we passed on to the court in which is the Italian garden. It seemed to me that I had stepped into another world—perhaps a fairy world. A land of flowers and fountains instead of a city of ice and snow. Since our time was limited we could not stay here as long as we wished, for there were many things yet to see.

On the second floor the first room was the Chinese, in which are some beautiful embroidered tapestries from the Winter palace at Pekin. Here also are many interesting screens, cabinets and Chinese curios. The most beautiful picture is that of the "Standard Bearer of the Harvest Festival" in which the coloring is very wonderful.

From here we passed into the Raphael room which is full of famous paintings. There are three by Raphael, a sketch, the portrait of "Inghirami and the Pieta," which was originally the predella for the altar at Perugia. There are also paintings here by Fra Lippo Lippi, Fra Angelico, Mantegua, Crivelli and others.

The next room we visited was the Dutch room, the inlaid ceiling of which Mrs. Gardner brought from Rome. In this room are the pictures by Rembrandt, among them the "Storm at Sea."

Going upstairs we saw the rooms which contained the jewels of Mrs. Gardner's collection. The "Coronation of Hebe" by Verones, gives this room its name of Veronese. The wall hangings are of Spanish leather, and here also are other pictures

by Whistler. The next room is the Titian, in which is Titian's "Rape of Europe," also his "Anne of Austria" and her mother, and a "Head of Christ" by Giorgione which to me is the most beautiful of the paintings.

The last room was the long gallery to the little chapel. Here hung two Botticellis, the Chigi Madonna, and the only Giotto in the country. We were fortunate in seeing Mrs. Gardner herself here, to whom certainly the Rogers Hall girls are indebted, as is everyone who visits her beautiful palace.

HELEN B. HUFFMAN.

WHITTIER'S CENTENNIAL.

As we are all true American girls, we celebrated, on December seventeenth, the centennial of one of our American poets, John Greenleaf Whittier.

Instead of having the last two recitations on that day, we all stayed in the schoolroom and listened to sketches of the life and character of the Quaker poet. Some of his poems were also read, and then Miss Parsons thought we all ought to refresh our memories on the subject of "Barbara Frietchie." So while she read that poem, we repeated it with her, or tried to. If our voices were faint in some places, they certainly came in strong on the lines:

"Shoot if you must, this old grey head, But spare your country's flag," she said.

The program was as follows:
Whittier's Life Henshaw Waters
Whittier's Poetry Dorothy Downer
Some Glimpses of Whittier Mildred Moses
Reading From Whittier's Poems,
The Pressed Gentian \
Trailing Arbutus Eleanor Cushing
The Eternal Goodness Cornelia Cooke
The Farewell Denothy Mona
A Song for the Time Dorothy Morse
The Barefoot Boy Gladys Lawrence
In School Days Meta Wake
Pipes of Lucknow Ruth Griffin
Swan Song of Parson Avery
Mary Garwin Helen Huffman
ALICE W. CONE.

THE ORPHANS' CHRISTMAS.

In the "old days" at Rogers Hall the girls used to have a Christmas tree in the gym the night before they went home for the holidays. On the tree they hung jokes for one another and all sorts of ridiculous things. We girls of the "new days" have followed the old custom only we have changed the joke part and instead have presents on the tree for the little orphans of the Edison Orphanage.

We always have great fun planning for the little boys. They all write letters to Santa Claus which we beg from the matron and try to be Santa Clauses and answer. Then the night before we leave they all come up and I believe we all enjoy the evening as much as they do.

But this year—well, we were terribly disappointed not only for ourselves but for the poor little boys who would probably have to stay in bed Christmas day.

For the day before the Christmas vacation began, December the twentieth, it was rumored at the breakfast table that the Orphans could not come to the school that evening for their Christmas tree.

"What!" one girl exclaimed, "can't the boys come? Why the tree is all decorated and their beloved ice cream ordered."

"Its a perfect shame" came from the other end of the table "those poor little things threatened with diphtheria, just before Christmas at that. I never realized how much I had looked forward to their coming until now."

Finally a bright and shining light had a brilliant idea—"Why can't we send the tree, presents and the refreshments to them?" We followed out the very good suggestion and when Dr. Chambré came the first Wednesday after we returned to school he said that in spite of the illness the children thoroughly enjoyed Christmas and that they were progressing splendidly.

Next year we will certainly have to make their Christmas a far better one than they have ever had so as to make up for the many disappointments we all had this Christmas.

ELEANOR S. CUSHING.

THE OLD GIRLS' DANCE.

On the first Saturday, January eleventh, after our return from the holidays, the New Girls invited us Old Girls to a dance in the Gymnasium. Eight o'clock, the time when the bell rang in the three Houses to tell us that the fun was about to commence, found us with our lovely flowers awaiting the arrival of our "gallant cavaliers." They came promptly evidently anticipating as much as we, the good time which was before us. The Supper Dance, a Virginia Reel, was a pretty and original change from the usual round dances. The supper itself was such a success that we think the girls who planned it deserve much credit. After the twelfth and last dance, we left appreciating very much the enjoyable time the New Girls had given us, but wishing for "just one more dance." Joanna Carr.

THE MOONLIGHT SKATING PARTY.

Great was the rejoicing when Miss Parsons said she would take some of us skating one Saturday evening.

A more perfect evening could not have been wished for. The air was clear and crisp, the moon threw its brilliant light upon the ice, making the meadows almost as bright as day.

We arrived at the meadows about eight o'clock; and everyone made haste to get her skates on. There were groans and wails when someone could not fasten a strap. The ice was perfect, save that there were holes here and there, which in the night time were difficult to see, and gave a thrill of excitement to our fun. At nine o'clock we took the car for home stopping on the way for hot chocolate, Miss Parsons' treat.

There were twelve tired but happy individuals, who returned home; all vowing a moonlight skating party was an ideal way to spend an evening and we want to thank Miss Parsons for the splendid time we had.

ROSABEL CRANE SAMPLINER.

"HAMLET."

A great deal has been said by the ever-critical public as to the proper interpretation of Hamlet. Since it is impossible that any one interpretation could satisfy everyone, it is interesting to note the various qualities which are brought out by the different actors. Mr. Sothern emphasized the emotional side of Hamlet's character, and gave us an eminently human prince. His wonderfully sympathetic acting in the renunciation scene with Ophelia left nothing to be desired. When he begged Rosencrantz and Guildenstern by the "rights of fellowship" to be "even and direct" with him, a great wave of pity for this man swept over us and, as we considered the lying, cringing natures with whom he was surrounded, we ceased to wonder that he had come to distrust all mankind.

To those of us who had seen Julia Marlowe in the role of Ophelia, perhaps Miss Hammond's representation of that character was hardly satisfactory. The actor, however, who played Laertes, made the most of his part and was at once strong and convincing in his portrayal of that character.

The stage settings were wonderful, especially in the grave-yard scene and again at the end of the fifth act where the conquering Northmen march in only to find Hamlet, his doubts forever stilled, dying. That is the picture, after all, which will live longest in our memory as we think of this prince, who gave up all that he held dearest to him—for a cause which he believed to be right.

Louise Emerson.

MR. BURTON'S LECTURES.

Mr. Burton of the Universities of Minnesota and Chicago, gave a series of lectures on Dickens before the Women's Club of Lowell and some of the Rogers Hall girls had the pleasure of hearing two of them. The subject of the first that we heard was, "Dickens, the Artist."

Mr. Burton pointed out how beautifully Dickens has mingled pathos and humor in so many of his most wonderful scenes. He

proved that Dickens could portray a gentleman, although he almost always wrote about the middle and lower classes, and that "The Father of the Marshalsea" in "Little Dorrit" was a gentleman.

He said "People complain of Dickens because he made caricatures instead of characters, yet in so doing he made them the more vivid and I myse f prefer the many caricatures that Dickens has made immortal to the three or four characters that Thackeray has given to us. When I was fourteen I saw a picture of thirty characters from Dickens' works and not one was named, yet I was able to recognize every one, so he must make his characters vivid."

"Caricature," says Mr. Burton, "in the true meaning of the word, means the enlarging of a feature that is already there, so Dickens takes certain human traits and exaggerates them so that we will not forget them."

As an example of this exaggeration, Mr. Burton read a very interesting letter written by John Dickens to some publishing house, from which he wished to borrow twenty pounds. The author's father, John, already owed the firm four pounds and so he said, "have the kindness to lend me twenty pounds but as I am already your debtor for four pounds, deduct the four pounds," and he made such a point of this that the men forgot that he wanted to borrow and lent him the difference.

Mr. Burton then read a letter by the immortal Mr. Micawber in which that gentleman, in a most literary and refined way, writes David that he is going to jail because an I. O. U. "is not provided for." He showed how Dickens had made Mr. Micawber out of his own father.

Mr. Burton then read from the sixth chapter of Little Dorrit where Dickens describes the children after their mother's death playing round as usual only now they were dressed in black. This was to illustrate the fact that Dickens could paint with one stroke of the brush a picture that a modern writer would not achieve in a page and a half of description.

He went on to say that he did not consider it high praise to say that a book was well written because style is only one of the five things which are necessary before a man can write a successful novel. He considers having a story to tell the most important of these five necessities. Dickens always had a story to tell and usually he told it well, but even if it had been poorly told, it was much better than not having anything to say.

He admired Dickens' kind heart and he said he thought that altho' he was fond of the grotesque he never analyzed people's feelings as unsparingly as Henry James.

His second lecture was given on Monday, the twentieth, and it was quite as interesting as the first. It was on "Dickens, the Reformer."

He spoke of Dickens as a great moral force and of how much he had done for England. Dickens studied the school and in Dr. Creakle gave us the mean type of schoolmaster that was prevalent in England during his time and in Dr. Strong he has shown the kind, beloved master who was so rare. Mr. Burton told of the great reform in the prisons that Dickens brought about, and to illustrate he read the sixth chapter of "Little Dorrit" where the picture of "The Father of the Marshalsea" is so beautifully given. He spoke of a Canadian who had written a book on school reforms and in it he had called Dickens "the greatest reformer of the nineteenth century."

Mr. Burton spoke of Dickens as a Christian and for an example read a scene from the "Christmas Carol," where the ghost had Scrooge in the house of the poor clerk, Bob. Bob proposes a toast to his employer, "because Scrooge is a stingy, mean man" and Bob says, "My dear this is Christmas Day." "That," says Mr. Burton, "is true Christianity and the rest are frills."

Mr. Burton was so witty that he made his lecture both interesting and amusing. He read aloud wonderfully, and when he read a passage from David Copperfield he made everything so vivid that it seemed as if David himself were speaking to us. His impersonation of "Tiny Tim" was so pathetic that it brought tears to the eyes of his listeners. He closed by saying Tiny Tim's own words, "God bless you everyone."

HENSHAW WATERS.

TOM JONES.

The plot of "Tom Jones," one of the most charming comic operas we have seen this year, is based on Fielding's novel. As this novel was written in the eighteenth century and deals with the people and customs of that time, the opera is very interesting from a historical point of view as well as being quite unusual and very picturesque. The scenes are all laid in England and the people represented, from Squire Western and his pretty daughter to Lady Bellaston, a lady of quality, are typically English people of two centuries ago. The plot centers about the hero, Tom Jones, and his many escapades and adventures fill it with amusing complications. There are also several subplots dealing with comical characters made all the more laughable because they are so out of the ordinary. The funniest of these is Benjamin Partridge, the village barber, who causes merriment to run riot. Every time he appears on the stage looking for his lost Lizzie, the leech, the audience is convulsed with laughter.

The scenery gives one a good idea of old England and the costumes are very quaint. When the chorus in their powdered wigs and bright colored garments dance a stately minuet in Ranelagh Gardens the picture is a lovely one. The music also is of a character associated with the music of the period, such as glees and gavottes, which makes the opera all the more characteristic of the time. The performance is enjoyable from beginning to end and is one well worth seeing.

CORNELIA COOKE.

PROFESSOR ZUEBLIN'S LECTURE.

We had, through the kindness of the College Club, the great pleasure of hearing Professor Zueblin, head of the department of Sociology of Chicago University, lecture on Fellowship, on the evening of January the twentieth.

The aim of Professor Zueblin's lecture was to show how people starved their souls through lack of fellowship. Most of us he said, have no conception of what fellowship means. To us

it means intercourse with only our own little clique; while, in reality, it means association with all sorts and conditions of men. Most of us, however, are incapable of such association, because we know nothing about the fullness of life, and because the artificial boundaries of our environment have made the universal brotherhood of man appear impossible. For example, Professor Zueblin said that two men who had done good work in the world, although one were a banker, and the other a man who worked with his hands in the ditch ought to be able to meet and converse together with mutual advantage, but instead the banker has to seek companionship, either with men of similar occupation or the empty-headed nonentities at the club, while the man who works with his hands is equally limited.

This was the central theme of Professor Zueblin's lecture; he then went on to show how the six wants of humanity, wealth, health, taste, knowledge, sociability and righteousness, were common to us all, and how the satisfaction of these should prepare us for fellowship with all mankind.

If a man wants fellowship he must stand on his own feet and on his own merits, and be willing to embrace the whole world, not with any condescension but with an open heart. Then all people can embrace him in the mighty bonds of fellowship, and, as Professor Zueblin says, "We shall discover that fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death."

DOROTHY MERCER.

THE HOUSE ENTERTAINMENT.

When we Hall girls received our invitation to the House Entertainment for Saturday evening, January twenty-fifth, we all were very excited and very curious as to what the House and Cottage had decided to give. And when we heard that Miss Lucas was to help them, our excitement knew no bounds. We knew it would be splendid, but we wanted to know what it was!

However when Saturday evening came and we all were gathered in the gymnasium, our curiosity was satisfied. For

when the screens were pushed aside, there stood Mrs. Jarley and the most remarkable collection of wax figures ever seen. And what a Mrs. Jarley! We could not realize that it was Miss Lucas' face—the dignified Miss Lucas—that looked out from the bunches of curls under the brim of the poke bonnet! Then we began to notice our friends in the cast, and little screams of laughter announced that some one had identified Frances in the severe "Henry the Eighth" or Kate Kessinger in the stately Queen Elizabeth, who stood there so majestically; or that some other clever girl had pierced the mystery of the Gold Dust Twins.

After we had recovered a little from our first surprise, Mrs. Jarley, aided by a very saucy Little Nell, began to exhibit her matchless collection. Peter and John, clad in blue overalls did some preliminary oiling and winding up, and then one by one, the waxen figures came forward and went through many remarkable feats, while Mrs. Jarley gave an exposition of each one. We had seen Mrs. Jarley before, but this Mrs. Jarley had a speech all her own and seemed to be perfectly familiar with all our dearest secrets. And what a varied assortment she had provided for our amusement! Priscilla Alden, whose facial control was admirable, and her attendant swains, John Alden and Myles Standish; our beloved Barrett Wendell, with his "clearness, force and elegance;" a dashing Buffalo Bill; a sailor and his lass, who did the Merry Widow waltz very cleverly; a Gibson Girl and man, whom we all lost our hearts to: Napoleon at Waterloo; and many others whose acting and costumes were admirable.

The whole entertainment was unusually clever and we all felt very grateful to the House and Cottage girls for giving us such an enjoyable evening.

VIRGINIA TOWLE.

ATHLETICS.

Girls are often described as "scatter-brained." When we tell our brothers of how we play baseball they all come out with the same derisive laugh. The majority of people feel like our brothers, that girls in general have no athletic spirit, no ability

to become successful athletes, and this conviction is so firmly rooted that girls themselves come to believe that they are right—that for once their elders know best—so they make no effort to prove their ability. It is unfortunate that this is so because girls often need the very training which games give them.

Athletics are bound to bring out one's faults and virtues sooner or later, it is so great a test of character to be both a good loser and a good winner. In games if one displays the proper spirit of athletics, she must accept the inevitable, such as accidents or "hard luck;" and make the best of every obstacle that may come her way.

When one first takes an interest in any kind of exercise it is very hard to learn self-control, and time and hard work only can overcome this common failing. The would-be athlete must control her excitement and make this goal a self-obligation. Then we are so used to doing everything as individuals that it is difficult to realize that in a game it is the team rather than the single player that counts. Basket ball, hockey, and even baseball teaches us that no individual playing makes a winning team.

The hardest thing for a girl to learn is that under all circumstances she must keep her thoughts to herself. Girls are prone to express themselves on all occasions but all such games as basket ball make this a foul on the part of the players, while the etiquette of all games requires the cheerful acquiescence of spectators and players alike.

What the proper spirit of true sport is, may be shown by the following story. At a dinner given in honor of a winning team a member of the losing team was unexpectedly called upon for a speech. When she had somewhat recovered from her confusion she gave the following toast, "We congratulate you with all our hearts for winning that which, if we had been able, we would, with all our hearts, have kept from you."

Our winter sports are now going at full tilt and with great success in the majority of cases.

In the hare and hound chases the hares by this time show astonishing agility in leaping fences, crawling under underbrush, while the hounds "come tumbling after," and both can creep under barb wire fences with much ease, acquiring but few scratches in the process. Basket ball is at its height, and baskets are thrown with skill—by a few. Fencing is also an important factor, and now each point a girl can call upon her opponent puts them nearer and nearer to the much longed for silver cup, offered by Miss MacFarlane.

Every Tuesday and Thursday morning girls go trooping out to the gymnasium and are doing their best preparing for the indoor meet. They loose their breath in running around the gym and then try to regain it by doing marvelous "stunts" on the parallel bars, which have been brought out and dusted by our hands. Indian clubs are also used and many of us are now struggling with the fish dips.

Although basket ball must now be played indoors, still does our enthusiasm wax great over this game. Girls, who at one time thought the game impossible to understand, now figure amongst our best players. There is a great deal of excitement as to which house will have the pleasure of sewing numerals onto their sleeves.

So each sport has its own share of attention and if we keep on improving as we have begun, the top notch in the ladder will soon be reached, and then before we know it we shall be out of doors again.

MILDRED MOSES.

THE HARE AND HOUND CHASE.

We commenced our New Year of athletics with a Hare and Hound chase. The day was clear and crisp, just cold enough for sweaters when we assembled in front of the Hall for our start, Mildred Moses leading the Hares and Joanna Carr the Hounds. Promptly at two-thirty-eight the Hares with their bags of torn paper left, striking diagonally across Fort Hill Park and soon were out of sight. Five minutes later the Hounds followed hard upon their trail. As the Hares did not spare their paper, the trail was not hard to follow, but it led up hill and down, through bushes and over rocks, ending by leading under a barbed wire fence. The time being nearly up, the Hares decided to make their break not very far from the starting point, so

emptied the remaining paper on the side-walk and ran for the Hall, getting in at two-fifty-eight just twenty minutes after they had started. The Hounds came in twelve minutes later, a misunderstanding about the break in the trail causing them to lose about five minutes. All were breathless after this unusual exertion but voted to try it again the first nice day.

RACHEL MOREHEAD.

SKATING.

How can there be anyone who does not love to skate?

To skim over a long stretch of white, shining ice nearly as quickly as the birds, to feel the cold wind blowing in your face as if doing its best to check your speed; perhaps at sundown to wander away alone where the woods rise black and thick on each side and in front of you is seen the sunset sky in all its glory; and then in the cold winter evening to plod your way home across the fields with a warm and cheery fireside as your goal;—for what better sport would one wish?

MARJORY C. FISH.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

The October number of the "Smith College Monthly" contained the following poem and story, each written by a Rogers Hall girl. The former was written by Ellis Abbott who was graduated from Rogers Hall in 1905 and who is now a Junior at Smith College. The sketch is by Mildred Wilson, R. H., 1903, now a Smith College Senior and a member of the Board of Editors of the "Smith College Monthly."

AFTER ALL.

Well, we've all come back to college,
After all.
Yes, we've all come back to college,
Great and small.
We vowed we'd never do it,
That we never could live through it,
But we all come back to college
In the fall.

ELLIS ABBOTT, '09.

HOW FAIRIES CAME INTO THE WORLD.

I suppose that all the little boys and girls think that the world was always full of fairies, just as it is now, and that there never was a time, even when grandfather was a little boy and grandmother was a little girl that there weren't lots of fairies to give wishes to good children. But you're very much mistaken, for a long time ago there wasn't even one fairy in the world. There never had been any, either. If you had talked to a little girl about a fairy she would have been as surprised as anything; for since there never had been any, how could she know what you were talking about?

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a king and a queen who had just had a baby daughter born to them. When they got ready to christen her they gave a large party and invited all their friends to come. They all came and brought beautiful presents for the baby. They gave her all sorts of things, a gold knife and fork and spoon, and a gold napkin ring, and a mother-of-pearl rattle, set with large diamonds, to cut her teeth on, and a rocking-horse made of sandal wood, for even if she was a girl she was a king's daughter and must learn to ride. They brought so many things that the cook started the kitchen fire with the paper they were wrapped in for weeks afterward and the queen saved the ribbons and had enough to tie up all her Christmas presents. But there was one poor old lady who hadn't brought

any present to give the baby. She was very poor and very old and she wouldn't have been invited at all if the queen had had anything to say about it. You see, the old lady had been the king's nurse when he was a little boy and he was really very fond of her. After all the company had come and taken off their coats and hats and had laid their presents on a big table in front of the throne, they were all taken upstairs to see the little princess. The old nurse came along, too, but none of the other guests spoke to her or would have anything to do with her, for they thought she looked too shabby.

The company all stood around the white crib and watched Her Royal Highness kick her little pink toes out from under her lace dress and suck her little pink thumb. But the old nurse felt very unhappy for she hadn't brought any present to leave on the big table in front of the throne, so she hardly felt as if she had any right even to look at the baby. But she couldn't resist taking one peep, and when she had once seen the baby she couldn't take her eyes away, for the little princess was the most beautiful child she had ever seen. She was all pink and white and dimpled, and her hair was in soft little ringlets, and her eyes were as blue as blue could be, and altogether she was the most adorable and cuddly baby the old nurse had ever seen. Her arms just ached to hold her, and the longer she watched her, the more she loved her.

So at last the old nurse went up to the king and courtesied very low before him and asked him if she might take care of the little princess as she had taken care of him. The king was very glad to see her and said he would ask the queen, for although he would be delighted to have her take care of his daughter, yet he didn't like to engage her until he had consulted his wife. The queen was quite angry at the thought of such a shabby old woman taking care of her darling, but at last she consented and the nurse went away to pack her clothes in a bag and bring them up to the palace.

Now the nurse lived in a little cottage by the seashore, a little bit of a cottage with a tiny green lawn in front of it and flower beds around it, bordered with white conch shells. Inside the cottage there were only two rooms, so you can see that the cottage was very small indeed and not at all like your house.

With the old nurse lived a little boy who was her grandson. He was a very nice boy and knew how to help his grandmother gather clams and oysters to sell at the king's palace, and he used to carve pretty figures out of sweet-scented woods and weave baskets of fragrant grass. So you see he was really a very remarkable boy, and it was no wonder that his grandmother wasn't afraid to leave him alone in the little cottage while she went up to the palace to nurse the little princess. The old nurse packed all her clothes in a basket made of sweet-scented grass, and kissed her grandson goodby and told him to be a good boy and not to forget to let the cat out at night or to shut the windows if a thunder storm came up and, perhaps, she would be back soon to see him.

So the old nurse went to the palace and the little boy stayed in the cottage. At first he was rather lonely, but he soon found the lovely brown loaf of gingerbread that the old nurse had left for him and then he felt better. Besides, he really had lots of company for there was the cat and old "Crooked-horn," the cow, and the chickens. They couldn't talk to him, it's true, but they could think things and he could almost always tell what they were thinking. When old "Crooked-horn" mooed very loudly toward evening she was saying, "Little-boy-come-andmilk-me-and-give-me-some-of-that-nice-sweet-clover." when Pussie rubbed against his legs and purred, she was saying in cat language, "Well,-you-are-a-pretty-nice-little-fellowafter-all!" As for the chickens, you just ought to have heard Mrs. Two-gray-wings' clucks of self-satisfaction after she had laid an egg, or Mrs. Fluffy-white-breast tell her youngsters how to catch grasshoppers. So after the boy had got used to seeing the spinning-wheel idle and grandmother's chair standing empty, he really got along very well.

Besides, sometimes grandmother would come home on a little holiday, and then she would be very busy sewing buttons on his trousers and patching up his clothes and making everything tidy, but after all her work was done, they would sit down in front of the fire and grandmother would tell the little boy stories about the princess. I suppose it was because he had never had any sister of his own that he grew so fond of her. He knew all about when her first tooth came and how little and white and pearly it was, and when she first said "mama" and

"papa," and how she first walked, and how beautiful she was, and how she never cried unless there was a pin sticking into her.

One day a beautiful gilded coach drawn by four prancing horses drew up at the cottage door, and the four prancing horses stopped with a flourish and a footman in pink and gold livery threw open the door of the coach and grandmother stepped out! And in her arms was the little princess. The boy knew her right off because she was so adorable it couldn't be anyone else. His heart almost stopped beating, he was so happy.

Then the footman jumped up on the coach and the prancing horses started, and grandmother and the little princess and the boy went into the cottage. And grandmother told the little boy how the princess had been sick and didn't seem to get well very fast, so the queen had told her to take the princess into the country and let her play around among the flowers and wade in the ocean. The little boy was overjoyed to hear this, and he began to play with the princess right off. He carried her down to the shore and helped her to build a sand palace, and he made a wall around the palace of clam-shells, and inside the wall he put a lot of little sand crabs and they made believe that the sand crabs were the people that lived in the palace. Only the crabs had a very disagreeable habit of digging down in the sand and disappearing from view. When they did this the little boy told the princess that they were misers hunting for gold.

By and by the gilded coach and the four prancing horses and the footman in pink and gold livery came again to take grandmother and the little princess back to the palace, but after this, the coach and the horses and the footman and grandmother and the princess came every day, and the little boy and the little princess used to build sand palaces with clam shell walls every afternoon. The princess grew strong and well and the little boy grew to love her even more than he used to. He thought about her all the morning and played with her all the afternoon, and dreamed about her all night.

It seemed no time at all before she began to grow up—first she was five years old, then she was six and then she was almost eight years old. And when she was almost eight years old the little boy began to be very unhappy, for soon she would have a birthday and all her little playmates would give her

presents, while he had nothing to give her. The more he thought about it the more unhappy he felt.

And one day he walked down to the seashore crying because he had nothing to give the princess, and all of a sudden he caught a gleam from the sand at his feet, and he stooped over and picked up a lovely pearl. It was very large and smooth and round, and the boy's face lighted up, for he could take the pearl home and polish it and give it to the princess. So he hurried home with it and every day he polished the pearl till it became more and more smooth and round and beautiful, and soft milky lights began to shine out of it. One day when he had finished polishing it, he carved a little wooden box to hold it, and on the box he carved the princess' name. Then he lined the box with soft moss from the woods, and on the moss he placed rose petals, and on the rose petals he laid a butterfly's wing that he had found, and on the butterfly's wing he laid the pearl. Then he sat holding the box in his hand thinking of the princess. And the longer he looked at the pearl the more beautiful it grew. By and by the fragrance of the rose petals made him drowsy and he leaned his head on his hands and slept; and as he slept he dreamed of the princess, and two great tears rolled down his cheeks and fell upon the pearl. And he slept and slept until the sun sank behind the pines and the mist stole up from the sea. And the white mist drifted over the sunflowers at the garden wall, and over the grass in front of the cottage, and in at the window. And it reached the little box in which the pearl lay, and, when it touched the pearl, the most wonderful thing happened, for the pearl and the mist and the shimmering colors in the box and the fragrance of the rose petals all grew together and became a little rosy cloud, and inside the cloud you could see all sorts of little creatures with sparkling wings, and they all lay as if they were asleep in the downy cloud. And by and by the moon rose out of the sea and made a silver path on the shore, and she drove away the white mist that lay over the cottage and sent one broad soft beam straight in at the window till it rested on the box. And when the moonlight touched the little sleeping creatures they all woke up and stretched their wings, and with a very soft noise like the breath of the wind in the big trees they all flew out of the window. And they flew along the shining path the moon had made and out over the earth, and some flew to the cities and some flew to the villages and some to the green woods; but everywhere they went they brought happiness and love, for they were the fairies.

When the little boy woke up in the morning, his first thought was of the princess, and he turned to look at the pearl. When he saw it he stood like one turned to stone, for the moss and the rose petals were shriveled and colorless and the butterfly's wing had turned to yellow dust, and the pearl, the beautiful pearl, was gone, and in its place stood a wonderful little creature clothed in woven moonbeams that shone like silver. On her shoulders were the most wonderful irridescent wings, that sparkled like the sunlight on dancing water, and in her hand she carried a shining wand. The air about her was full of the scent of roses, and she spoke in a voice that was like the song of birds at sunrise, only sweeter.

When the little boy saw her the most wonderful feeling came over him, he felt so comfortable and happy and just as though he could never be anything else if he tried. And the most surprising part of it all was that he knew right off that she was a fairy. And his three wishes were, first, that the princess might be happy all her life, and, second, that grandmother might be happy all her life, and, third, that he might have a present to give the princess on her birthday. And each time he wished the fairy waved her wand, and the third time he wished, the fairy grew thinner and thinner until you could see right through her, and finally she wasn't there at all. And the little boy rubbed his eyes and looked and looked, but he couldn't see her, and he almost began to think that he had been asleep and dreaming till he saw a big box in a corner of the room, and on the box was carved the princess' name. he knew that he had seen the fairy, after all.

And in the box was everything in the world that was nice to have—a doll with beautiful clothes that you could button and unbutton, and a little cook stove with dishes, and games and picture books and a book of fairy stories! And the little princess was so happy that she danced for joy, and the little boy was happy, so they were both very happy indeed. And

here my story ends, for though the little boy grew up to be a very noble man and finally married the princess, I must tell that in another story, for this one is only about how fairies came into the world.

MILDRED WILSON, '08.

Mary Dewey (R. H., 1897) has announced her engagement to Mr. Rolfe Smith of Leominster, Mass.

Clara Francis (R. H., 1903) spent November and December in Florence and is now in Rome where she expects to stay until March.

Anthy Gorton (R. H., 1905) is having a very gay visit in New York.

Mrs. Hasbrouck Chahoon (Louise Martin), who has had a long period of illness, has improved so much that she was able to spend two weeks in December with her mother in Lowell.

On January 8th, Agnes McDowell was married to Mr. Robert Edwin Ash of Rockford, Ill. Of course Martha McDowell was maid-of-honor and one of the bridesmaids was Ruth Heath (R. H., 1907, Vassar, 1911).

Mrs. John Rogers (Edith Nourse) has returned from her travels and is now living with her mother until her home on Andover Street is ready for occupancy.

It is generally understood that Harriet Parsons (R. H., 1905) is engaged to Mr. Edward Brown of St. Louis, Missouri.

Valerie Prentiss has been in Lowell for several weeks with Dorothy Ellingwood (R. H., 1904) who was at home for her Christmas vacation. Before returning to her home in Rutherford, she will make several other visits. Among them one to Molly Hall in Milton.

Mrs. David Gregg (Margaret Richardson) has a son, David Almus Gregg, Jr., born December 28th.

On October 12th Helen Robe was married to Mr. Frank Deal of Troy, N. Y. Mary Bard was among the wedding guests.

Leila Washburn has announced her engagement to Mr. Horatio Du Mont of Greenfield, Mass.

Any Rogers Hall girl going this winter to Paris will find quite a colony of old friends. Louise and Alice Ramsdell with

Mrs. Ramsdell have taken an apartment for the winter, as have Lucy Walther and Alice Faulkner, chaperoned by Mrs. Walther. Besides the usual good time resulting from a winter in Paris the girls are going to study French seriously, in connection with which they are planning to attend a course of lectures at the Sorbonne. Elizabeth and Bertha James with Mrs. James are also in Paris and they undoubtedly will have an interesting winter as they will have a chance to see something of French society through their aunt, Miss Fairchild.

SPLINTERS

Rogers Hall School, Lowell, Mass.

SPLINTERS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Editorial								1
A Fishing Experience								
Dedicated to the La								
The Downfall of the	Farr	ner						6
The Old Scout's Cab	oin							8
The Legend of the I	ndiar	ı Pip	e					11
The Day the Circus								
White Roses .								19
Catching a Burglar								19
The Way of a Man								21
Sketches								26
Book Reviews .								32
Children's Page .								35
School News .								41
Athletics								58
Alumnæ Departmen	t							59

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SPLINTERS.

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EDITORIAL.

Although Bacon says that a garden is the purest of human pleasures, I think that, for some people, reading offers just as much enjoyment. Surely, for a true book lover, there can be nothing quite so satisfying as a comfortable chair and a good book—and no interruptions. Books are the best of companions, and among the most successful of comforters. When any worry or unhappiness comes we may bury ourselves in a book, and leave the disturbing thoughts in the outside world.

However, I have been careful to say a "good book." Bad books have as harmful effects as bad companions, and mediocre books—the ordinary milk-and-water stories published now for girls—spoil our taste for really good literature. How can a girl brought up on "Dotty Dimple" and the "Elsie" books appreciate "The Heart of the Midlothian" or "Henry Esmond?" She is sure to find them hard to read, to find the carefully worked-out plot tiresome, and to turn to the novels illustrated by Fisher and Christy as a less severe tax on her brain. And a book of that description is **not** the "best of companions," for the ideas of life gained from it are not true and wholesome, nor are the heroes and heroines of the kind that we may come back to and remember as friends.

There is still another kind of reading, not harmful, yet not productive of the best results. That is the kind in which, I am afraid, some of us girls are indulging now—the reading of a book in order to say that we have read it, and not in order to get the best we can out of that book, and to make the people

we are introduced to in it our friends. I heard a girl say the other day, "I am going to read all of George Eliot as fast as I can, and then begin on Kipling." She is not a girl very fond of reading, so I inquired why. "So I can say that I have read them," she replied. And in order to be thought well read she intended to hurry through Maggie Tulliver's life without stopping to get really acquainted with either Maggie or Tom, and then to hastily peruse "The Brushwood Boy," and "Without Benefit of Clergy." If we are at all worthy to be friends with the "shadowy multitude" of the heroes and heroines of fiction we shall find that those men and women, the product of the mighty brains of the mightiest minds of literature, offer us the truest and highest companionship. And the girl who can read Dumas without wanting to number Chicot, or D'Artagnan and the wonderful trio, among her best friends is greatly to be pitied. We ought to read to be broadened, and to make ourselves worthy to be friends with the wonderful people we read about.

The fault of reading merely to be "well-read" is not, however, the fault of a great many of the girls here in school. I think that most of the girls who have suddenly begun to read so frantically—for frantically is the only word which describes the way the library shelves are being emptied—are reading because they have realized all at once the vistas opening before them, the wonderful array of books to be read, and are appalled at the little they have read so far. As one of the girls said the other day, "I never read anything out of the beaten track of an English course before, and I feel as if I ought to make up for lost time now." This sudden influx of "reading for the sake of reading" cannot, it seems to me, have any but the best results. If we read the best authors, our taste for books will be developed above the "Younger Set" and its kind, or at least, developed enough to prefer other books occasionally, and finally we shall be able to say with Carlyle that "Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a true Book." VIRGINIA TOWLE.

A FISHING EXPERIENCE.

The quarrel had been a most serious one, and Bob with his freckled nose high in the air had marched off, saying he was going swimming with "the fellows," leaving Betty to amuse herself as best she might. The afternoon was hot and dolls were most stupid things, so Betty racked her small brains for something to do. Knowing that she was in the wrong only made her the more anxious to get even. Her dignity was decidedly ruffled and it occurred to her that if she could find something pleasant to do and at the same time avenge herself, the afternoon would be profitably spent. After much serious thought she remembered the old water tank up on the hill and the one tantilizing minnow that all summer long had been swimming there, circling lazily around, ignoring the appetizing bait offered to him by not a few children. If she could only catch that fish, the fish that the boys had spent so much time trying to capture! "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and Betty, being very human, armed herself with a piece of twine and a crooked pin. She had soon climbed the hill and reached the tank. The old tank stood in a secluded nook halfway up the woody hill. It was old and square, overgrown with moss and picturesquely surrounded by trees and bushes, looking quite as if it had grown there of its own accord, and seemed to be as much a part of the hill as the surrounding shrubbery. The tank had four old mossy beams across it, and it was on one of these that the small youngster carefully planted herself. gingerly fixing the bait on her pin she cautiously let it drop There she sat patiently waiting, straining into the water. her eyes for a glimpse of the fish which every once in a while would flash to the surface and then sink down again out of sight. The stillness of the hot summer afternoon was broken only by the noise of the water splashing down from the flume, and the queer little gurgle it made as it ran off through the old rusty pipe.

Fishing got tiresome after awhile, and, losing interest, she began to think of the quarrel. Of course, she acknowledged to herself, she needn't have told Auntie that Bob had taken the apple turnover which was set aside for supper. She hadn't meant to tell, but it just came out. That, however, was no reason why Bob should have called her a tattle-tale, and, after high words that nearly came to blows, stalk off with such an injured air. Tired of these unpleasant thoughts, she pettishly said that it was all Bob's fault, he shouldn't have taken the turnover, and he was a stupid boy, anyway. She had just reached this conclusion when she heard a shrill whistle and saw a small boy come around the curve in the path. His cap sat jauntily on the back of his head, his hands were deep in his pockets, and he was whistling merrily. Betty gave a start of surprise and then became very much interested in her fishing in a way worthy of a miss a good many years her senior. Bob started forward with a smile, saw her suddenly gaze intently in the water as if no one was near, and then he remembered. His small nose sailed up several degrees, and assuming a careless air he sauntered leisurely down the path.

At this critical moment Betty felt a tug at the end of the line. Giving a squeal of delight she hauled at the string and pulled up-wonder upon wonders-the squirming minnow! This was too much. Bob jumped quickly up on the tank, crawled on the beam, enviously watching her. Betty looked dubiously at the wiggling fish. How on earth was she going to get it off the hook? Just then the fish gave one last leap and landed in Betty's face. She dodged and leaned back a fraction of an inch too far. With a shrill scream she put out her hand to catch herself, grasped Bob by the coat, and splash!—both were in. Fortunately the tank was only half full, and after much sputtering and choking the children gained their footing. Each faced the other undecided whether to laugh or to cry. Even righteous indignation becomes of minor importance when one is in cold water to one's waist, so after a moment's hesitation the children agreed to be friends and to concentrate their attention on the one question. How were they to get out? The sides were high and slippery, and even agile Bob couldn't climb

to the top, although he tried several times, slipping back after each attempt. Betty's practical mind now came to the rescue. Two long black taffeta hair ribbons, warranted to stand much wear, were produced, tied together and fastened to the end of a patent leather belt. These, with the combined efforts of the two children, were thrown over a beam near one side of the tank. Rob then quickly climbed up and after much effort finally succeeded in pulling Betty out. Then the two dripping, bedraggled children made their way slowly down the path, Bob in fear and trembling, Betty grieving over the loss of her fish, and both resolved never to quarrel again.

CORNELIA COOKE.

DEDICATED TO THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Ι

Far over the trackless wastes, Far over the drifting snow, Where the wild coyote howls, Secure from relentless foe;

II

Or down by some babbling brook, Stuck firm in the drifting sands, Seen through the branching trees An advertisement stands,

III

Telling in letters bold

The merits of watches or beer,—
To show that the hand of man

Has improved over Nature here.

VIRGINIA TOWLE.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE FARMER.

It was a rather warm midsummer's day and a faint breeze stirring the air made the atmosphere delightful. Along a rough country road an old farmer was driving his wagon of hay, giving the country scene a simple touch, pleasing to the eye. The farmer, perched on his high seat, was the usual type found in rural districts, and although his bright blue eyes were set rather stolidly ahead, there was a merry twinkle in them.

But the scene seemed too peaceful to long remain the same, and, sure enough, a large red automobile shortly appeared, whirling along at a good speed. The farmer heard the familiar warning of the horn, but save for a little grimmer set to his tightly closed lips, he remained the same, glancing neither to right nor left, and keeping on the middle of the road. The "Honk! Honk!" growing more insistent, had no effect upon the stubborn farmer, so the driver of the machine saw the uselessness of further warnings. He attempted to pass the wagon, but the road being narrow and the ditch soggy, it was only with much waste of time and oil that the machine finally forged ahead. Before them was a fork in the road, and the occupants being unfamiliar with the country, were forced to swallow their pride and inquire of the farmer.

"Which road takes me to Stoneham?"

Something in the distance seemed to hold the interest of the farmer, but on hearing the question repeated in an irate tone, he drawled out this answer, "Wal, roads ain't obligin' round these air parts, so if yew want to git anywhar yew needn't ask them roads to take yew, for they won't do it. So if that air thing yew're in stops goin', guess yew'll have to walk!"

This reply rather confounded the machinists for a moment, but they had little time to spare, so the driver ventured this question, "How many miles to Stoneham?"

Again the answer was long in coming, but the gleam in the farmer's eye told very plainly he was enjoying the conversation and not ready to give it up quite yet.

"If yew think I'm one of them pesky old sign posts, yew got 'nother think comin' to you. I got more to do than to stand up thar foolish like, to help yew."

The chauffer was growing more and more savage and the words he then spoke seemed almost to have been bitten out. "Well, my man, are you going to tell me which road I take, or not?"

"Let me tell yew, young man, if yew try to take any of these air roads 'long with yew thar'll be a fuss comin' your way." And this time the answer came quickly.

But the words were hardly out of his mouth before the machine was off, disappearing in a cloud of dust down the road to the right. All this left the farmer in paroxysms of delight, for he knew that to be the wrong road. He bounced around in his seat, holding his sides, and fairly bellowing with delight. But the old farm horses became alarmed at such goings on behind their backs, and for the first time in their lives they seemed to wake up. They started running, and before the farmer could catch up the reins the wagon struck a large puddle right at the fork, and over they went, the farmer landing in the middle of the mud.

If you have never seen a farmer really furious you cannot picture the scene which ensued. The wagon broken, horses snorting and prancing around, and the farmer dancing about, rubbing the spot on his anatomy upon which he had landed from his swift flight to the none too soft puddle. But to add to the bitterness of this rural gentleman he soon heard a whirling noise, and, glancing down the road, saw the same red machine coming towards him, the occupants doubtless having discovered their mistake and returning to remedy it.

The machine stopped before the débris, and the men of the party alighted and offered their help to the farmer, who accepted it sullenly. Soon the wagon was patched up, somewhat resembling its former state, but the hay was ruined. Then the machine disappeared down the road, leaving the farmer gazing after it with an angry eye. For a few moments he seemed muttering to himself, "Wal, I guess thar's some truth in that air verse, 'He who grins last, grins widest."

MILDRED MOSES.

THE OLD SCOUT'S CABIN.

The wind roared across the prairies, the thunder crashed, and the rain fell in torrents. Now and then a vivid flash of lightning cut through the sudden twilight of the autumn day, showing the vast wastes of prairie-grass stretching to the horizon and silhouetting against the leaden sky the few scattered cottonwoods along the creek.

A sudden blaze of lightning revealed two horsemen, struggling against the wind and urging their bronchos on with all the force of raw-hide and spurs. Each wore the regulation leather chaps, broad-brimmed hat, and blue flannel shirt of a rancher, and carried a hunting rifle; a well-filled cartridge belt held in place a pistol over each hip.

"We've got to get out of this, Jack," said the older of the two men looking at the threatening sky and shaking the drops from his sombrero.

"Well, I don't see anything that looks like a house," answered the one addressed as "Jack," scanning the horizon at each flash of lightning as though he expected a house to appear at any moment.

"Lewis, what's that?" he exclaimed, stopping his horse and pointing straight ahead to where the lightning revealed a huge cotton-wood with tossing, writhing branches, and near it a large black blot against the horizon.

"It's a cabin all right, but why don't the old fellow keep his light going? There was one a minute ago, but now its gone," answered Lewis.

"Oh, you can't tell at this distance whether there was a light or not," returned Jack, spurring his horse toward the cabin.

After several hours hard riding the men reached the cabin, dismounted, and, leaving their horses under the shelter of the cotton-wood, rushed for the door. Loud knocks elicited no response, no hospitable plainsman bade them enter.

"Guess the old fellow isn't here," remarked Lewis. might as well make ourselves at home, so here goes." He pushed the door, which swung open on screeching hinges, and entered the cabin. The interior was dark and musty, and when a sputtering match revealed it to the two intruders they were struck by the loneliness of the place. Directly opposite the door was a huge fireplace, roughly constructed of stones, with a wooden mantelshelf and a broad stone hearth which was covered with a buffalo skin. Resting upon the mantelshelf was a rusty rifle, and above it a large buffalo's head glared down with wonderfully life-like eyes. On each side of the fireplace was a wooden bunk built into the wall, and in one corner two chairs and a table roughly made of wood with the bark left on. Several boxes, evidently intended for stools, were scattered about, and a corner cupboard, made of a soap box, completed the furnishings.

"Looks like he's been gone for a good while," said Jack, inspecting the cabin by the light of a tallow candle which he had found on the mantel.

"Oh, it's no palace," answered Lewis, "but its a sight better than out doors. Lend a hand here and we'll soon have a fire going, and that'll cheer the place up."

The cabin did look quite a good deal more cheerful when a fire was blazing on the hearth and preparations for supper were being made. The two men made a hearty meal of the game they had shot during the day, and were soon peacefully asleep on the rude bunks. The storm raged outside, shook the little cabin and rattled its windows, but all was quiet and peaceful within.

After he had been asleep, what seemed to him but a few minutes, Lewis awoke with a start. The storm was over, the plains shone smooth and white in the moonlight, the wind sighed mournfully through the branches of the cotton-wood.

Suddenly the door softly opened and a man entered. He was of about medium height, and was dressed in the fringed leather costume of a frontiersman. He carried a rifle over one shoulder and in his hand a coon-skin cap. Slowly and noiselessly he walked toward the fireplace, and as the moonlight

from the window fell upon him an involuntary cry of horror escaped the watcher, for the intruder's face was horribly mutilated, his clothing dark with clotted blood-stains, and his head scalpless. The horrible visitor did not seem to hear the cry, for he kept on toward the fireplace, looked at the embers of the fire, and then reached up and felt along the mantelshelf. He went around the entire room and finally stopped beside the horrified man, looked at him intently with his deep set eyes, and then, approaching closer, placed his hand upon the other's head. Lewis was frozen with terror, but when the icy hand touched his forehead he shrieked in mortal fear, leaped from his bed and fired his revolver at the strange man. The shot echoed like thunder through the little cabin and the bullet hit the logs with a soft thud, for the man had disappeared, apparently unharmed.

The pistol shot disturbed the peaceful slumbers of Jack.

"What do you mean by firing a pistol right at me?" he grumbled. "Nice, gentle way of waking me up."

But Lewis was too terrified to notice his companion's wrath.

"Didn't you see him, Jack?" he demanded.

"See who?"

"The old scout."

"No, I didn't; don't believe there was anyone here anyway. You had too much mince pie for supper."

In spite of his skepticism, Jack agreed to spend the rest of the night on the buffalo skin before the fire, so the men seated themselves on opposite sides of the fireplace, with cocked revolvers, awaiting the return of the horrible visitor.

The night wore on, the fire became a mass of embers, the men nodded drowsily. All of a sudden both started to their feet, roused by the dreadful war-whoop of an Indian brave. The war-whoops grew louder and nearer, and the scout rushed into the cabin pursued by howling Indians. Before the eyes of the two men, the foremost Indian plunged his tomahawk into the scout's brain. The spectators rushed at the Indians, but Indians and scout had magically disappeared, and only the peaceful moonlight marked the spot where they had been.

The terror-stricken hunters dashed from the cabin, and mounting their horses, rode madly across the prairies. At dawn they reached the house of an old rancher and told him the strange experiences of the night before. Much to their relief he did not seem to doubt them, and strange to say did not seem surprised.

"You must have struck the old scout's cabin," he remarked. "I wouldn't spend a night there for the best ranch in this state. It's said to be haunted, and it's one place that sure lives up to its reputation. No one ever spent a night there without a visit from the old scout and his Indians.

"The old scout was killed in the big massacre of '65 or thereabouts. The Indians chased him to his cabin after his ammunition was gone, but he kept them at bay for a day and a night. They finally broke down the door and—well, you can still see the stains on the hearth if you push back the buffalo skin. The Indians didn't dare to burn his cabin because they thought the old fellow's half-witted brother was inside. You know savages wouldn't harm an idiot for money. They think that the 'Great Spirit' won't let them into the 'Happy Hunting Grounds' if they do. They say that the braves put the old fellow up in the loft of the cabin, after they had taken their usual little souvenir, and so he comes down every night and looks for his missing scalp. That's why we all fight shy of 'the old scout's cabin.'"

MARY WALKER.

THE LEGEND OF THE INDIAN PIPE.

If, in July, you will go to the woods and look carefully among the dead leaves on the ground, you will be pretty sure to find a cluster of those curious, dead-white blossoms known as "Indian pipe." Listen, and I will tell you how it came there.

Long ago, before ever the white man came to drive the Indian from his haunts, the Abenaquis tribe ranged the New

England hills and valleys. The chief of this tribe had a daughter, as lovely as the beautiful country where she lived. Her hair was as dark as the pines against the snow in winter, her eyes were bright as the sun shining on little pools of water, her skin was like the red-brown leaves of the oak in November, and her voice was like the soft flowing of a river.

One bright June day, Kippenoquah, for so this daughter of the woods was called, left the Indian village, which stood on a wide meadow near the river, and stepped into the deep mystery of the forest. The woods were still except for the silent noises that are always heard in the forest in summer—the soft twittering of the birds, the low humming of insects, and the rushing of some near-by brook. For hours the maiden walked on, never cracking a twig or stirring a pebble, so perfect was the training that her father had given her. Once or twice a deer stopped, head up, to look at her, and then went on, fearing no harm. At last, weary, the girl lay down upon a bed of moss beneath a giant pine. Far up, through the cool green of the tree's branches, she could see the blue sky.

Kippenoquah lay there a long time, and had almost fallen asleep when she became aware that some one was standing by her. She turned her head and saw a tall Indian youth. He was very handsome and wore the beaded garments of a chief. On his head were two eagle-wings, and in his hand, instead of a bow, he carried a long reed-like whistle. Kippenoquah started up in terror, but the young man put out his hand and smiled. Then he said, "Do not fear me, Kippenoquah. I do not come to hurt thee. I am Auster, the spirit of the West Wind. For a long time I have watched thee from my home in the sky, and now I have come for thee to go there with me as my bride."

Kippenoquah was startled and for several minutes she did not reply. Then she said,

"I cannot go with thee, and leave my father and my friends. I am afraid to leave this beautiful earth, and I should fall from the sky." Then Auster said,

"Nay, pretty one, I will take thee carefully, and it is very lovely in the sky, far lovelier than on earth, for there, there is no rain, nor snow, nor cold, nor darkness, but all is bright, warm

sunshine. Thou wouldst forget thy sorrow at leaving thy father in the beauty of the place."

But Kippenoquah said, "I cannot go with you now, but, perhaps, when the snow comes——"

Auster softly caressed her hand, and said, "Then, Kippenoquah, I will come for thee," and he was gone.

From that day the maiden was changed. She had refused to go with the West Wind, yet in her heart she loved him. She longed to see him and tell him she had changed her mind.

And so the months went by, and Indian Summer came. The hillsides were gorgeous in reds and yellows and browns, mingled with many shades of green, and all Nature seemed to put on a final show of color before she settled into her winter's black and white. It was the last of these days that Auster again came to Kippenoquah. She was standing before her father's wigwam, gazing down the valley to the blue hills beyond, when she saw him descending from the white clouds overhead.

The next minute he was at her side, saying, "Kippenoquah, yonder cloud is full of snow, and soon the earth will be covered. Come with me now, dear one."

"I will come, Auster," Kippenoquah answered, but her heart still turned toward her father and she added, "I must leave a sign with my father, that he may know I still love him although he no longer sees me." Then Auster said, "I will send him a peace-pipe that shall grow in the woods every year, to reconcile him to the loss of his daughter."

With these words he caught the maiden in his arms, and leaped into the air. Just as they disappeared among the clouds, a few snowflakes floated down.

The next summer, the father of Kippenoquah found the peace-pipe of the West Wind growing among the dead leaves in the forest, and he knew that it was a message from his child. And to this day, though the old chief of the Abenaquis has long been dead, and the white man has usurped the place of the red, still the Indian pipe grows and blossoms, to remind us of the West Wind and his stolen bride. ALICE WESTON CONE.

THE DAY THE CIRCUS CAME.

Peletiah had been sent for some brown sugar. The day was one in June, and it was a great temptation to linger along the dusty road, so he stopped often to pick a spray of ripe strawberries, or to catch a grasshopper, and, holding him on his stubby forefinger, say the old, old verse,

"Grasshopper, grasshopper gray, Give me some honey today."

But still his aunt was waiting, and Peletiah knew only too well what would happen if he were not back for supper. So he trudged along, kicking up the warm dust with his bare little toes, and wishing, oh how he was wishing, that he had a nice mother and father, or even a sister, who would love him and understand that a boy of eight liked to play sometimes and wasn't made just for farm work. Aunt Jerusha was kind, of course, to take an orphan nephew and support him, and so was Uncle Ezra, but sometimes Peletiah suspected they had the best of the bargain. He was certainly never lazy; he must be dressed by five o'clock both summer and winter, and milk, and carry water, and run errands, besides doing countless other things. Other boys could play after school and have grand Indian wars, but Peletiah must hurry home to help with the haying, or to run to the store and back, a good long mile of dusty road.

These were the thoughts that kept him busy and made him oblivious of the fact that a fox fled past close to him, a dun streak in the green, and that a partridge drummed on a stump hard by, which shows how seriously he was meditating.

But this train of thought, too, was not destined to last long, for when he came in sight of the Higgins' new barn that which met his eyes drove all else from his mind, for painted in glowing colors on the fresh yellow wood of the barn were the forerunners of that joy of joys—a circus. Peletiah's little heart bounded, but in a moment it sank very low. Uncle Ezra would never, never let him go. Why did it have to come, and if it did, why couldn't he go? A faint hope stirred in his breast; and he determined to try very hard, at least. His feet fairly

flew over the ground now, and in a remarkably short time he was back home with his sugar. Aunt Jerusha was surprised to see him so soon.

"Wal," she commented, "I'd'n' know but ye kin be spry at times. How much have ye et? Git in thar, an' git cleaned up fer supper. I never see a child who could hold s' much dirt."

Peletiah rolled up his little sleeves, pumped some water from the kitchen pump into a tin basin, and while he splashed around, meditated as to how he should best approach the subject He looked at his aunt, a tall, lean woman, much bent with stooping, with a tired, nervous face from which all the pleasure and joy of living had vanished long ago. She was a model housewife, and scrubbed from morning till night, and waited on her husband who domineered over her. Peletiah knew only too well what she would say, and how she would sneer and make fun of him. He dried his hands and was brushing his short bristly hair with a wet brush, standing tip-toe on a chair to see into the cloudy little mirror on the kitchen wall, when his uncle came in through the open door. He was a small man, with large hands and feet, and a head continually thrust forward. Peletiah looked at the hands, the eves, and the thin mouth, and wondered how he could find courage to begin. He waited until supper was well started and his uncle busy with his fried potatoes. Then after swallowing hard, winking fast, he began.

"Uncle Ezra."

"Wal?" came in an impatient snarl.

"Did you ever see a circus?"

"I s'pose I hev, but it's no business o' yourn." It was discouraging, but Peletiah tried again.

"Uncle Ezra, one's comin' the twenty-eighth, an' I thought mebbe I c'd go." His uncle grinned. "Ye did, did ye? Wal, I'll tell ye now ye kin stop thinkin' it, fer I ain't bringin' ye up to go ter circuses."

"But, uncle, other kids go." It was an unlucky strike, for it angered his uncle, and he burst out with,

"Shet up, will ye? I said ye'd stay ter hum an' ye will ter. I don't work all day t' send beggars to the circus, so, less'en ye c'n earn the money, ye'll stay here. Now shet up."

Peletiah said no more, but his uncle's words inspired him with a brilliant idea—he would earn the money. Neighboring farmers would give him little odd jobs, he knew, and if he worked hard he could earn the fifty cents. So, all through the lovely June weather little Peletiah toiled, and when night came and he dropped into his cot in the attic he was so tired he did not know how hot it was, or how the bats flew in and out of the open windows. At last, a few days before the circus, the fifty cents lay carefully hidden in an old rat's hole in the garret.

After much fear and trembling he told his uncle, reminding him of his permission if the money were obtained, and the farmer, a just man in spite of his hardness, relented, and that morning a little boy's heart beat high with pleasure. He dressed himself carefully, trying to make his stiff hair lie flat, and at last he was ready—a little tot, with very large blue eyes, and a wistful mouth that made him look serious and sweet. He thought best to have his pennies and nickels changed for one piece of money, lest he lose some. He arrived at the circus grounds with a big half dollar. He met two young men he knew and showed it to them.

"Why, Petie," said one, "you ain't very old. Y' kin git in on a quarter, and buy some peanuts ter feed the elephants, er take in the side-show."

Only a quarter! Peletiah's heart went a few pegs higher if possible. What should he do? He wandered around and studied all the side-show bills. At last he decided to expend five cents on red lemonade, five on peanuts, five on a shrieking tin whistle, and ten—vast extravagance—to see the snake eater. It took such a long time to decide this that the crowd was getting very dense when he was ready to go in. He was also a little dazed perhaps, so that now when he bought his peanuts he did not notice until a moment later that he had no change. Then he hurried back to the man who sold them.

"Please, sir, I want my change," he piped above the noise. The man frowned.

"Get out, kid. I reckon you've got all that's comin' t' you," and he paid no further attention to the small boy who stood looking at him. Of all that long hard toil he had only a

bag of peanuts, and those he couldn't even feed to the elephants! He thought the man hadn't understood him, and tried once more, but to no purpose.

Still dazed and wondering he wandered out into the air again, and took a deep breath, and pinched himself to be sure he wasn't dreaming. No, it was all too true. He looked at the bag of peanuts in his little hot hand, and thought if he ate one it might comfort him, and it did, a little. He decided to walk clear around the tent, and perhaps he might get a glimpse of the elephants.

He had got half way around when his eyes fell on a girl standing where the canvas parted. She must be a fairy, Peletiah thought. Her hair was very black and curly, and her cheeks very red, and her dress! Oh, how beautiful it was. It was yellow and glittering all over! At first Peletiah thought she must be a little girl fairy for her skirts were very short and showed a great deal of yellow stocking, but no, she was too large for a little girl. He drew in his breath sharply, unconscious that he was staring.

The girl in the doorway laughed.

"Well, kid, what about it?"

What a speech for a fairy! Peletiah came to the earth with a thud.

"Oh," he said sheepishly, "I thought you was a fairy."

"A fairy! Well, I hope! What's the matter, Rube, you look blue?"

"My name's Peletiah, please, and the man who sells peanuts didn't give me any money back and—and I can't see the elephant." The little voice shook, and the little brown fingers clutched convulsively at his trousers.

"So you can't get your money, eh?" she asked, and then, with a short laugh,

"Well, you ain't the only one." Then she looked at the pathetic little figure standing painfully erect before her, and her black eyes filled with tears.

"Come, dearie," she said, and, stooping, she picked him up in her strong young arms and carried him into the tent.

"There," she said as she set him down on a trunk, "I'll fix yer."

Peletiah looked around. The tent was long and narrow, with gas jets burning all around, and women in gay colors running back and forth, and never noticing him.

Then this fairy took him by the hand and led him to the far end of the tent, past all the lights and people, some of whom spoke to him now, or asked his guide about her "new beau." But she only hummed a little tune and Peletiah caught the words;

"Ain't it funny, when you look for money

All you get is sympathy."

At last they reached the end of the dressing room and came to the door that let the performers into the big tent. Here the girl said a few words to the man who stood close by it, and then turned to bid Peletiah good-bye.

"There, kid," she said, "go see the show, but kiss me good-bye?"

"I don't think I've ever kissed anyone," faltered the bewildered child.

The man laughed, but the girl's voice broke as she said, "Oh, my dear!" and kneeling, she hugged him closer to her, regardless of her spangles and tarlatan, and little Peletiah felt warm kisses on his hot cheek for the first time in his little life. She was only a circus girl, it is true, and his cheek was red where she kissed him, but in all his life Peletiah never forgot the girl who did so much to gladden his lonely little heart that day.

Only a moment she hugged him, thrust him in, and vanished into the tent. Peletiah tumbled into the first seat he came to, and in a few moments entirely forgot his troubles in the joy of the circus. The clowns were so very funny, the ladies so very beautiful, and the tumblers so very wonderful, who could help but be happy there? He clapped and cheered with the rest, and fed the clephant to his heart's content.

He never forgot that day. What did it matter that his uncle scolded him, and his aunt threatened? He had seen the circus, and he had been kissed by a lovely lady who could ride a white horse and do wonderful things while she rode. Surely that was grandeur enough for many a year.

MARGARET BLANCHARD.

WHITE ROSES.

The lady in the silver moon Upheld her slender fingers, And from their gleaming tips slow dripped White moonbeams.

Softly they floated toward the earth,
Gently they nestled there;
Till, from a cruel thorned thicket, came
White Roses.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

"CATCHING A BURGLAR."

One morning the members of the Peele household were gathered about the breakfast table while Mr. Peele read aloud from a newspaper the account of the burglary in the house across the street.

"Jewels worth hundreds of dollars had been taken," etc., etc.

When he had finished, Mrs. Peele, a nervous, delicate little woman, spoke anxiously. "Why, John, what shall we do—who will you get to guard the house?"

"Oh! don't worry, my dear, nothing more will happen, I think. It is not probable that they would visit this vicinity again. Let us talk of something more cheerful."

Mr. Peele gave a meaning glance at "Bobby," his five year old son, whose eyes by this time, were very wide open. Also "Bobby" had entirely forgotten his oatmeal, a significant detail.

When the meal was finished, Mr. Peele got ready to go to his office in town, but before he left he determined to give Bobby

something pleasant to think about, so he said, "Oh! Bobby, I hear that you were a very good little man yesterday, and that means a box of candy for you when I come home." Needless to say "Bobby" was a very happy boy that day. And in the evening, his joy at getting the candy made him forget all about "burglars."

It was about eleven o'clock at night. Mr. Peele had retired some time before, tired out after his day's work. "Bobby" had been put to bed long ago. While Mrs. Peele was crossing the hall from one room to another, just as she turned the handle of her door she distinctly heard a sound like the rustling of paper, coming from the direction of the library. Naturally she was very much frightened and said afterwards that she felt as though she were turned to stone. She managed to cross the hall, however, and to wake Mr. Peele, and together they stood in the dark hall.

"Now, you go to your room and lock your door. I shall go down and see what they want."

"See what they want!" gasped Mrs. Peele. "Why, John! Do you think I could stay in there while you are being shot to death? Hear that!" She frantically clutched her husband's arm, as the rustle of paper was heard again.

After some little persuasion on Mrs. Peele's part, her husband decided to allow her to accompany him, for something must be done, and she refused to allow him to go alone. They crept softly down the stairs, paused at the open door, and saw—no other than "Bobby," who was rocking in his little chair in the bright moonlight, with the box of candy on his lap, or rather what was left of the candy, very happy indeed.

"Bobby" is a man now, but he still hears how his mother and father "caught a burglar." MARJORIE HAMILTON.

THE WAY OF A MAN.

There were three of them, three girls with the same taste for clothes and fudge and men, and they had known one another all their lives. They shared everything in common. In child-hood days it had been paper dolls, and in school days they had poured over the same French grammar; but now, in their grown up times, things had come to a climax, for how could three girls share one man?

There never had been any secrets among them until Ted Holmes appeared on the horizon, and then each noticed that the other two forgot to mention when he called. When they had first known him they had talked him over, discussed his good and bad points, and told just what he had said to each the night of the Dunlap's dance. But after that last confession when Augusta was told "she was the best dancer in the room," Helena, "that her eyes were dreamy," and Ruth "that she was just the kind of girl a man could go crazy over," the girls had not mentioned Ted except in an offhand way.

As, "Oh, by the way," the speaker meanwhile busying herself about something, "I saw Ted Holmes today; he was with that queer, fuzzy haired Miss Watkins. I don't see what men can see in that girl!"

And after a mutual, "I don't see, either," the girls would hastily change the subject.

Nearly every afternoon they met at one of the three houses, and one midwinter day they were sitting in Augusta's room, busily sewing, while the kettle bubbled on a table near by. There had been a long silence, so unusual and so long that each girl was getting desperate. This constraint was frightful, it never used to be so in the old days, and how absurd that one man could—

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," it was Augusta who was speaking, "I invited the girl who lives next door to drop in for tea this afternoon. She has only been here such a short time," she added apologetically, "that she doesn't know many people yet, and I know she must be lonesome."

"That's very nice," Helena's voice was cool.

"Lonesome!" snorted Ruth, driving her needle furiously into an innocent doily.

"Wouldn't you be lonesome if—" began Augusta's soft voice. But Ruth rudely interrupted.

"Yes, I would be, Gussie Coleman, but any girl who is as bold and forward as to chase a man all over town and—"

"Why, I think Ted likes—"

"Who said anything about Ted?" hastily interposed Ruth, blushing hotly and leaning over to tie her shoe.

A ring at the door bell sent Augusta flying downstairs, and in a few minutes she came back followed by a very pretty, slight girl. Ruth and Helena rose to the occasion and greeted the newcomer politely, though coldly. But Trixie seemed not to notice the zero temperature, and rattled on while she unclasped her furs and threw her muff on the lounge.

"Isn't it cold? Did you ever see such weather? What a darling room! What a cute idea having your tea table in that corner! My dear, where did you get that perfectly cute Madonna? Didn't Gibson paint it? I just adore Madonnas."

Ruth suddenly saw a pin on the floor which she hurriedly picked up, Helena dropped her scissors, and Augusta bent over the teakettle.

"That is a copy of one of Raphael's Madonnas, which I picked up in Florence," the latter said, trying to keep her mouth steady.

"Oh really! Of course I meant Raphael, but these artists are so hard to keep straight. My dear, my nose is so red I do believe it's frozen. I met Ted Holmes on the street this—why, Miss Coleman you are spilling tea on that beautiful cloth! My hands are just as steady as a man's. Ted says—do be careful, Miss Coleman, or you will burn yourself. Ted says—'

"Pardon me, Miss Horton, for interrupting your interesting conversation. Helena, would you embroider this flower in pink or blue?"

Helena kept the floor as long as she could, holding forth on the superior merits of blue flowers, but Trixie wouldn't be put down in that manner, and once more began. "Do you know, I just dote on this town. It is so homelike. You can learn to know people in the shortest time! Why, my dear, we moved here on Wednesday and by Friday night I knew nearly everybody worth knowing. Ted Holmes and his crowd called Wednesday night, and—oh, dear, I must unpin my veil if I am to drink this delicious looking tea," and she flitted across the room to a mirror.

"If she mentions Ted's name again, I'll punch her," viciously whispered Ruth, picking up Helena's scissors.

"I hope she burns her tongue, the tea's awfully hot," Augusta murmured.

"Don't you hate veils? Of course they are terribly becoming, but such a bother. I had one with perfectly huge spots, but I only wore it once because Ted said I looked like a Sixth Avenue shop girl. He has the best taste, don't you think so? Of course you girls must know him terribly well, you have lived here so long. He said he knew you."

"Did he?" snapped Ruth.

"Awfully kind in him," Helena said, sotto voce.

Augusta put her hand over her locket and gave it a little squeeze.

"Ted certainly is a rusher. But I like that. I hate a fellow who always waits for your leave before he does anything. I like a man who's strong, and just goes ahead, and—"

"Isn't that Grace Talbot going by?" asked Helena, who had risen and stood by the window with her back to the little talker perched on the edge of the lounge. Ruth and Augusta, glad of an excuse, joined her, and the strain the three were under was removed for a few minutes.

"Grace Talbot, Grace?—oh, I know where I met her. Ted Holmes gave a theatre party for her the second night I came. Ted's always doing such nice things for people. He wanted to give me one, but mother thought I hadn't known him long enough. But now I feel that I have known him all my life," she added.

There was something in the tone of that last sentence which made all three girls wheel about and look at the speaker. She had put down her cup, and, chin in hand, was gazing at the wall,

her thoughts seeming miles away. Suddenly a little smile flitted across her face and she turned to the girls.

"I don't mind telling you because you are such old friends of his. The Sunday after I came he asked me to marry him, said that it was love at first sight. Of course I didn't accept him, because I was afraid he'd think I was anxious, but—well, if he ever asks me again, I'm going to marry him!

"Mercy sakes!it's five o'clock already and I told mother I'd be home at quarter of, but you all have been so interesting I forgot about the time. Good-bye Miss Williams, and Miss Monroe; no, Miss Coleman, don't come downstairs with me, I can find my way all right. Thank you so much for asking me to come, it has been delightful. Good-bye!" and with a smile and a nod Miss Trixie Horton tripped out of the room.

And the girls left behind? Did they smile and nod, too? As the front door slammed, Ruth threw herself, face down, across the lounge and broke into a storm of tears. Helena put her head against the window and closed her eyes. Augusta with trembling hands and quivering lips piled up the empty teacups, and for a long time no one spoke.

Then Augusta, though her future seemed to be crashing around her in little pieces, drew Helena over to the couch, and putting her arms around Ruth, held her for a few minutes very close.

"We might as well be frank with each other now," she said, wiping away two tears which had stolen down her cheeks, "I'll begin and tell my story, then Helena, and then you must, too, Ruth."

"It was Christmas Eve," she began, smoothing Ruth's hair and looking at Helena, "Ted came over to help trim the Christmas tree. Mother left us to put on the finishing touches and went upstairs. I was hanging one of the baby's dolls on the tree when he came up behind me, put his arms around me, and—Oh dear, why was I ever born?" Augusta's voice ended in a wail.

"Did he say that it was love at first sight?" demanded Ruth, sitting bolt upright and glaring at her friend.

"Yes," sobbed Augusta.

"Oh the beast, the brute," and Ruth pounded an imaginary Ted in the shape of the pillow.

"New Year's Day he told me that my eyes had such a power over him that he couldn't eat or sleep. He fell in love with me the minute he looked into them, and cannot be happy until I marry him, and he——Oh, the deceiver!" Helena's eyes were wide awake now.

"I suppose its my turn now," began Ruth, "but I can't bear to talk about it. I thought it was all so wonderful, and it's being Valentine's Day made it so full of romance. He sent me a box of roses, and inside there was a note, and—well, the rest is just like yours."

For some moments the girls just looked at each other, and then moved by a common impulse they kissed each other, and then, sitting there on the lounge, they discussed all of Ted's perfidy and planned what to do. Finally Augusta said, softly, "I don't think we'd better think about revenge, for that's rather beneath us. Let's just each write him a little note, telling him that we've decided in view of the circumstances to break our engagement, and that he mustn't call any more."

"Yes, Gussie, that's what we'll do," said Ruth, and that evening three little notes addressed to Mr. Theodore Holmes were posted, which surprised that gentleman exceedingly. However, he had a little surprise all ready for them, and for Trixie Horton too, for the next morning his engagement to an out-of-town girl was announced.

Broken hearts heal fast when the pride is hurt, and although for a long time a little constraint fell upon the conversation when Ted Holmes' name was mentioned, the world proved, to their surprise, to have some pleasures yet in store for them. The man who had nearly wrecked their friendship made it all the firmer through his very faithlessness. And the girls in time came to feel less bitterly toward him, and to regard his perfidy as just "the way of a man." Dorothy R. Mercer.

SKETCHES.

ETERNAL SPRING.

Oh, Spring is here in all its bloom,
Its emerald meadows, budding trees,
Its fragrant air of rare perfume
And music wafted by the breeze.

But all these joys I must refuse,
For, shut up in the House or Hall,
I'm penning lines to an awful Muse,
Who disobeys my every call.

Oh Muse, sing on of Vernal Spring!
I feel its spirit steal o'er me,
And, like the rest, shall ever bring
My cleverest offerings unto thee.

Athletics, editorials,
Daily themes, alumnæ and school news,
Poems, stories, and memorials,
Advertisements, cover, book reviews,—

All whisper of this sweet season,

But I'll not mention it at all;

And for a very simple reason

Shall say, "I wish that it were fall."

DOROTHY MERCER.

THE ROGERS HALL TEA PARTY.

A school is a nursery for ideas,—under which head may I include fads? They come and go, some going quickly of our own free will, while others make their adieus only because it is best they should, so we are told. Just at present teas are in

vogue, and I am afraid that some of us will soon turn into a caddy or a lemon, two things essential at a tea. When one receives a very informal invitation to be in another's room at three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, one's letters written home remain half finished, to be concluded later.

But etiquette demands that we do not relieve the cold blankness of the room by our glowing young faces for half an hour at least after the time appointed. So we troop into the girl's room, at nearer four o'clock than three, loll on the beds, and criticize our teachers, friends, and enemies, all in one breath—or, at least, some do. Many are always sure to eat their lemon, for they have been told that one lemon will take off a pound of flesh. Others frustrate this result by devouring lumps of sugar, with the hope of making prominent bones melt away under a soft covering.

After we have devoured all the eatables our hostess has supplied (she has a bountiful supply under the bed, but that is for her to enjoy later on) we tender our thanks to her, and give veiled hints that another "bid" would be very acceptable. But do not think us ravenous. It is only because our meals seem far apart, and our pocketbooks are very flat, that we thrust ourselves upon others. Therefore, let teas reign supreme, for they are not only necessary for our existence, but there are some happy ones among us who are gaining a knowledge of the rudiments of housekeeping, an art soon to be practised more in detail.

MILDRED MOSES.

THE MAGIC OF "MUVVER."

The light was turned lower and lower, the window was opened gently, and "Muvver," after a good night kiss, trailed softly out of the room.

The little boy in the bed turned over once, and hanging over the bed, looked under. Black emptiness. Perhaps they

[&]quot;Good night, little son."

[&]quot;Good night, Muvver."

wouldn't come to-night, after all. But see, over in the corner by the cupboard,—what was that? It was big, and black, and bumpy. It wasn't the rocking chair, cause, cause it wasn't. It was a bear. O-oh! And the little head burrowed deep under the bedclothes. Something was biting his toes. He knew there was, and in the morning he would be all gone, and Muvver wouldn't care a bit. If she did care, why didn't she come and drive that bear away?

Cautiously, he peeped over the blanket. The black thing was still there, and from under the bed came a strange, scratchy noise. Another bear, or maybe this was a lion. He was going to be eaten up. Such a little boy, and Muvver didn't care a bit.

Then softly from the next room came Muvver's voice, singing, "Baby's boat's the silver moon sailing o'er the sky."

Little Boy looked at the corner. The bear was gone, under the bed was silence, the lion was gone too. He might have known Muvver would not let him be eaten up.

In the next room, Muvver was still singing, "Only don't forget to sail back again to me."

Then, softly, "Good night, little son."

"Good night, Muvver."

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

THE BATTLE OF THE WOOD BOX.

Greatest confusion reigned in the kitchen. Three mice were reported to be in the wood box. As we could find no mouse trap in the house, and as we were miles from anything in the shape of a store, we decided that the only way to attack the formidable beasts was with brooms. Juliet and myself declined to have anything to do with killing the poor little things, and so, from a safe place on the ice chest, we watched with interest the preparations for the fray. Chairs were placed conveniently here and there, and upon them two trembling, but determined girls were mounted, each armed with their terrifying weapon. The door and all means of escape were

closed, and at a signal Hannah, the cook, tipped over the wood box and fled for her chair. At once three bewildered little mice appeared, and ran distractedly around the room. Their stouthearted enemies elevated their skirts, and grasping their brooms, the excitement began. Uttering an excited yell they would dart from their chairs, fly at their terrified little victims, wildly whack them with their brooms, and then rush for their place of safety. We of the ice chest tested our lungs with the rest, and with shrill voices asked how they could be so cruel as to kill the poor little things. They indignantly informed us that if we thought so we could leave the room; that they, for one, thought that such vermin ought to be killed. For at least fifteen minutes confusion reigned. Raid after raid was made from their chairs, brooms whacked wildly here and there, but at last they were victorious, and the three little mice lay dead.

HELEN NESMITH.

A HOT SUMMER DAY.

The little lumber town of Clatskaine lay broiling in the late afternoon sun of a hot July day. I sat in the window looking out on the road which was white with dust. Everything was quiet except the dull drone of a few bees, who were more energetic than the people, all driven indoors by the heat. the day was so oppressive that it was an exertion to move, and I sat there idly wishing for the evening and its coolness. denly there was a commotion at the top of the hill, and I jumped up straining my eyes to see what was disturbing the peace and quiet. A large cloud of dust was rapidly approaching, and as it drew nearer I could see that it was a crowd of about thirty men, divided into two groups and running as speedily as the heat and dust would permit. As they rushed by I could see that those of the first group were carrying a man lying flat on a heavy stretcher. Just as they passed, one of the men of this group beckoned to a man behind, who quickly took the place of his exhausted comrade. Later I learned that these men, lumbermen

from a distant camp, had run all the miles to town, taking turns carrying the wounded man, for fear they would miss the only train going into Portland before morning. The cool evening seemed much more pleasant when I thought that the injured man was on his way to skilled physicians, and that the efforts of his comrades had not been in vain. Cornelia Cooke.

MONA LISA-BY DA VINCI.

Have you ever seen her picture, that stately lady who sits smiling her wonderful smile from year to year? Her soft white hands are meekly crossed, but somehow I know those hands could be cruel, and that they have little in common with deeds of love and mercy. Her head is beautifully poised on her bare shoulders and her soft dark hair is plainly parted and drops in curls about her face—that face that once seen can never be forgotten. Her forehead is high and smooth, and beneath it her eyes, long, dark and almond-shaped, look at the world with a smile in them that is echoed in the perfect mouth; and that faint smile, what does it mean? Not mirth, surely, but amusement, and a cynical look hides there also. Mona Lisa did not fly into a temper, but her displeasure boded ill for him who occasioned it, I am sure. She had seen the world, and men and women were open books to her. Those eves could look deep into the souls of men, and I am sure she laughed at their foolish little joys and sorrows.

It would be a hard thing to love Mona Lisa, she is too cynical and her eyes are too hard to inspire love. Many great men must have feared and knelt before her. They have died, and Mona Lisa herself has gone; but still her face looks at us from the artist's canvas and she smiles her inscrutable smile.

MARGARET BLANCHARD.

PINK SUNBONNET GIRL.

Out in the green fields a pink sunbonnet bobbed up and down as the owner picked black-eyed Susans. The sunlight was very warm and the birds sang gaily, a little brook babbled over stones and past shady nooks, and all the world was very gay. The little girl in the sunbonnet had a pink dress on, and her feet were bare and brown. The sunbeams stole in between the ruffles of the pink sunbonnet and made soft shadows on a little face as brown as the black-eyed daisies that turned their petals to the sky. After the girl had gathered a large bunch of flowers, she went over in the shade of a tree near the brook and sat down.

She took off the pink sunbonnet and filled it with the black-eyed Susans, then, after smoothing her woolly hair into place, she began her lunch. After the girl had finished her meal she curled up in a ball and went to sleep; then all that was visible of the pink sunbonnet girl was a round pink puff in the daisy field.

Henshaw Waters.

A CLEVER MONGREL.

He was only a ragged little mongrel with a shaggy, tawny coat, very much bespattered with mud, and big, mischievous brown eyes, yet last Saturday morning he was the cause of much amusement. One rainy day when I was waiting for my car in the Square, I first saw him, coming around the corner, deeply engaged in a conference with two or three of his canine friends. However, in a few minutes his companions disappeared in pursuit of some business, evidently important by their manner, and my little dog was left to his own devices.

Poor little puppy! He was so hungry and the meat spread out on the market stall did seem so good. For a long time he hung about the stall one eye on the meat, furtively watching the passers-by, like a little child fearful of being detected in some childish naughtiness. Then he retreated beneath the

stall, and gazed into a near by puddle with an air of profound meditation. Did his conscience trouble him? I am afraid not. I had just turned around to see whether it was not nearly time for my car, when I heard behind me a sharp yelp, followed by the loud bang of a shopdoor, and a roar of laughter from the crowd. I looked around quickly just in time to see a furious marketman with a scarlet countenance standing in the doorway of his store, and in the distance a little yellow cur scurrying down the street as fast as the big ham-bone which he carried in his mouth would permit. In a few seconds he had disappeared around the corner, and at the same time my long-awaited car rumbled into the Square. I climbed up the steps with a sigh of relief, thinking all the while how much this little episode had helped to brighten the day for most of those who had seen it.

MARJORY FISH.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"GREECE AND THE ÆGEAN ISLANDS."

An interesting book of travel gives us an agreeable change from our novel reading. Surely such a book is Mr. Philip S. Marden's recently published, "Greece and the Ægean Islands," which is of particular interest to us as the author comes from Lowell. Mr. Marden, as he says in his preface, makes no pretense of writing "a scientific work on Greece from an archæological or any other standpoint," and carefully avoids, except in the first chapters where it is necessary, everything of a guide-bookish nature. His aim is to show that, in spite of popular belief, Greece with its adjacent islands is an easy and a very pleasant country to visit, and to point out to those making the trip for the first time, the easiest routes and pleasantest places. In this he is entirely successful.

One of the most interesting chapters of the book is that describing the all-day ride over the hills to Olympia from the

town of Andhritsaena in Western Greece. Olympia as the scene of the famous games is fairly familiar ground, but there are few people who know much, or anything beyond their names, about the many islands in the Ægean Sea, Delos, Rhodes, Samos, Cos, Cnidos, and the others, which Mr. Marden describes in his easy, vivid way. Indeed his keen humor and sense of the ridiculous contribute greatly to the enjoyment of the reader. In a book of travel more than in any other kind of book are illustrations necessary to an understanding of the contents. The illustrations from photographs show us the cities, the beautiful country, ancient ruins, and picturesque peasants, so vividly that on finishing the book the reader is very eager to travel through a country so full of interest and beauty.

The readers of Splinters may be interested to know that Mr. Marden is the editor-in-chief of the "Lowell Courier-Citizen," one of the brightest and best conducted papers in all New England. Certainly Mr. Marden both in his capacity as editor and author has learned to give the reading public what they both need and enjoy.

JOANNA CARR.

"BRUNHILDE'S PAYING GUEST."

"Brunhilde's Paying Guest," by Caroline Fuller, is a story of the South of today, with all its historic hospitality and goodfellowship.

Barbara Colleton, the heroine, is a very lovable woman, who is forced through circumstances to take boarders—or, as she prefers to call them, "paying guests"—into her beautiful southern home. The first guest, John Holly, is a New England man who has come to Carolina for his health. His many New England prejudices are completely upset by the easy-going ways into which he steps, and he finds the South rather different from what he had painted it.

As he is the first guest, he soon becomes almost one of the family, and Barbara and her friends, Levis, Dolly, and Adrienne, give him a good time that fulfills all his expectations.

The descriptions in the story are remarkably well done, particularly those of the garden at Barbara's home, and of the vision of the Whirling Woman.

The book is very amusing, full of the bright sayings and funny doings of the girls, and of the impish actions of the negro servants, whose chief entertainment seems to be a funeral.

The whole story is charmingly written, and the setting is fascinating; altogether it is a book one can truly enjoy.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

"THE BROKEN ROAD."

A. E. W. Mason's new book "The Broken Road" deals with both English and Indian life. In the Hindu, Shere Ali, we see the mistake that so many foreigners make, the breaking of the law of "White to White and Brown to Brown." Shere Ali, after having spent ten years in England, during which time he attended Eton and Oxford and became thoroughly English, is called back to rule his people. Had he not met and loved an English woman, Violet Oliver, he would gladly have answered the call because he has high ambitions for his country.

His hopes for the extension of the Road to Hindu Kush are shared by a young Englishman, Linsforth, who also loves Mrs. Oliver.

Shere Ali rallies all his strength and returns to Chilistan. When he has been in India for a few months he sees Violet at the races, and to her in their parting scene he says what we all feel is true, "I belong to no country and I have no people. I am an alien." We feel the pathos of his words, knowing as we do that he is too much of an Englishman to be ruler of his native country, and too closely akin to the Hindu to marry the girl he loves, even if she were unselfish enough to take him.

The theme of the book is the ambition of two men, one an Englishman, the other a Hindu, and the way a selfish, shallow woman prevented them from realizing their hopes, and ruined the life of one.

Henshaw Waters.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

MARY'S MOLEHILL.

"Oh dear! What shall I write about"? said Mary, sitting down with a discouraged look on her face. "I wish that my teacher would always give me a subject, and tell some topics that I could write about, for I don't care if I'm never able to write a composition!"

At last Mary called to her mother and asked her for a subject for a composition. "Write on 'A Day in June," said the mother, "but you never will finish it unless you say to yourself, 'I can do that, I must, and I will;' then it won't take you long."

Mary sat down and said to herself what her mother told her to say, and in less than half an hour she had her composition all done, and her mother told her she thought it was the best that she had ever written.

GERTRUDE PARKER.

THE SKATING PARTY.

'Twas recess at the little old schoolhouse in Norwood. In a corner of the school yard, under a large apple tree, three boys were busily talking. A boy about twelve years old seemed to be the leader of them all. His hair was red and his face was simply covered with freckles.

"I say, fellers," he remarked, "the skatin is corkin out at Scoot Pond. Say, Fidgets! You know the way, don't you?"

"Oh! Gee! I've been out there many a time. I should say I did know the way," piped in little Fidgets, the smallest of them all.

A short, stout boy then stepped up closer and said in a mournful tone of voice, "But, Cobie, I ain't got no skates. I skipped out one day before I'd chopped the wood. Pa was awful mad an' said I couldn't have none till next winter."

"Big brother Bill has a pair and maybe I could borrow them," said Fidgets. Then, in almost a whisper, he added, "But I'd have to get them without his knowing it, I would."

It was soon agreed that Fidgets was to get brother Bill's skates secretly, and directly afterwards they would go to the Pond. Just then the bell was rung, and, as they ascended the schoolhouse steps, Philip Coburn, or "Cobie, the Leader," stepped up to each of the other two boys, and, with his finger on his lips, said, "Mum's the word, boys."

An hour later three boys came running out of school. Fidgets immediately departed to sneak the skates out of his father's woodshed, and was to meet them at the large oak tree at Sawyer's Corner. The stout boy, or Toger, as he is known by his playmates, Cobie the Leader, and Fidgets made up the party. Toger and Cobie soon arrived at the oak and found to their surprise that Fidgets had got there ahead of them.

"Got 'em?" shouted Cobie.

"Yep," was the reply.

"All right, fellers. Come on!" commanded the leader. Away they went. Over fields, across tiny brooks, and through large woods. Finally they passed Grandpa Wicken's cozy little farmhouse, and crossed the last field.

"Behold! Scoot Pond!" shouted little Fidgets, straightening himself up as much as he could, for HE had led them there. "Hurray! We'll have the whole pond to ourselves!"

Soon they were all sitting down on the ice endeavoring to put their skates on. Fidgets got his on first and away he went, but stopped abruptly when he heard the captain's words:

"Mr. Charles Turner will please wait until the command is given to start."

Mr. Charles Turner at once obeyed and skated back to the captain's side. When the command was given, how they did skate! They did have all the pond to themselves, and how glare the ice was!

"Hooray!" they all shouted, and skated all the faster.

Meanwhile Grandma Wicken sat in her cozy bay window, darning a pair of socks. "I do declare, John," she said, turning

to her husband. "How this cold snap does hold out. Do you reckon the ice on the pond is safe yet?"

"I don't believe 'tis," said Grandpa. "It don't hardly

seem 's though it can be."

"Well! My patience!" ejaculated Grandma. "If here ain't some of the boys from the village! What can be the matter!"

She hurried to the door and let the boys in.

"Oh, Grandma!" shouted Cobie. "Fidgets fell through the ice an' he's sopping wet. One of his brother's skates is lost in the pond, too! What will they do to Fidgets when he gets home!"

"Dearie me!" said Grandma. "Come right in, Charles."

Fidgets' clothes were hung up by the stove to dry, while he sat, cuddled up in a bath robe, in the big armchair, and talked and laughed with Grandma and Toger.

Grandpa and Cobie immediately set out in search of the skate, which was soon rescued out of the water by means of a curved wire. As they appeared again at the door the three boys cheered and cheered. "Hurray for Grandpa and Grandma Wicken," they shouted.

After they had chatted together for a while, Grandpa hitched up old Dolphin in the sleigh, and carried them home to their anxious mothers.

Susie McEvoy.

THE FARM DOG.

A sleek gray cat crept along a moonlit path, pausing now and then to look at her shining gray coat and to pat down a place which the cool evening breeze had ruffed up. Suddenly she came upon a circle of cats of all kinds and sizes. In the middle of this circle was an empty place in which she sat down, taking care to curl her tail around her in the most becoming fashion. She soon brought the meeting to order by stating its purpose. They were gathered to decide on some way of keeping the farm dog from breaking up their evening meetings.

"That dog is the bother of my life," growled Mrs. Tabby, who was also a member of the farm household. "Why, last

night my mistress had just given my kittens a saucerful of warm milk, when that dog trotted in and drank it all!"

"The idea!" exclaimed a meek looking yellow cat, "weren't you awfully frightened?"

"I was afraid he would hurt my kittens, but if I had been there alone, of course I shouldn't have been afraid," answered Mrs. Tabby with a look of firm resolution on her face. "The other day," she went on, "I took my kittens hunting in the grass for grasshoppers. We were having a fine time when that pesky dog came and scared my kittens so that I had to take them to the barn where I hid them away from all danger."

"Why couldn't we—"

"Bowwow," rang in the clear night air.

Patter, patter, went the many paws, and the encampment of cats was empty. Only a soft rustle, like the laughter of the leaves, could be heard. ELIZABETH B. TALBOT.

RUTH AND HER CONSCIENCE.

Ruth was a very bright little girl of about five years, and up to the time of this incident had always been noted for her truthfulness.

One afternoon she was left alone to amuse herself, and she tried many ways, but in vain. At last she happened to notice on a rather high shelf, a dish of candy, which at once took her fancy, and she determined to get it. She tried for quite a while to reach it, and finally she caught hold of the doily under it. In a minute she found herself on the floor amid the broken fragments of her mother's best cut glass dish. She hastily picked up the pieces and put them away, thinking her mother would not notice that the dish was gone. On her mother's return, however, the first thing she noticed was the absence of her cut glass dish. The maids were questioned, but to no avail; as a last resort Ruth was questioned, but she declared her innocence.

That night Ruth desired to be put to bed earlier than usual, and her wish was granted without comment. She was glad when the nursery was reached, so that she might escape her mother's searching glances. Yet even then she was not at peace, for her big Teddy Bear who usually greeted her with outstretched arms and smiling countenance seemed to say "Oh, yes! You broke that dish!" and even her favorite doll seemed to frown at her disapprovingly.

Ruth was glad when at last the nurse left and she was alone. She tried in every way to keep from hearing the disagreeable sounds about her. It seemed impossible, for even the nursery clock seemed to say "Yes! you told a lie! Yes! You did." At last she fell into a troubled sleep in which she imagined that she was down in a dark dungeon and before she could get out the dish that was broken must be put together. This was a difficult task. She worked so long that she was all tired out, for as each new piece was put on another piece fell off, and so on. At last she was awakened by the piercing shriek of a passing engine, which seemed to leave behind the echo "Yes! you will be punished!" Each noise, even to the crying of her pet cat, seemed to have some disagreeable message for her.

Ruth could stand it no longer, and in a few minutes she was in her mother's room, confessing all. She was forgiven, and only gently punished, for her mother thought she had been sufficiently punished by Her Conscience.

GLADYS A. BROWN.

THE KING OF THE FOREST.

Once upon a time a great pine tree grew in a forest of the north. It grew in northern Russia, where there is always snow and ice. It was the king of the forest, and stood higher than all the other pines about it, straight and tall, and conscious of its grandeur. It never bent its royal head to the blustering wind, or to the weight of the snow that clung to its outspreading arms.

In the night the wind sighed and moaned through its branches, whispering to it sad tales of the outer world, tales of men, the small and weak, yet, nevertheless, the all-powerful. The tales that the wind told were all true, but the old pine tree, which had lived all its life alone except for its smaller companions whom it had scarcely deigned to notice, found it impossible to credit these tales.

"How," it mused, "could a small, weak man, aided by nothing more than a keen, bright axe, which the wind tells me is smaller than the man, make me fall to the ground, and take me away?"

It seemed unreasonable to the tree, which had lived all its life in solemn grandeur, towering above the others, that he could be made to fall to the ground by the hand of man.

But one day two men came into the forest, each with a bright axe over his shoulder. They stopped before the tree, and stood looking up at it for a few minutes, admiringly. Then they took their axes from their shoulders, and swung them high over their heads. Chop! The great tree shivered and stood still. Chop! Chop! Again and again the blows fell, cutting deep at each stroke. Regularly the sharp noises sounded through the echoing forest, and each time the great tree shivered more and more. The labored, panting breaths of the woodcutters sounded regularly on the clear, still air.

The tree is about to fall! Two mighty blows, and the men stand clear. The forest monarch trembles, sways, and, among a crash of splintering branches, falls heavily to the snowy earth.

The men, hot and exhausted, stand wiping their faces, and looking at the fallen pine.

So it happened, the death of the forest monarch.

GWYNETH BROWNE.

SCHOOL NEWS.

THE ANDOVER DANCE.

On Friday, January thirty-first, the list of boys that were to come from Andover the next day was put on the schoolroom board. There we had to sit all day and study while those names, the majority of which were wrapped in mystery, stared us in the face and promised us a good time. In the evening we made out our dance orders; and, incidentally, there was a good deal of speculating as to what our partners would be like.

Saturday evening the boys arrived at about quarter after seven, and—wonder of wonders! They did not stay upstairs more than fifteen minutes, therefore the concert began early and we were able to get in all the dances afterward.

The concert was particularly good and the songs very clever. Their representation of the serenade of "Miss Cambelini" was truly vivid—as they all sang to Botticelli's Madonna over the mantelpiece. We all rose and joined in "Andover—Rah" and "Old P. A." It would have seemed to the casual observer that everyone was an enthusiastic Andoverian, although I have heard—mind, only heard!—that there are some girls in school who write long letters to Exeter, not to the Postmaster either.

Before they boarded the car a vigorous cheer was given for Mrs. Underhill, and then for "Andover—Andover—Andover!" I hope, and believe, that the men had as good a time as we girls had.

ELEANOR STOCKBRIDGE CUSHING.

PROFESSOR ZUEBLIN'S LECTURES.

Those of us who heard Professor Zueblin's interesting lecture on "Fellowship" were very glad of the opportunity of hearing two more of the series which he was giving before the Lowell College Club. The first of these was on Art,—that is,

Art in its relation to the Common Life. He made first the distinction between Public Art, which every city possesses to a certain degree in its library, city hall, and other municipal buildings, and Democratic Art of which we see so little in the homes of "the People" in our smoke begrimed cities. The amount of ugliness which we have is due as much to the consumer as to the producer, the producer naturally manufacturing that for which there is the greatest demand. By beginning in our public schools to give a knowldege of the beautiful and tasteful to both the future producers and consumers, we shall finally achieve an Art, "Of the People and for the People—a joy to the maker and the user."

In the lecture on "Religion," Professor Zueblin defines religion as "the expression of man's relation to the universal and infinite and ultimate." Our religion is not our creed, or particular form of worship, but our relation to God and to man. Professor Zueblin believes in a great church in which everyone. regardless of creed distinctions, shall worship one God. With such a church service in the morning and with performances of the best dramas and operas in the evening, accessible to all, our problem of making Sunday as valuable as possible to all the people would be solved. This is, however, a large problem, and before its solution by means of a State Church and a State Theatre, as Mr. Zueblin seems to suggest, our ideas as to the function and duties of the State will have to undergo a radical change. Whether one agrees with Mr. Zueblin or not, one cannot fail to enjoy his lectures, for he is a very suggestive teacher. JOANNA CARR.

MR. TAFT'S LECTURE.

One afternoon in February a number of us had the pleasure of attending an illustrated lecture on Sculpture at the Middlesex Women's Club. While waiting for the artist to appear we were interested in studying the various casts and blocks of plaster on the stage. It was not long, however, before we were introduced

to Mr. Lorado Taft, of Denver, who after a few pleasant words at once went to work on his subject of the afternoon.

He worked with skill and exactness on several putty forms, producing wonderful results in a remarkably short length of time. We were shown various methods of obtaining smiles and sunshine in a statue, and after that the way to change the features into sadness and scorn. The instruments used were very few, being a hammer, a triangular wire attached to a handle, and a bit of stout cord.

An assistant was soon given a rough clay form, and during the next half hour of Mr. Taft's talk he modeled the head and shoulders of a young girl. Mr. Taft then took a plaster form and after knocking and hammering at it for several minutes, so taking off the two outside layers, we saw emerge a woman's head in pure white plaster. In this way he illustrated how a bust is removed from the mold.

As a final exhibition, Mr. Taft brought out the head of a small baby which was so natural and lifelike that a murmur of appreciation rose from the audience. He told us that it was the first work of his assistant who had modeled it at the time when he was a helper about Mr. Taft's studio, and before he had received a single lesson. The promise of talent in this small head was so plain that Mr. Taft began at once instructing the young man, who has made rapid progress since.

After this last example of the work in clay the lecture closed, and we started on our way back to school, delighted with what we had gained from the afternoon.

IRENE SNOW.

"THE GREAT DIVIDE."

On Saturday, February eighth, a number of us went in town to see our much talked of American play, "The Great Divide," by William Vaughn Moody. The play is more thoughtful and intellectual than the usual modern drama, but the interest is held throughout by the great intensity of the action.

The theme of "The Great Divide" is the struggle between the elemental in human nature, and the conventions that are the result of man's communal life. The struggle is typified in the life of Ruth Jordan, who inherits the fine sensitiveness and high spirit of her Puritan ancestors as well as their cast iron traditions. She is brought into contact with Stephen Ghent, a typical, unconventional westerner, whose love she does not understand. His appeal is to the woman in Ruth, underlying the conventions. This side of her nature seems entirely unknown to Ruth at first, but finally proves the stronger.

The second act is far superior to the other two from a literary standpoint. The first with its dark room, the rough face at the window, and the breaking into the ranch house, borders on the sensational. The interest is divided between the characters and the circumstances. In the second act the characters stand out supreme, and the interest is centered upon them and the struggle within them. Miss Anglin and Mr. Miller respond well to the demand made upon them, and both put their most excellent work into the second act. Miss Anglin's restrained emotion in the first act is very good, but her third act is weak and unconvincing. Mr. Miller proves himself an artist throughout, but his second act is by far the most difficult of the three and is exceptionally well done.

Mr. Miller is not at all fine looking, but one likes him from his first appearance. His face is heavy, but its expression is very genial and attractive. He is distinctly the western man of great power and physical strength, the man who could prove his own statement, "I feel as though I could take the world itself into my hand and squeeze it."

Miss Anglin's beauty is of a coarse type, lacking that refinement which is so necessary for her rôle. Judging from her looks Margaret Anglin would not have been at all troubled over the problems which were of such vital importance to Ruth Jordan. Her acting is very convincing, however, except in the third act.

In great contrast to Miss Anglin is Miss Crews, who takes the part of Phil Jordan's wife, Polly. She is a delightful little pink and white beauty, with few serious moments, who rushes in on the scene, relieves the tension, and rushes off again. Her husband, Phil, and their friend Winthrop Newbury, were very good, Phil being one of the few shining lights of the third act. The entire cast was carefully chosen.

The setting of the first and third act is realistic, with many well chosen details. The second act shows a scene on top of one of the western mountains where Ruth and Stephen Ghent had built their little home. They seem to be alone here with the heavens, entirely isolated from the few mountain peaks which can be seen in the distance. The brown coloring of the house and the mountains is broken only by the few red blossoms on the little rose vine; and is brought into relief by the beautiful blue coloring of the sky.

The setting is American, the plot is American, and the characters are American. Our problem plays are usually borrowed from foreign countries, but we can truly say of "The Great Divide," "It is a great American play."

HELEN B. HUFFMAN.

JUDGE LINDSEY'S LECTURE.

On Wednesday, February tenth, Miss Parsons took a number of the girls to hear a lecture by Judge Lindsey of Denver, Colorado. Judge Lindsey has become very well known through the juvenile courts established by him, and we were all anxious to hear him.

When Judge Lindsey appeared, I think most of us were surprised and a little disappointed. We expected a large athletic man who would take the audience by storm. Instead, we found him small, with a face which at first impressed us as weak. Later, however, when we heard him speak and studied his face more carefully, our opinion was decidedly changed. Judge Lindsey has the forehead of an idealist, a firm nose and chin, and eyes which seem to see and understand everything.

When Judge Lindsey begins to speak he carries us with him to the courts, the slums, the poorest homes, and we realize how well he must know the poor, and the conditions under which they live. He looks upon the child as a child, not as a criminal, and, as he says, he goes farther back than the "box car," back to the moral training, to the home life of the child. There is so evidently a bond of sympathy between Judge Lindsey and the children who come before him that it is impossible not to feel sorry for "Mickey," for instance, even with his title of the "Worst kid in Town."

There is something so fascinating about Judge Lindsey that it is easy to understand why the street boys look upon him as the best of friends, and we can only think that if there were more Judge Lindsey's there would be fewer "moochys."

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

"EVERYMAN."

On Wednesday, the twelfth of February, some of the girls went into Boston to see the old morality play, "Everyman" presented by the Ben Greet Company. The stage was set to represent the cloister yard of Salamanca Cathedral in Spain where religious plays were commonly performed in the middle ages. The costumes were copied from Flemish Tapestries. The music, both choral and instrumental, is of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The "Doctour" delivers the Prologue, and then God opens the play with the assertion that men have dammed themselves in sin, and have become so encumbered with riches that they have forgotten Him.

He has decided to execute justice on them, and "have a 'rekenynge' of every mann's persone." He summons "Dethe" His "mighty messenger," and tells him to bid "Everyman" prepare for his last journey. On hearing the unwelcome message Everyman says that he is fond of this life and tries to bribe the awful Dethe to let him off for a while. Dethe says that it is time for Everyman to go, but gives permission for any friends that wish to accompany them.

"Fellowshyp" enters and noticing Everyman's grief, asks the cause, vowing his readiness to die for him. But when

"Fellowshyp" hears his friend's request he flatly refuses to go a step with Everyman. An appeal is then made to "Kyunde" and Cosin," but they, too, fail him. Then he turns to his dearly loved Goodes," (Riches) who simply mocks poor Everyman.

At last in despair he turns to his long neglected friend "Good Dedes" who, though lying weak and cold on the ground, so bound by his sins that she cannot stir, readily consents to do all she can for him. She introduces her sister "Knowledge," who offers to be his guide, and brings him before "Confession" from whom Everyman receives the jewel, "Penance, voyder of adverstye." The ardor of his supplications and the severity of his penance makes "Good Dedes" whole again and enables her to accompany him on the pilgrimage.

Everyman after having received the sacrament, sets forth clad in the garment of "Contrycyon;" with him go "Beaute," "Strength," "Dyscrecion" and "Fyve Wyttes." But when these friends see that Everyman's path leads through the open grave they desert him one by one, but each wishes him a safe journey. Everyman is in great despair and cries out, "O Jesu, help; all hath forsaken me!" But "Good Dedes" remains steadfast and though Knowledge explains that her duty is here and she cannot accompany him, yet it is "for no manner of daunger."

"Dethe" blows his trumpet and Everyman with these words, "In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum!" sinks into his grave. "Good Dedes" goes to Heaven to present Everyman's record before the Great Judge. Knowledge tells us that what he hath suffered we shall endure, so we had better strengthen our "Good Dedes" while we have an opportunity. An "Angell is heard singing a welcome to Everyman, and the "Doctour" brings the play to a close by pointing out the moral.

The play was very well acted out. Mr. Greet took the part of "Goodes," or Riches, and he was splendid. When you go home and think about the play, you are very sure that you do not want any "Goodes;" you even doubt the constancy of your friends, and begin to do some "Good Dedes" in order that your record may be clear. So, in spite of the gloom, "Everyman" is very beneficial.

Henshaw Waters.

OUR VALENTINE PARTY.

What a pretty picture in red and white the dining room made on Friday evening, Valentine's Day! The tables were decorated with red candles and red hearts, and, carrying out perfectly this color scheme, all the girls were dressed in red and white, making one of the most attractive scenes imaginable. And best of all were the Valentines. All day long, and in fact all week, ever since we had drawn names to see for whom we should each make a Valentine, we had been planning those wonderful works of art, and exerting all our poetic powers to make our verse as witty and as personal as possible. So it was no wonder that we should dread the time when we must read the verses written to ourselves, yet should be all the while anxious to hear the hits on the other girls. At last the time had come, and while the last course was being served, the girls distributed the Valentines. They certainly were good; some were decorated in water colors, some came in the shape of hearts, and one as a "Special Del.;" but surpassing even their gay appearance was the poetry they contained. Miss Parsons began by reading hers, then each girl in turn rose and hesitatingly read her verse. All were rich and rare and very personal, and though some I think were rather far-fetched, still we enjoyed them all. RACHEL MOREHEAD.

THE HALL ENTERTAINMENT.

The Ides of March came in February this year when Julius Cæsar appeared one evening in the Gym and was once more assassinated. Some people may consider the real Cæsar a good looking man—of course everybody is entitled to his own opinion—but I don't believe he possibly could have surpassed the Cæsar who marched up and down the Gym floor, who refused his chafing dish crown three times, and who wandered boldly among the dead, when his ghost appeared to the unfaithful Brutus.

While waiting for the play to begin we had ample time in which to read the numerous signs pinned to the curtain. "This is a tragedy, weep!" "People in the front row are requested not

to flirt with the orchestra," were two of them, and, by the way, did anyone notice that the faculty occupied the front seats nearest the orchestra? The musicians were charming (where did they get those dress suits?) and many eyes were cast in their direction; but all unconscious of the admiration they excited, Hazel and Miss Harrison played on, their indifference impressing us as one more sign of genius.

"The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar" was begun by an opening chorus of Roman citizens singing in the street. They were sure that something dreadful was brewing, for "great Cæsar's cat was mewing." Cæsar himself appears, whereupon Mark Antony offers him the crown three times. After a great deal of flattery Cæsar accepts "this crown of tin," and the enthusiastic chorus goes out singing, "Hail to Cæsar, Rome's great king."

The plotting against the mighty general's life was very skillfully done by the three villains headed by Brutus. And such a Brutus! Who would have recognized Connie in that deep dyed villain who sang so alarmingly to the stars?

Calpurnia beseeches Cæsar not to go to the forum as "his robes need washing and she's completely out of starch," but even this disaster does not keep him and he unsuspectingly goes to the Senate. And while Calpurnia is trying to keep her lord at home, Portia is begging the reason from Brutus, why he looks so scared and white, and who the villains with him are, for the only reason she can find is that "they must be rent collectors;" but Brutus replies that "They are simply cat dissectors," so her fears are quieted, and Brutus follows Cæsar to the Senate.

There the villains set upon him, and he falls, after the familiar "Et tu Brute." The play ends with the battles between Brutus and Mark Antony, and Cæsar walks among the dead, making them shiver so hard that their chafing dish helmets and shields clattered, and the Gym walls shook.

The whole "tragedy" was ingenious, and, as the actors themselves entered into the spirit of the play, it was most amusing, and all too short.

The Gym has seen many ludicrous sights, (æsthetic dancing?) but for farce pure and undisguised this tragedy takes the prize.

DOROTHY RUMSEY MERCER.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

On the evening of Washington's birthday the Amherst Dramatic Club gave "The Taming of the Shrew" in the Lowell Assembly Hall most successfully in the Elizabethan style.

Soon after we had been ushered to our seats the curtain went up. A page came in with a large placard which was hung on the curtain, and in this way we were told where the scenes were laid. The acting was very good throughout the play, and all of the men took their parts very well. Mr. Robert Hamilton as Katharine the Shrew was very good, and made a surprisingly good-looking girl as did Mr. Richard Scandreth, Jr., who took the part of Bianca. Mr. Scott Fink as Petruchio was most domineering and wilful, and no shrew could help but be tamed by him. There is no doubt but that he won the hearts of those of us who saw him. Mr. Max Shoop as Lucentio was a clever actor, and, although the Fates were against him, he won Bianca in the end. In the last scene the widow, Mr. Enos Stockbridge, found it difficult to keep from laughing when the tamed Katharine recited the duties of a wife.

We all enjoyed the play very much, and went away feeling very happy, though we were disappointed not to meet the Amherst men afterwards. The lateness of the hour, however, made the dance we had expected impossible. Gladys Lawrence.

"WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER."

Washington's birthday usually brings something very delightful with it, I have found, and this year the "something" was just as delightful as usual. I think you will agree with me that a crowd of girls could not choose anything more enjoyable than a matinée of "When Knighthood was in Flower" with Julia Marlowe for the heroine.

The play is essentially one that would be popular with the average boarding school girl, for it is very romantic, has a nice looking and altogether idyllic hero, and it ends happily—which,

after all, is the best part, is it not? The plot of "When Knighthood was in Flower" is too well-known for me to retell it, as the play follows Mr. Major's book of the same name quite closely. It is an exceedingly pretty love story with a conventional villain, in the shape of Buckingham, and an obstacle, in the shape of Henry the Eighth, to make rough the path of true love.

Miss Marlowe, as lovely, wilful Mary Tudor is an ideal heroine, and one that more than fulfilled my preconceived idea of what Mary Tudor should be. She took her part so convincingly that she carried her audience back into the days of tyrannical Henry, and crafty Buckingham, and thrilled and delighted us by opposing her slender strength against them.

Frederick Lewis, her new leading man, also, by his splendid acting, found favor in our eyes, although we who had seen Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern play together realized the difference.

The rest of the cast was very good, and supported Miss Marlowe and Mr. Lewis well. The "dauphin of France" played a rather disagreeable rôle in a very realistic manner; and although one lady back of me murmured that "Henry the Eighth wasn't half fat enough," I will not venture to criticize his size, for I have never seen the gentleman.

Indeed the play was wholly charming, and I will pay it the highest compliment in my power by saying that we all felt when we left the theatre that "we should like to see it right over again."

VIRGINIA TOWLE.

"THE MAN OF THE HOUR."

"The Man of the Hour," a political comedy in four acts, is one of the busiest plays the stage has seen for many a day. The action in detail consists of many striking scenes, strong situations, and many unexpected turns of affairs.

The story concerns the attempt of a money magnate and a city boss to obtain a perpetual charter for a city railway. To succeed in this plan they must have control of the mayor. They nominate a young man in love with the magnate's niece.

The young man is elected mayor and is to marry the girl. The bill comes for the mayor to sign, he decides after a day's thought that the bill would work harm to the city, and so vetoes it.

Then comes the trouble, the young mayor is offered bribes, and at every turn he is faced with a new and more difficult problem. All sorts of threats are made against him, even the revered memory of his father is desecrated by facts produced to prove that he, too, was a "grafter." But, in the end, by one turn or another, the adherents of the Boss are brought over, and the mayor's veto stands.

The two city Bosses, working in opposition to each other, make the play very ludicrous at times, with their Irish brogue, and their intense hatred of each other.

The play portrays at length the prevailing tendency to use whatever means possible, whether fair or unfair, to obtain the desired result; and in a sense it portrays the political situation of today.

Every one of the party that spent the afternoon of Washington's birthday seeing this play considered herself fortunate, for we all enjoyed it very much. Frances M. Herman.

OUR TRIP TO EXETER.

Saturday morning, February twenty-second, is a date long to be remembered by the girls who, with Miss Bulson as chaperon, left for Exeter where we were going to attend a "Meet" in the afternoon, and a dance in the evening.

While there, we were guests of the "Phi Epsilon Sigma House" and were royally entertained. "The House" itself was very attractive and came up to our expectations of what a men's fraternity house should be.

I must not forget to mention a bulldog, the mascot of "The House," named "Bosco," who tried hard to make the party a success and from his worried expression one would have thought that the burden of the entertaining fell upon him.

In the afternoon the "Meet" took place, the first half out of doors and the last in the gymnasium. It was successful and several of the school records were broken.

We returned to "The House" for dinner, and at a quarter past eight were ready for the dance. It was given in the gym which presented a pretty picture. There are four small rooms in the hall, and a prize had been offered to the class whose room should be the most artistically decorated. They were all so good-looking it was hard to choose one, but I believe the prize was awarded to the Senior class.

After the dance the boys gave us a supper at "The House."

We left Exeter Sunday morning, and arrived at Rogers Hall in time for dinner, a very tired but enthusiastic crowd of girls, all giving three "Rahs" for Exeter.

MARJORIE GERTRUDE HAMILTON.

THE MID-YEAR DANCE.

The excitement began about the middle of February, fully two weeks before the dance, when it was announced that the invitations were to go out. There were many puzzled girls undecided whom to ask, and some who lived far away were lamenting the fact that they knew no one in this part of the country. In spite of these difficulties everything was finally settled, the invitations went out, and then the regrets and acceptances began to pour in. After each mail small groups of girls were to be seen gathered around the old-fashioned chest of drawers in the upper hall, looking at the neat stack of notes piled there; some to see if their men had replied, and others to admire the handsome seals and monograms on the note paper. So, gradually, the excitement increased until the eventful night arrived, and then what girl really and truly was not excited! Every girl had a man, everyone's dress had arrived, all were prepared for a good time, and I think I am safe in saying that everybody's expectations were realized.

We had decided to have a green and yellow color scheme, and as far as possible it was carried out. The dance orders

were green and gold, the mantels were banked with daffodils, the chandeliers were hung with smilax, and the orchestra was hidden under a bower of palms.

At eight o'clock the music began, and to the strains of "The Merry Widow Waltzes" we started to dance away one of the most pleasant evenings of the year. The time passed altogether too quickly, the supper dance had come and gone, and all too soon we realized that it was getting near midnight and our fun was almost over. The last dance ended, we all said good-bye to our men, and then fifty tired but happy girls went to their rooms to dream the good time over. Cornelia Cooke.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

On several Friday afternoons this winter a number of the girls have had the pleasure of attending with Miss Beru Ropf the famous Boston Symphonies. A trip to town to hear one of these concerts would not seem complete without a visit to Huyler's, where we all indulge in "fudge-ices"; this treat is followed, weather permitting, by a delightful stroll up Boylston Street, where we gaze into the beautiful shop windows on our way to Symphony Hall.

Dr. Muck, who is certainly one of the most successful conductors Boston has ever known, has this year arranged his programmes in a very systematic manner, beginning with the old masters, such as Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and coming down to the modern composers, among them, Converse, Schjelderup, and MacDowell.

The orchestra work under Dr. Muck has been so fine that the audience has not cared especially whether the week's programme included a soloist or not—yet the various singers, pianists, and violinists have been well worth hearing. Among the soloists I remember with especial pleasure Mr. Ernest Schelling, who played his own compositions. His music appealed to everyone and was received with much enthusiasm.

I also enjoyed Mme. Katherine Goodson's rendition of Hinton's Concerto in D-Minor. In addition to her rare musical

ability, Mme. Goodson has an unusually attractive personality, and carried her audience with her from the beginning.

Another of the more noteworthy soloists was Mr. Heinrich Warnke who played Dohnanyi's Concert-piece in D Major on the violoncello, accompanied by the orchestra. All who heard Mr. Warnke's music were deeply impressed by its richness and depth, it left one with a very peaceful, satisfied feeling.

Altogether the concerts have been most excellent, and I think every girl who has attended them has realized what a great musical opportunity it is to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MARGARET STEPHENSON.

THE COPLEY HALL EXHIBIT.

Some of us were particularly fortunate in being allowed to go to Boston on Friday, March the thirteenth, to see an exhibition of pictures of the French School of 1830 at Copley Hall. It was a very good collection, representing most of the artists of that time. The men of 1830 stand alone in art, for it was they who broke away from Classicism and became interested in Realism and Romanticism. They were not exclusively landscape painters, as is sometimes thought, but were figure painters as well. They realized that the beauty of natural objects lies not so much in the objects themselves as in the light and atmosphere which surrounds them; this effect they knew could only be truly produced by working from nature itself. We saw examples of this principle in the pictures of Millet, the painter of peasant life; of Corot, the ideal Classic-Romantic painter; of Rousseau, sometimes called the epic poet of this school, and the work of many others.

From Copley Hall we went to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, but unfortunately we had not much more than an hour there, since it was long past luncheon time and we wished to go to the Library in the afternoon. However, we had time to see some pictures of the old Dutch and Spanish School, also the "Charity" by Thayer, the "Pot of Basil," by Alexander, a

portrait by Sargent, and some other paintings of our modern school.

After luncheon we went to the magnificent Boston Library and saw the beautiful mural decorations by Abbey, of the "Holy Grail," with its wonderful color. Upstairs Sargent had painted his famous "Prophets," which we were all glad to see. In fact it was a day which we enjoyed and appreciated greatly, particularly some of us who are not Boston girls and may not have an opportunity to go soon again.

ELIZABETH McCREA.

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND."

We were all greatly entertained one afternoon, the Saturday before the spring vacation, by the production of the play "Our Mutual Friend," which was given in the "Gym" by the following girls:

John Rokesmith, "Our Mutual Friend".	Rachel Morehead
R. Wilfer, "Cherubic Pa"	Dorothy Downer
Mr. Boffin, "The Golden Dustman"	Frances Herman
George Sampson, "The Friend of the Family"	Elsie Lunham
Bella Wilfer, "The Lovely Woman"	Cornelia Cooke
Mrs. Wilfer, "Majestic Ma"	Virginia Towle
Lavinia Wilfer, "The Irrepressible Lavvy".	Mildred Moses
Mrs. Boffin, "A dear, a dear, the best of dears"	,

Margaret Blanchard

Since all who read this article are probably familiar with Dickens' novel "Our Mutual Friend," from which book the play was taken, it is unnecessary to state the plot here at length. A large and enthusiastic audience filled the hall to overflowing and eagerly followed the adventures of the gallant hero, John Rokesmith, who cast aside name and fortune to become private secretary to Mr. Boffin, the heroine's kindly benefactor. The heroine, who looked like some old time portrait come to life,

was quite worthy of this attention, however, and won the hearts of the most fastidious, especially when, in the second scene, she appeared in her green velvet riding-habit and black picture hat. The hero, whom we never should have known as "Rickie," had not her name so appeared on the cast, paid ardent suit to the lady in question, and worked himself up to a wonderful state of indignation when Mr. Boffin flung him his discharge. Mr. Boffin, as the kindly old gentleman who wished to "show Bella the sights," was capital, and we quite lost our hearts to his gentle little wife with her fluttering ringlets and her quavering "Laws-a-mercy, my dear!" When we first beheld Mrs. Wilfer in her wonderfully embroidered gown, we were convulsed for the moment and almost failed to recognize our tactful Virginia in this haughty old lady who made such biting remarks and cast such scathing glances at that "little man,"—her husband. Although the part of Mr. Wilfer was one of the hardest in the play, it was certainly one of the best acted. Poor man,—we could not help but pity him as he sat alone, eating his bread and milk, in his gloomy old office; and again, as he stood in perplexed silence while his wife heaped her bitter reproaches on his head for any and every one's else faults. Our feeling of pity was but momentary however, since we quickly forgot Mr. Wilfer's illfortune in laughing at saucy Lavinia and pretty George Sampson, the "object of her maiden preference" and the acknowledged "friend of the family."

All obstacles at last overcome and everyone properly arranged for, the play ended happily, and to say we were sorry to see the last scene put in place by the hard-working scene-shifters, would be but stating the case mildly. Very grateful indeed did we feel to Miss Harrison, to whose untiring efforts and skillful coaching the success of the play was largely due.

Louise Emerson.

ATHLETICS.

The ancient Greeks and Romans believed that physical development was necessary to the successful development of the mind. "A sound mind in a sound body" was their ideal, for they realized that it is difficult to be strong mentally if one is physically weak. Perhaps if we should practice more thoroughly what was both preached and practised by the ancients we should meet with more success in all we undertake. Certainly our own experience right here in school teaches us the truth of the old saying. If one reads too much the brain becomes overtaxed and sluggish, so if one exercises too much the body becomes exhausted and refuses to respond to whatever it may be called upon to accomplish. So we must strive after the double ideal of the sound mind and the sound body, and neglect neither the mental nor the physical exercises so necessary to our well rounded development, but see to it that each receives its proper share of attention.

Our athletic sports, though the weather has so far forbidden outdoor exercise, grow more and more fascinating. The feeling that spring is so near exhilarates us into going about our gymnasium work with more than a will. We have become quite expert on the parallel bars and Indian clubs are no longer hateful things, for we can now go through the maneuvers without a pause. Many have made excellent progress in fencing and have graduated to fencing assault. We are still practising basket ball and looking forward eagerly to the games which are sure to be exciting, as the teams seem to be equally matched. When this April "Splinters" appears, we shall be back at school after our vacation and taking part in the spring sports with renewed vigor and interest.

THE FENCING TOURNAMENT.

March twenty-fourth was a warm sunny day, and in the afternoon we all assembled in the gymnasium for the fencing tournament. The prize was a beautiful silver cup, which Miss

McFarlane offered us. First the beginners drilled extremely well, showing what splendid progress they made in the winter term. Then the "old girls" took the floor and the excitement began. The girls looked more like dancing bears than anything else in their big masks, and with their fierce appearance. They drew for adversaries, and then began. The only noise was that of the foils and the sound of their soft shoes, pat, pat, as they danced round and round the room. At last it was over, and the contestants dropped panting to the floor and pulled off their masks. The touches were counted, and the cup was awarded to Mildred Moses. The record was as follows:

1st BOUT.

Miriam Pierce 17
Etta Boynton 17
Joanna Carr 1
Mildred Moses 11

Etta Boynton 18
Miriam Pierce 9

time 2 minutes.

2d BOUT.

Etta Boynton 9 time 2 minutes. Mildred Moses 12

3d воит.

Mildred Moses 4 Marjory Fish 6 time 2 minutes.

MARGARET BLANCHARD.

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT.

Miss Harriet Coburn is travelling in Italy, and several of the girls in school have been fortunate enough to hear from her.

Elise Gardner, who is living in Brookline this winter, announced her engagement a short time ago to Mr. Alan Hume of Washington, D. C.

Cards have been received by some of the girls for Mary Huntington Pew's coming out tea.

Grace Heath has been spending a delightful three months in Florida.

Bertha Swanton (R. H., 1903) was married in March to Mr. Ray Hosmer Bradford, of Andover, Mass.

Ella Thomas (R. H., 1903, Smith, 1907) has been taken into the Smith Biological Club.

Marion Chandler is having a splendid time down in Cuba. Ruth Sprague, who has entirely recovered from her severe illness, is now in South Carolina.

Another Rogers Hall girl, Stella Fleer (R. H., 1907) is spending the winter in the South.

Priscilla Howes (R. H., 1905) has been out at the West Point commencement, and is now visiting here in Massachusetts. She is visiting Juliet Huntress in Lowell this month, and then is going to Salem to visit Polly Pew.

Grace Smith (R. H., 1906) is visiting Anna Ogden in Bridgeton, New Jersey.

Harriet Davey (R. H., 1905) has been making an extensive trip through the West Indies—covering about five thousand miles in her travels.

Miss Dorothy Underhill has just returned from a four-weeks trip to the West Indies and South America.

Miss Susannah Simpson (R. H., 1898) announced her engagement to Mr. Ed Hylan of Lowell at a very charming bridge luncheon given by Miss Julia Stevens (R. H., 1897) March nineteenth.

FROM VASSAR.

An Alumnæ privilege is to write a glowing account on the extremely interesting subject, oneself, to have it printed, and poured over by the reading public—at Rogers Hall. This year we of Vassar have to prove our Alumnæship. So you who care to hear about our college, hearken, and you who know about it, see whether we present truly the transformation from school girl to college woman.

First impressions of college are widely different with different girls. For instance, among us three, one was homesick, one amused at the change in life from the one she had been accustomed to, and the last one literally "crazy about everything." Of course after the first few weeks all these views were modified. Friends filled the aching void in the heart of the homesick one, and study calmed the exuberance of the one worshipping at the shrine of Alma Mater. Life here began in earnest, and we, along with the others, started in the path to knowledge.

Classes at college, in length and in the number and strangeness of the questions asked, are much the same as at school. "Children, heed your teachers" is a maxim which still holds good, even while you are known by the very formal appellation, "Miss Blank." But the jolly part of college is that there is so much else to it besides just lessons. If you are athletic, there is a huge gym and an athletic circle just beside it where you can sport in any way that suits your fancy and your skill. you can go boating (or skating as the season permits) upon our lake, which really is almost too small to deserve the name, but upon which we have the gayest times imaginable. Even chocolate munchers can find occupation and exercise by walking around the outer edge of the campus, upon what is known as "Pine Walk." This certainly is the finest place in the world to have a good old-fashioned date. We do have them, too, but in college there are so many girls whom you know and are fond of, that the "standing date" is an impossibility.

There is a calling system here which is very good, but for Freshmen rather bewildering. At home one casually remarks, "You must come to see me," without in the least expecting the person to do it. Here, when you meet an upper-classman, she invites you to call if she likes your looks. Not to go would be quite a faux-pas, but when you do go you are expected to be entertaining. Of that you can usually judge by whether you are asked to come to dinner with the fair lady, at some future date.

Chapel is a daily requirement that grows irksome to your soul, in time, but for the first few weeks it is an event very much enjoyed by a Freshman. As you go in at the chapel door you are impressed with the size of the place and then with its beauty. The music seems to come from every side instead of from the organ, and your whole mood is worshipful during the short service. After chapel the girls march out by twos, instead of all crowding into the aisle in the usual church method. When you sit in the back of the chapel it is a pretty sight. Girls, girls, pouring up the aisle in an endless stream and in such a way that you don't notice from where they start. It is an imposing sight, and one that makes you think of the vastness of college.

Probably by reading the magazines you have some idea of the beauty of various buildings, and individual rooms on the campus, such as the Library, the Senior's parlor and the Raymond reading room. Surely the "Saturday Evening Post" had a truthful sketch in it a few months ago of the Vassar girl, with the chocolate habit, Peter's, and Cailler's, and Whitman's "Instantaneous Drinking Cocoa" being the chief articles of her diet. But no one has mentioned the Inn. And that, from our point of view, is the most important place in Poughkeepsie. It is a low brown building with a large porch around it, and it is conveniently near to the back gate of the campus. At any time of the day or evening you can skip down there, where a benevolent darky serves you with some dainty, and where you can have bills without the slightest pangs of conscience.

All these scenes of college life my poor skill can not have depicted as nearly as delightful as they really are, and there is so much that I have left untold that I am afraid you have but a shabby conception of real college life. But, doubtless, a word with you, for once having been among you I know your feelings: Don't let the hard work of your preparatory course discourage you as, I am sorry to state, it did so many of the class of 1907. Just do that work and come to Vassar and try it. Your minds may not grow much, but your hearts will, and you will have the best fun you ever had in your life. Just try college life and you will join the thousands of other "Princessess" that say there is nothing so fine as to be a college girl.

SPLINTERS

Rogers Hall School, Lowell, Mass.

SPLINTERS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Editorial .									1
Growing Up									3
Character in Ha									3
The Alphabet									5
The Temptation	n of	Mar	y An	ın.					7
The Prehistoric									10
Typical Conver	sati	ons							12
The Merry Wid									17
Sketches .				_					18
Book Reviews									24
Children's Page									27
School News									32
Athletics .									39
Alumnæ Depar									50
Commencemen									55

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EDITORIAL.

The editor was stretched out at full length at the edge of a pine grove just near enough to get the odor of the pines, yet far enough away to have found a thick pile of dead leaves to rest upon.

The editor was not alone; around her in positions of various degrees of comfort were her friends, but she, having performed her various social duties and luncheon having been finished, considered that she had earned a few moments of solitude and rest, so had betaken herself to this soft heap of leaves. As she looked up through the tall green pines to the blue sky above a feeling of contentment stole over her and she wondered if the other girls were enjoying the day.

She mused about many things but chiefly about the way in which the different girls had regarded the day's outing, how they had taken the many mishaps which naturally occur on an expedition of this kind, and the inconveniences which always are encountered several miles from civilization. She thought of the girl who heartily dislikes hard boiled eggs and sandwiches, who regards burnt bacon cooked on hot rocks by the side of a smoky fire as an article of food not particularly enjoyable; who thinks potatoes cooked in ashes dreadful things to look at and still more dreadful to eat; but who had yet insisted on coming, and who had bravely choked down the despised things in order to be called a "good sport." Then, too, there was the girl who is generally called correct. She is always faultlessly dressed and is never seen in an undignified position.

And yet this very morning the editor had seen her lying flat on the damp ground drinking out of a muddy stream. Dignity had been laid aside, simply and naturally she took to her surroundings until the editor who had rather smiled at what she had believed were her affectations decided that simplicity was also a part of her character. So it is that environment often changes people. A girl who can adapt herself to circumstances will prove a far more pleasant companion than the girl who fits in well in only one or two situations. Oftentimes a friend considered absolutely congenial, taken out of the environment to which she has been accustomed, will prove very different and decidedly uncongenial. At the same time another girl, always thought of with a bit of contempt, may by her adaptability cause herself to be regarded as one whose friendship is something to be desired.

Adaptability is not generally included in the list of essential virtues, but at least it is one of the most important in a harmonious society. Perhaps the reason it is not generally rated thus, is because people fail to recognize that sympathy is the underlying quality, not that other characteristic which is often associated with it—unsincerity. The assertion of one's individuality is not always a mark of sincerity but is often a mark of egotism. The person who meets people and situations halfway is usually modest enough to realize that there are limitations to one's own point of view.

During the past year or years at Rogers we have all of us been meeting girls from all over the country, have been coming into contact with different ages, opinions and theories, and have gained if we have met them fairly, an understanding that the "world is made up of a number of things," and that its very differences are what makes it interesting. So we have gained something of that sympathy which will enable us to meet the different aspects of life with a more perfect adjustment than we otherwise might have done. Cornelia Cooke.

GROWING UP.

There is something different about the world, And the glowing sun, and the deep blue sky, And the softly pattering April rain, And the flowers we see, and love again, And the merry call of the sweet wild birds, And the mist that sways over the meadow cup. We are growing up, we are growing up.

There is something different about our lives,
And as time goes on we feel it more.
There is something gone, though we don't know what,
And the door to the cupboard of toys is shut.
And the dear worn, tattered fairy books
Have vanished away to forgotten nooks,
We are growing up, we are growing up.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

Carl Roninger, a German expert, says that years of careful study would be required to master the science of graphology. There are, however, some rules for general application which might help the amateur in reading his own or his friend's handwriting. Not until a person is matured will his handwriting be sufficiently formed to show character, but in any case the size and form of the writing is indicative.

Letters and words equal in size and form denote straightforwardness. If the small letters are exceedingly small in proportion to the capitals the writer is sly and tricky. Large irregular letters are indicative of eccentricity, while large regular ones show merely conceit. In general a uniform appearance displays a strong, steadfast character; a harmonious, easy writing, fine imagination; if exceptionally clear and legible, a pure mind, while a non-uniform writing indicates a passionate nature.

When a hand is firm and slightly angular the writer may be considered energetic, but if this tendency leads to a writing which is unusually heavy it indicates a despotic and violent nature, and if thick as well as heavy shows a love of pleasure which, when especially noticeable in the long letters "g," "p," and "q" reveals a gross sensuality. On the other hand a light, beautiful hand may indicate a lack of energy or of care for the practical affairs of life, and often when the letters are gracefully rounded, a strong artist's nature. Thus the copperplate writing is often found among literary folk, artists and people of more than average culture. In the same way when "g," "p" and "q" are slim at the bottom there is little sensuality.

The omission of punctuation marks is a sure proof that the writer lacks caution, and of course the contrary, a keen love of order. A practical person always dots his "i" vigorously, while a cautious person places his carefully where it belongs. When one places it high up it reveals ideality, to the right, rashness, to the left, timidity, and passionate and lively people often forget it entirely. The crossing of the "t" is also most important; to omit the cross mark entirely shows a lack of will power, and if the cross is thin and weak the will power is wavering. If vigorous the will power is strong, but if exaggerated and heavy it reveals a brutal, cruel nature. If the "t" is crossed with a long, thin line, the writer is lively, if the cross mark is above the letter he is imperious, if it rises from left to right, he is quarrelsome, and from right to left, he has pertinacity.

Starting strokes long and straight up show a spirit of contradiction; slightly curved, that of opposition and teasing, with a dot, inquisitiveness. If every word begins with an extremely marked upper stroke the writer is pompous, although a moderately strong one indicates high intelligence. When the end stroke extends to the end of the sheet it means distrust; extension of the hair line at the end of every word liberality;

a very long line signifies cruelty and meanness, and a vigorous one, decision and courage. Unnecessary flourishes are evidences of conceit, affectation and lack of taste.

The close connection of letters and a small space between words evince a logical mind. Continuous writing, even connecting words discloses the same quality; cut up writing, the opposite tendency. Capitals joined to the following letter often discloses an altruistic nature, but there is one thing that must be added, "there are exceptions to every rule."

A. C.

ALPHABET.

- A Stands for Andover, a nearby town,
 We think it's for sodas it's won its renown.
- **B** Stands for Boston of which we grow fond When we think of Huyler's where sundaes abound.
- C Stands for Cottage and a nice little crowd Whose stars in athletics have made us feel proud.
- D Stands for drug store, our pet rendezvous, Supported by pennies from me and from you.
- E Stands for Elephant, whom the House hail with joy—Alas that his antics the Hall should annoy!
- F Stands for fussers who come Saturday night And who find in the library a less trying light.
- G Stands for goops, a nice little bunch Who should be more careful when they're eating lunch.
- H Stands for House or for Hall, as you choose.

 The one that you bet on is surest to lose.
- I Stands for ideals we discuss at the table.

 To politely agree we never are able.

- J Stands for jolly, a popular art
 Not taught in the classrooms—but still learned by heart.
- K Stands for Katie, and for her kakes too.

 By the end of the week Jinny's looking for you.
- L Stands for lemons that are passed down the line When players are fainting and calling for time.
- M Stands for magazines which we never can find.

 We glare when they come back a whole month behind.
- N Stands for night lunch where in kimonos we meet To talk o'er our neighbors and gossip repeat.
- O Stands for orchids of odor divine.

 Mother can't stand them—but then give her time.
- P Stands for papers which we always abhor.

 To display all we know we find quite a bore.
- Q Stands for quiet a quantity unknown. We never say nothing unless we're alone.
- R Stands for Rabbit who is hopeful as yet Though his victories last year the House may forget.
- S Stands for Splinters to which we say farewell. We hope that next year you will do it as well.
- T Stands for a tea-pot tempest, if you please, Which strongly reminds me of our æsthetic teas.
- U Stands for "unity, coherence and force," As taught in Barrett Wendell's fascinating course.
- V Stands for violets, which we love until The florist sees fit to send in his bill.
- W Stands for wisdom, a little Senior trait
 Much envied by the feeble Finishers of late.
- X, Y, Z you may fill in as you choose
 Our brains are exhausted, so we'll make our adieux.

MARY ANN'S TEMPTATION.

It was cooler in the park than on the hot pavements and Mary Ann walked gratefully over to a newly painted bench under a shady tree. Mary Ann was tired, dreadfully tired. She had dressed the younger children, cooked the breakfast and arranged her mother's medicine for the day, so that ten-year-old Susie could more easily manage it, before six that morning; and ever since then she had been walking, walking until it seemed as though the aching feet could not carry her another step.

It was after four and though the intense heat of the day was over, still not a breath of wind stirred the bright green grass nor twirled the leaves on the wonderful old trees in the park.

Mary Ann took off her funny little hat with its wreath of faded poppies and rested her head against the back of the uncomfortable bench. How bright the sky looked with all those fleecy clouds floating around with nothing to do but kiss each other and watch the queer people in the world below them. How green and fresh the park looked and how merrily the children were playing. Happy clouds, happy trees, happy children, but oh, unhappy Mary Ann!

"Oh," sighed Mary Ann, with a queer little catch in her throat, "I wish, I wish I were happy too," and then, because her head ached and her feet throbbed, she put her head down on her arm and cried and cried.

After awhile the sobs grew less intense and Mary Ann looked up to see the eyes of the Boy looking earnestly down into hers. He was a nice boy; Mary Ann thought him the kindest and best boy that ever lived; and if you could have looked into that pair of steady gray eyes you would have thought so, too.

"Oh," said Mary Ann, and then to the Boy's bewilderment, she cried some more.

"Mary Ann," said the Boy softly, sitting down beside her. "Don't ———— dear." His hand trembled a little as he stroked the brown hair.

"Oh Jimmy," breathed Mary Ann, catching the clumsy but loving fingers and pressing them to her lips. The Boy blushed scarlet but he didn't draw away his hand; instead he put one arm around Mary Ann.

People passed them, children played around them and the merry shouts rang out, but the lovers sat on the bench softly whispering and to them there was only each other in all the world.

"I went to sixteen places," confided Mary Ann, "and they were all full for the summer. They said that perhaps if I came back in September they—but Jimmy, it's July **now** and I can't wait until then. Oh Boy, tell me, what shall I do?" and the brown eyes filled again with tears.

The Boy looked up at a chattering squirrel in the tree above them, with a troubled look in the gray eyes.

"How's your mother?" he asked shortly. "Mother? Oh Boy, mother's worse. The doctor says that if I could get her away from the hot city there might be a chance, but how can I?" The tears rolled down her cheeks with a splash on the Boy's hand.

It was getting to be more than the Boy could stand.

"Mary Ann, don't keep me waiting any longer, dear. Marry me now, this afternoon and I'll work, oh how I'll work. I have enough if we save, we can put the younger children in a Home, your mother can go to a hospital, and you and I ——"

But Mary Ann's hot fingers were pressed against the Boy's mouth.

"Don't, don't Boy, I—I can't stand it, you mustn't tempt me, Boy." She glanced about her. "Oh Jimmy, it is as though he was at my elbow."

"Who?" demanded the Boy.

"The Devil," whispered Mary Ann burying her face in the crook of the Boy's arm. "Ever since you first asked me to marry you he has tempted me to do it, and often I have almost said yes; but when I start to, it seems as though he was laughing."

"Mary Ann!" cried the Boy. "I can't bear to have you talk that way, as though it was a sin for you to marry me."

"You know it would be, Jimmy," said the girl, sadly shaking her head. "Oh, not in the way you mean," she added

hastily, "but it wouldn't be right for me to separate the children from mother nor to send them away to a Home, as long as I have a breath in my body. I love you, dear, oh you know I love you; but I must be loyal to mother and the children." Mary Ann smiled up at him through her tears.

"Oh, little girl" said the Boy brokenly, "I'm not worthy of you, but I'll wait forever if you ask me to. Come dear, I'll take you home," he added, touched by the sight of the girl's pallor and fatigue.

"No," said the girl, "I am going to stay here for awhile until I get over these foolish tears. But you must go," and she pressed the strong fingers that had grasped her thin little hands.

She watched him go down the park path, his broad shoulders erect, and she smiled the happy smile of complete possession. People were leaving the park to go home for dinner. Tired children trudged by her holding their nurses' hand but no one noticed her. Far down the path she idly watched an elderly man coming towards her, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes bent on the ground. A gray squirrel ran across the grass and she watched him as he nibbled a stray nut. Gray! that was the color of the Boy's eyes. The Boy! how much he meant to her and how hard it was to give him up.

Suddenly a voice, a tiny voice whispered in her ear, "Why give him up? He wants you. Do as he says and send the children to a Home. They'll be well cared for. Other girls

[&]quot;Oh," she cried covering her ears, "go away." But the voice persisted.

A step near her caused her to look up and she saw the elderly man slowly approaching. His head was still bent, his eyes on the ground.

As he reached her he stopped, took out his watch and with a low murmur of surprise at the lateness of the hour, quickly put it back and hastened his footsteps.

Mary Ann saw him, saw the watch leave his pocket and also a rolled up bill drop to the ground. She watched it lying there. She must pick it up and run after him. She stooped over, picked it up and then stood still in wonderment. It was the first

time that Mary Ann had ever seen a hundred dollar bill! She glanced over her shoulder at the man. He was fast disappearing out of sight. Snatching up her hat she started in pursuit when suddenly in her ear whispered the little voice.

"Why run after him? He will be out of sight in a minute and will never know that you have the money. You can take your mother to the country, she will be cured. Do you hear that? Cured! and the Boy ——"

Mary Ann put one hand across her eyes and drew in her breath with a sob.

She looked down the path. Yes, the man was out of sight but by hurrying she could catch up with him before he left the Park gates.

"Oh," cried Mary Ann. The gray squirrel ran across the path almost at her feet. Gray! that was the color of the Boy's eyes———

Without another look at the bill in her hand, she started down the path after the man. Dorothy R. Mercer.

THE PREHISTORIC TOMB.

Many, many years ago, beyond the memory of man there lived a tribe of savages curious in color, the predominant shade being orange. They were a queer race and of many singular habits, due doubtless to their origin, they being a mixture of Chinese and Indians and commonly known as Chindians. This accounts for their curious colorings for the blending of red and yellow made the orange. They inhabited the country lying between the Merrimac and Concord rivers, and their central clearing was called Rogerfort.

But these were unsettled times for in the wilderness across the river Concord there dwelt a warlike tribe called Rusnegros, the king being a Russian and his wife an Ethiopian. They frequently invaded the land of the Chindians but met with little success as Rogerfort was surrounded by a mud fence. This fence was fully four feet high and as the Rusnegros were but three feet eight the fence afforded a safe protection.

The Chindians on account of their origin were very sensitive and the only food which they could eat was the hide of the Rhinocmonk, one of the wild animals of the time, now extinct. This proved a great hindrance many times and finally a great famine came up, the Chindians having but one leg of hide left, and there was but one more Rhinocmonk. Nicky, the rushing king, was very foxy, and now he saw his chance. So in the dead of night his tribe crossed the Concord, in their canoe shavings and laid siege on their foe, the Chindians. For four days and four nights they encamped about the fence of mud and on the fifth the Chindian king, Mikdo by name, was ready to give up. But just before the surrender there was a terrible roaring heard in the forest surrounding Rogerfort, and the one remaining Rhinocmonk came crashing through the woods, jumped over the mud fence, landing on the fort of the Chindians where he was killed.

The Rusnegros were defeated again, for they knew this Rhinocmonk would last some time as food for the Chindians. But they were a persevering race so continued their siege, while a company of them went out in search of evidence to bring up against the Chindians. This company went far and wide until one day they discovered a young Rhinocmonk, whom they did not know existed. The young animal was brought in triumph back to the besiegers and there was great rejoicing, for Nicky, as I have already said, was very foxy, and soon saw his way clearly.

The fourth of July proved to be a delightful day so at sunrise all the Rusnegros jumped, with the aid of a fire escape, onto the back of the Rhinocmonk. Now he was an excellent hurdler and sailed over the four foot mud fence as swift and sure as an arrow, landing in the midst of the Chindians. The invaders circled around the Rhinocmonk and then a terrible battle was fought, lasting three hours and twenty minutes.

It is difficult to say which tribe won the day, for all were killed and along with them the young Rhinocmonk. The little ants who witnessed the terrible slaughter were such kind hearted animals that they determined to build a hill to commemorate the day. So for many a year they toiled hard and unceasingly bringing soil from all parts of the country and laying it gently upon all the dead bodies. When their work was at length completed the ants gave the hill the name of Rogers Fort Hill Park, and thus it remains until this day. MILDRED MOSES.

TYPICAL CONVERSATIONS.

I.

"Do you believe in love?" inquired the pretty little girl who sits opposite me at the table. I did not answer immediately, for I have noticed how much more people respect opinions which they have to wait for, so I temporized.

"What kind of love do you mean?"

"Why, the grand passion," she announced so easily that I perceived that she had discussed the subject before. She is a girl, too, much in the habit of prefacing her remarks by a "why" or a "well."

"Love," sniffed the engaged girl, "what do boarding school girls know about love, I should like to know?"

"Nothing," replied the girl from Boston composedly, "for the simple reason that there isn't any love!"

Several of the girls gasped in amazement at this remarkable statement, the engaged girl smiled in open scorn, and the pretty little girl who had commenced the discussion, put her hand up to her locket tremulously.

"No love," she faltered, "why, don't you believe that you can l—like a—a person at all, or be sure that—they like you?"

"That isn't what she means," said the Western girl, coming to the Bostonian's defense, "she means a story book love, the do or die kind, the Harrison Fisher illustrated kind that every one believes in nowadays. Of course she believes in ordinary unemotional love——"

"Affection, you mean," I corrected.

"Affection! That's what you feel for other girls, not what you feel for men," the engaged girl informed us.

"Oh, I think you can love a girl exactly as much and in exactly the same way that you love a man," announced the Boston girl with heat.

"Indeed you cannot," asserted the pretty little girl coming to the defense with quite a little warmth. "Why, think of how differently you feel, how much more—better—gladder—oh, what am I saying? You know what I mean, Miss Smith," she concluded lamely, appealing to the youngest teacher, who laughed unsympathetically at the sight of her flaming face.

"Well, of course you ought to know," said the Boston girl with heavy sarcasm, "but for my part, I think that one can love a girl infinitely more."

The pretty little girl was not convinced. "What do you think?" she inquired of the engaged girl.

"There isn't any question," that person remarked sagely, and the Boston girl was silenced in the face of so much experience. Just then we rose from the table and with her hand still clasping her locket, the pretty little girl moved off, saying to herself, "I knew I was right."

CONVERSATION II.

One night when we were all assembled for dinner the Western girl looked around with a slightly belligerent air.

"I haven't seen a really pretty girl since I came East," she said slowly, pausing to let the table get the full effect of her remark.

"Indeed," said the Boston girl, in a politely conversational tone, "did you leave them all in Cleveland?"

The other girls laughed, but the Westerner said seriously, "Well, we really do have some really good looking girls out theregirls with plenty of style and dash to them—while your girls here in the East don't know how to dress—not at all."

"No," said the Bostonian thoughtfully, "we don't wear clothes that speak for themselves on the street, nor hats that serve as landmarks—is that what you mean?"

"I sympathize with you," said the engaged girl to the girl from the West, "you don't find style in Boston. The girls from other places, New York, for instance, have their clothes match all over—good-looking hat, suit, gloves, shoes, and neckwear. But the Boston girl is always shabby in some way, either in shoes, gloves, or jabots. Now look at me—I think I am a pretty good sample of a New York girl, don't you?"

The other girls suppressed slight smiles, and one of these wounded her egotism slightly, so she forebore to press the point.

"The real style of the country comes from Chicago," remarked the Western girl, deserting her ally from New York without compunction. "The other day I saw a simply elegant 'get-up' on a Chicago girl. She was stunning to start with—tall, with wonderful red hair, and eyes and complexion a good deal like mine, and one of the new figures. My dear, she was perfectly straight from her shoulders to her feet. She was screamingly good-looking. She had on a light blue hat, trimmed with marabout feathers of the same shade, and in front there was a dark blue rose and a dark red rose—which gave it a 'touch.' The brim was floppy. Then she had on a light blue linen suit, with a very short pleated skirt, and pale pink collar and cuffs. Stunning, my dear—she was a dream!"

The Boston girl took a small drink of water, and almost choked. Then she turned a wholly grave and sober glance upon the Westerner.

"No, as you say," she remarked sweetly, "Boston could not hope to equal that!"

CONVERSATION III.

"We are going to have doughnuts for luncheon," remarked the Boston girl delightedly.

"Crullers, you mean," corrected the pretty little girl, who hails from Pennsylvania.

"Crullers, indeed!" sniffed the girl from the Hub, "I hope I know crullers by this time. They are funny twisted things, not in the least like doughnuts, which have holes in them."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean by 'funny, twisted things,' but crullers certainly have holes in the middle of themselves, and the part you eat walks around the rest."

"You do have the queerest names for things down in Pennsylvania, you little Dutchie," said the engaged girl, laughing. "What is it that you call hydrants?"

"Fire-plugs," said the pretty little girl briefly. She had been teased on this subject many times before.

"Fire-plugs!" repeated the Westerner, in her tactful way, "the only thing that 'fire-plugs' make me think of is the horses that drag the engine."

"Yes, and 'baby-coaches' for 'baby-carriages,' " pursued the engaged girl relentlessly.

"Well, I guess if our babies had rather ride in coaches than carriages, they may," remarked the pretty little girl, savagely. "We have more intelligent babies down home than you do, anyway."

CONVERSATION IV.

"Those Greek Gods were a funny bunch," observed the engaged girl, conversationally. No one seemed inclined to reply, so she remarked further,

"They mix one up rather, though. Sometimes I wonder what I do believe."

"My goodness," said the Boston girl, "I hope you're not turning pagan."

"No danger of that, and I am not atheistic, either. I think I am getting almost pantheistic, in fact."

"If," pleaded the Westerner, "you would be so kind as to speak in words of one syllable, I might enter into the conversation, and I really do like to talk about religion. I never feel that other people know more about it than I do, for no one knows anything at all."

"Still, we know so little that we think we know a lot," complained the Boston girl, "and we talk so learnedly that we get almost sacrilegious, sometimes."

"Is it sacrilegious to be very learned?" asked the pretty little girl, gravely.

"Sometimes it is," the engaged girl answered, "look at me, for instance. The more I study mythology and ethics, the less I am sure of what I believe. And Darwin, I hear, found himself in just the same predicament."

"I shouldn't think you would have let the poor man follow in your footsteps. Why didn't you warn him?" inquired the girl from the West.

"Now hush," said the engaged girl, "I am really in earnest. Look at Emerson—he was well educated, and he found that even the Unitarian religion wasn't broad enough for him. I am glad that I don't know any more."

"My gracious, but that's a nice argument," the Western girl remarked. "Schools versus religion. But tell me, don't any really well-educated men believe any more?"

"Of course they do," remarked the Boston girl disgustedly. "All Boston believes, and all Boston is well-educated!"

And that clinched the argument. VIRGINIA TOWLE.

THE MERRY WIDOW HAT AT ROGERS HALL.

I.

There's a marvelous creation,

High crowned, wide and very flat,
An extreme exaggeration

Of our humble friend, the hat,
Which has spread its shadow o'er us

And the boldest does appal.

We tremble as we see before us

The headgear of all Rogers Hall.

II.

In the car the gay conductor
Boldly crawls from "lid" to "lid,"
Murmuring that he's "in luck ter
Have found where them girls be hid."
When forbidding skies are weeping
One wrathful girl discovers that
Clever little boys are creeping
Underneath her sheltering hat.

III.

To the church on Sunday morning
Rogers Hall devoutly goes
With its finery adorning
Beautifully, the first four rows.
The minister in indignation
Then peers first this way, then that.
How can he find the congregation
Behind four solid rows of hat?

L'Envoi.

This is the place where one expects
The moral to a sonnet—
Let's hope the maiden's fancy next
Will turn unto a bonnet.

VIRGINIA TOWLE.

SKETCHES.

THE WINE OF MAY.

Laughing skies above, dear,
Sing to you and me,
Sing of naught save love, dear,
Love as it should be.

Everywhere is May, dear,
Blossoms nod and blow.
The wooer robin's song, dear,
Ripples soft and low.

Somewhere on the hill, dear,
Pan pipes shrill and sweet
And the brown elves dance, dear,
Circling round his feet.

Then why, oh why be sad, dear?

Come out with me and play.

Dance and let's be glad, dear

And drink of the wine of May.

MARGARET BLANCHARD.

MORNING IN FIRST AVENUE.

It is seven o'clock in First Avenue. Down the narrow, dirty street comes a fruit vender, shrieking his wares in bad English. Across from one tenement to another hang long lines draped with more or less clean clothes. Women lean from windows howling their good mornings to one another. Down on the dirty sidewalk two little girls are swinging themselves back and forth through a break in the rusty iron fence, stopping now and again to stare at any passer-by. Out from an alley comes a little rat-faced boy, red haired and dirty. Slowly he walks over to a

doorstep and picks up a bottle of blue milk; gravely he walks around the corner with it, embarrassed not at all by the shrieks of a fat German woman who commands him to "bring dat here again."

Slowly the smoke-veiled sun comes up, awake to its everlasting work of trying to dry up the greasy mud in the street and by degrees First Avenue settles down to its long day's work.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

A MIDNIGHT VISIT TO CHINATOWN.

My dear, it was killing. Helen had always wanted to see Chinatown and so had I, so when I went to visit her in New York we started to tease Harry, her husband, to take us, and we kept it up until he consented. Of course it was all right, because Helen was married, and then too we had a detective. We took a subway car, and then went almost to Brooklyn-I never could find my way again—then we walked a long way, and finally we came to Chinatown. Oh, you've no idea of those dirty little streets, all as bright as day and although it was twelve o'clock at night, full of people walking along as if it were noon. were little Chinese children playing around, too, and Chinamen with long queues, going pat-pat-pat-you know how they walk. Helen wanted to buy a kimono, so we went down into a queer little Chinese shop, long and narrow, and all lighted with Japanese lanterns. Everything was in long cases standing up against the walls, though on some little tables they had a few trinkets. My dear, at first they weren't going to wait on us at all. They stood around and glared at us, just as if they thought Helen and I were planning to steal. When Helen decided on one kimono, at last, they pulled it out, and slammed the door of the case again, and locked it. I suppose so many people had fooled them and cheated them that they had grown suspicious.

Next we went through the store and up a narrow flight of stairs, very steep, into a Chinese restaurant. It was lovely! The walls were hung with wonderful silk and gold embroidered tapestries, and the little tables were inlaid with ivory. There

were two or three really respectable people there and a tableful of Bowery denizens, who were making a great deal of noise. Helen and I turned around to look at them, and the detective said, "It is advisable to refrain from noticing those people as they may make trouble." We had chop suey, and macaroni—strings of it, which we had to wind around our forks to eat—and tea, in the cunningest little yellow tea-things that I ever saw. That was plenty, for we all felt peculiar after the chop suey. There was a "dumb piano" too, which we put a nickel in, and it began to play some cheap popular songs, making the worst noise!

When we came down into the street we narrowly escaped getting into a terrible mix-up. Just after we passed a saloon two or three Chinamen and some Americans rushed out, all in a heap, and a pistol shot went off. Scared? I was scared silly! The next morning we read in the papers that a policeman had been shot the night before in Chinatown about twelve o'clock.

That frightened the men so—the pistol shot, I mean—that they decided to take us home. Helen and I weren't very sorry to go, either. I'm glad that I've seen Chinatown, but I wouldn't go down there again for all the money in the world.

KATHRYN DYER.

A PICTURE.

The man dropped his bundle. He had come many miles and he was tired. The long sandy road without a turn stretched out towards the horizon line. Dejectedly he sat down drawing the bundle between his knees.

A storm was coming up. Across the road from the man the white birches gleamed against the darkening sky. A breeze, springing up, laughed as the leaves whispered among themselves, a whispering that grew almost to a chatter as the wind rushed by them. A rain drop fell, and then another.

The man, whose thoughts had been far away, came to himself suddenly. Picking up his bundle and slinging it over his shoulder, he once more started on his way.

Daisy B. Young.

CLASS POEM.

The year is over and done, my dears,
Our battles are lost and won,
The doors of the world swing wide, my dears,
In the light of the morning sun.

The school-girl days are dear old days And happiness round them clings. And ever and aye they'll speak to us Of half forgotten things.

A ribbon, a letter, a withered rose
Will bring a smile and a sigh.
For the time when we dreamed and talked and planned,
For the wonderful "by and by."

We argued how to bring children up,
And how to dress our hair.
And do you believe in love or not?
And how do you pronounce "there?"

Oh, the days slipped by like a dream or a thought
And now that they're nearly done
We stretch out our hands to all of them
Loving them, everyone.

We love to walk to the little old "store," Page's fairly breathes romance.

Morse and Beals is a fairy land,
And the gym where we love to dance.

But the gates are closing fast, my dears,
That have sheltered us so long.
We must face the shadow or sun, my dears,
And keep in our hearts a song.

And ever along the winding way
Where travel the sons of earth,
Two things will lighten the load alway,
Friendship and Mirth.

A few days more and the path will part,
The flower will be uncurled,
So here's to us all and good luck to us all,
Out, out in the wide wide world.

MARGARET BLANCHARD.

THE COUNTY FAIR.

Did you ever go to a "County Fair?" Every fall we see huge posters announcing "Dog River Valley Fair," which means that many a family will be besought to "let me cut school, please, just one day, 'cause it only comes once a year.' Well, we all go every year, seven of us and great fun it is. The trains are crowded to the doors so when, as we are struggling up the steps, Kate drops her pump between the cars, it is exasperating to say the least. That delay necessitates our sitting on the steps, while the cinders drift in on our hats and on our stiff, clean shirtwaists. The day is a grand one and, as we drag along, we can see the country road, one long chain of carry-alls, buggies and farm wagons—all going to the fair. At last we have come to the fair grounds and we become part of the crowd trying to get tickets, wasting precious time, and infuriating the ticketman by arguments as to who shall pay for whom. But at last everything is settled and we stumble past the gate into that paradise—the fair. Everything is summed up in that deeply intelligent remark, "Natural or not, my dear!" for it is always the same and everything is one medley of sights, sounds and There is the merry-go-round playing "Dearie" at a break-neck speed; while one worried country youth is trying his best to hold two frightened village belles on their horses and having, at the same time, great trouble in keeping his own

equilibrium. Behind him are two small boys, practicing mounting and jumping on the spirited wooden horses. Then Helen—"My dear, there goes that woman's purse. Look! That man put it in his pocket, and he runs the thing too!"

After we have ridden that wheel of torture and Mildred has been made uncomfortable and cross for an hour as a result, we wander on to other glories. "Floral Hall" has great attractions for it is there that the bed quilts, honey, squashes and countless other things are displayed. Also there are many advertising stalls there, that load us down with "souvenirs" such as horse medicine, bookmarks, and yellow yardsticks. So the day passes, and before we know it, it is noon, as can be quickly told by the groups under trees, opening their baskets and boxes, and distributing pie, thick slices of bread and butter and innumerable pieces of cake to the many members of their families.

Soon we see the heavy farm horses dragging pine trees, the lower ends of which are fastened to a log, around the race track, leaving it clean and dry. This is always the forerunner of the races and we hasten to get seats on the hillside where we can see them well. My, they are exciting, those races! To be sure the horses frequently break into a gallop but what does that matter? All the afternoon they race and when the last horse has reached the goal it is time to go home. So, tired and soiled, we wander back to the gate and now the cries of "Have a shot at the dolls," "Get you fortune told, ten cents," and "Tintypes! Here y'are, git a picture of yourself and yer girl" sound piercing and jarring. Everyone is tired and cross and glad to board the train for home to get redressed and clean once more.

Margaret Blanchard.

BOOK REVIEWS.

REZANOV.

In Gertrude Atherbon's book, "Rezanov," she has given us a tale of California in its infancy, during the years when Spain created for her subjects there a second Arcady. The hero of this story is a Russian diplomat, who stands high in the favor of his king, Alexander the second. Although a courtier of high rank, who has travelled far and wide and is thoroughly a man of the world, he meets and eventually falls in love with Dona "Concha" Arguello, the sixteen year old daughter of the Commandante of the Presidio of San Francisco.

The historical setting is furnished by the attempt of Russia to capture the state of California for her own national enrichment and it was to this end that they sent their most able diplomat on what they preferred to term a "circumnavigation of the globe."

Apart from the love story and this most interesting setting, the book contains some wonderful descriptions of San Francisco bay, the Golden Gate and also of the richly beautiful forests of Sitka. Most charming of all, however, is the description of the quaint Spanish settlement, with its long, rambling adobe houses, on which clung, in luxuriant clusters, the Castilian roses, filling the air with their poignant sweetness.

In all, the theme of love and adventure is most interestingly worked out and the story well worth reading.

LOUISE EMERSON.

SOMEHOW GOOD.

"Somehow Good," the latest book by William De Morgan is a story remarkable in a number of ways. The plot, the characters, and the development are all new and are all unusual.

Of the characters, Sally, the daughter of Mrs. Nightingale, is the most original and the most natural. In so many of the books of to-day the heroine is experimented with in some way, either moral or otherwise, to see how she will turn out. Sally, however, is only an ordinary girl, living an ordinary girl's life,

and enjoying it. She is English, fascinatingly so, and everything that she does and says accents this. Her mother, the real Rosalind, is only a sweet woman who has made a mistake, and after having spent her life trying to live it down, and to forget it, has it brought up before her in a situation that she alone realizes the importance of. Her part is a hard one, and the author has drawn it strongly.

Fenwick, the hero, is just a man, a strong, quiet man, who when he has lost all memory of his past life, simply does what one expects him to, goes on living, quietly and uncomplainingly. Even when memory does return, his unselfishness, his desire to spare Rosalind is characteristic of his gentleness. All of De Morgan's characters are intensely human and convincing. Gradually you find yourself thinking with them, hoping with them, and understanding them so well that they seem more like living friends than mere people in a novel.

So real are they that at the end of the story as at the end of a play, the characters come out as on the stage and bow their farewell, the only difference being that the curtain does not go down.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

THE BARRIER.

Rex Beach.

This is a stirring tale of Alaska that wakes us up and makes us think that the days are not yet all gone when "knights were bold," for the story is alive with thrilling incidents by men who think and act in the same moment. The theme itself is one we all know and understand. A young lieutenant from Kentucky with all the pride and aristocratic sentiments of an old family, finds himself stationed in the little mining town of Flambeau, far up in Alaska. There he falls desperately in love with Necia Gale, a half-breed Indian girl, as he is afterwards told, well educated, of high emotions and with, apparently, no taint of the red blood. While the soldier's heart longed for her and her delicate, lithe beauty fascinated him, his conscience and generations of prejudiced consciences behind him whispered in his ear "Hold on, young man, she is not your kind, not your kind."

At first the girl sees no reason why she is not his equal; but one day comes the realization of her birth and the shame to her of her father's title—"Squaw Man Gale." Then she changes in a moment from a girl to a woman. The whole agony of her heart she throws out, when she says, with a wild laugh,

"Was ever a girl in such a fix! Why there's Runnion—he wants me so much he'd 'even marry me!" I've been made love to ever since I was half a woman, but at thought of a priest men turn pale and run like whipped dogs. I'm only good enough for a bad man and a gambler, I suppose."

Poor girl! She could not understand why, if her own soul were white and pure, there should be anything in her Indian blood to hold men back from marrying her.

The book is largely taken up with her struggle and her lover's. There are several under plots, however, that show careful workmanship and they add life and excitement to the story. The character studies are exceptionally good, especially Napoleon Doret, a French Canadian, deeply in love with Necia, and, with the mighty love of his great soul, gives her willingly to the man she loves. He is truly a man worth knowing—this voyageur who, with the wander lust of his race, is always searching for his "new country," always loving the wilderness and the silent places. And so, after he has made his sacrifice and squared his scores he leaves us and paddles off in his swift canoe to the deep solitudes he loved so well.

Necia's father, John Gale, is a fine study of a man, who was deeply wronged in his early youth, and lives only to avenge himself. Evasion of the law led him far and we know him, a silent, shrewd, old man, quick to anger and a bad enemy, keeping a tiny store in a mining camp and bowing down in worship to his beautiful daughter.

The descriptions are very good indeed, being rich in color and warmth. The wild fascination and the spell of a half civilized land is over the whole story and when I had finished it I felt as though I had been cooled and refreshed by the fresh sweet air of those hills and forests where men live fully and close to nature.

MARGARET BLANCHARD.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

THE BLIND GIRL.

I came upon her one day as I was "taking a short cut home" through a dirty alley. She was sitting on the doorstep with a violin beside her. She had black hair, rather ordinary features and big, blue eyes which had a vacant look in them, and when I drew nearer, I saw that she was blind; that those big blue eyes had never seen and never would see. Her faded blue dress was shabby and patched and as dirty as the alley.

Suddenly she took up her violin and began to play and I stopped and listened. No sooner did she take the instrument in her hand than something seemed to transform her. She was no longer a girl with unseeing blue eyes and rather ordinary features; such a light shone in her face that it seemed as if she could see further than anyone with the best of eyes; she wore a bright smile and held her head high in the air. For a moment, I almost thought it was a different girl! She played only a simple little melody, but it seemed to me like the sweetest music I had ever heard.

When she had finished, I turned to take one last look at her and, behold! she was only the girl with the unseeing blue eyes and rather ordinary features.

ALICE T. BILLINGS.

A DESCRIPTION OF A DAY IN AUGUST.

It was two o'clock on a day in August. Not a breeze stirred, and it was hot, oh, so hot! All nature seemed out of sorts. The birds moped in the trees, and the flowers hung their heads and sulked, but still the sun looked pitilessly down and burned hotter, hotter, hotter.

It was half past two, and suddenly a message was borne to the scorching earth by the tiniest of summer breezes. It whispered to the birds, who uttered peeps of joy and flew from the trees. It whispered to the flowers who began to lift their heads and toss looks of defiance at the sun. Then, gathering force, the breeze fairly shrieked its message to the sun, which immediately hid behind a great black cloud that had suddenly appeared, and withdrew its burning rays from the earth.

It was three o'clock and the storm was raging in all its fury. It howled and shrieked. The great trees bent beneath its force, and the wheat fields surged and tossed like a stormy sea. The thunder added its force to the howl of the wind, and the lightning shot forth from the leaden sky.

It was four o'clock and the sun once more looked down at the earth. But, oh what a different earth! The birds sang in the trees, and the flowers held up their heads on which the raindrops sparkled like diamonds. All nature was joyful and the sun no longer troubled it with its scorching rays burning ever hotter, hotter, hotter.

Ruth. P. Wedge.

OUR FRIENDS THE CLOCKS.

How lonely we should all be without our friends the clocks! From the tiny little glass clock in our bedroom to the big, old-fashioned clock on the stair, each speaks in its own convincing tones and we listen, as to a story or bit of news from our dearest friends. Clocks seem to hold a certain place in our hearts like books. They are not as sure or as long lived as our favorite books, but they do their work faithfully and untiringly, day by day, and they are always the same happy, cheerful companions, doing Father Time's bidding, reminding us gently that "Time and Tide waits for no man."

OUR CALL.

To-day we have been to call on an old-fashioned old lady like the ones we so often read about in story books and so seldom see in these modern days.

Just to step into her little sitting-room is a pleasure; a low posted room, simply and daintily decorated, the wall paper and chintz chair coverings and old time rag rugs all harmonizing beautifully. Along the broad white plate rail are bits of old china and queer old pewter mugs and the little leaded windows have such neat sash curtains half drawn aside so that a passer-by may catch a glimpse of the cosy interior.

On one side of the room is a fire-place and a bright fire was burning cheerily when we entered to make our call. The little old lady in her pretty lavender gown and white cap was sitting before the fire with her bit of sewing and welcomed us with her cheery smile.

What could be pleasanter than a cosy chat with her made even more social by delicious tea taken from the most delicate of china cups?

RUTH BILL.

THE SILVER FESTIVAL.

All was in a bustle in Webby Village in the old deserted garret. Miss Weavy Glidy Spider bounced nervously on her cushioned chair in the corner of a large picture frame.

"Dear me!" she sighed. "Next week comes the Silver Festival at Cozy Corner and I haven't made anything for it yet. I must get that prize, for I need a new house so badly. Oh!" she said, after thinking a while, "I have an idea," and away she went, down behind her picture frame to think about it.

Spiders at every picture in the garret were busily working on silver cushions, chairs, and, in fact, almost everything they could think of; for every one wished to get the coveted prize, a beautiful, large, picture frame, which would make a comfortable home for the most particular of spiders. The next week at the Festival were assembled all the spiders in Webby Village. Each spider stood by the article which she had made. There was a beautiful yellow young lady spider, swinging on a silver swing of her own designing. Next to her was Miss Weavy Spider. But alas! She had nothing by her to show! But when the judges came to her, she led them over to her picture. Carefully drawing away a silver gauze, she displayed a picture, worked in silver. Guess what it was! A picture of a piece of meat! It was almost covered with flies! How inviting it looked! How many "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" were uttered. Everybody agreed that Miss Weavy Glidy Spider should be awarded the prize.

THE PALACE OF THE KING OF THE FROST.

It was long after study hour had ended, and I was lying in bed lazily watching the dancing shadows that the moonlight cast upon the opposite wall. I was tired, very tired, and I could not go to sleep. I was drowsy, but when I was almost asleep some light sound would wake me, and I would again watch the dancing shadows. But at last the shadows became blurred and indistinct, and all sounds were vague, as if they came from a far distance.

Suddenly the shadows again took form and shape, but—where was I? Not in bed, as I had been a moment ago. No, I was sitting on a ledge of ice. All around me I heard sharp ticking sounds. Looking to see from whence these sounds came, I was astonished to see around me tiny little men, with long white beards and hair, dressed all in white, with high peaked caps upon their heads, exactly like miniature Santa Claus. They were chiselling the walls of the palace, which seemed to be of ice. I looked above me, and saw a domed roof just above my head, carved with fairy designs, feathery and delicate. I turned my bewildered gaze to the little gnomes who were working away so busily, oblivious of my presence. They were executing the delicate fretwork that was so wonder-

ful and beautiful. There seemed to be hundreds of them, some pattering hither and thither for the tiny fairy tools which they used, some ticking busily away at the ice walls.

They were talking, too, and though their language was unintelligible to me, by some unknown way I understood them. I gathered that this fairy palace was that of the King of the Frost. He had married the Ice Spirit, who dwells on the mountain tops, and was to bring his queen back to his palace in the subterranean depths of the earth. So that was where I was. I thought, greatly dismayed, how was I to get out? I looked around me, and down sparkling passages of ice which stretched away in all directions. I must get away. If I moved, what would happen? What would the hundreds of gnomes do?

I sighed involuntarily; as I did so, a hum, as of a hive of angry bees, filled the place, and innumerable little gnomes rushed at me. Suddenly they stopped! Then one of them came from among the crowd bearing in his hand a long, glittering icicle. Advancing slowly towards me, he suddenly touched me with the icicle.

I shuddered quickly, and attempted to move, but to my horror, upon looking at my feet, I found that I was turning into ice. The little gnome laughed a hollow, mirthless laugh, and I awoke. I was lying in bed, and I was very cold, my feet especially. No wonder I was cold, for the bed clothes had slipped from off me, and a chill wind whistled outside, a good portion of which came in the window. Gwyneth Browne.

SCHOOL NEWS.

CARLISLE PINES.

The first all-day tramp of the spring term came on Saturday, April eighteenth, when some of us went to Carlisle Pines. We had to go part of the way by rail, leaving school about eleven o'clock with our lunch boxes and sweaters, prepared for a long walk; and a long walk we certainly did have. After we left the train we followed a rough path through the woods for nearly two miles until we came to the "Pines," and a more beautiful spot than that would be hard to find. It resembled a huge amphitheatre sloping gradually to the pit and was covered with a thick layer of pine needles. Even at this time of year it was beautiful in its greens and browns, but in summer with the trees and bushes in full bloom it must be ideal.

We ate our lunch on a huge rock a little to one side of the amphitheatre, and rested there till the middle of the afternoon, when we started on our homeward walk of about six miles to Chelmsford.

There we found a typical country store where one could buy anything from garden tools down to soda water. The latter was in great demand and by shutting our eyes we could almost imagine ourselves at Huyler's (?).

There was also an electric battery slot machine, on which we spent not only our money but our energy. Standing in a semicircle in front of the machine with our hands joined, we went through motions which would have done credit to our æsthetic dancing teacher.

Laden with everything we could buy except the garden tools, we took the trolley for Lowell, getting back just in time for dinner.

RACHEL MOREHEAD.

THE EXETER DANCE.

With the pleasant memories of the Andover dance still fresh in our minds, we welcomed with added interest and delight the news that the Exeter musical clubs were coming to Rogers and that we would have another concert and dance. The eventful Saturday fell on the second of May this year and was as pleasantly mild as one could expect a day to be in early spring. Those of the men who were able to tear themselves away from a most exciting baseball game with Mercersburg, reached Lowell in the late afternoon and we all spent the remainder of the time until supper was announced, in meeting, talking with them and discovering mutual acquaintances and interests.

After supper, which we enjoyed either on the lawns or broad piazza, the men left for their hotel and we for our rooms, where, I must admit, a great deal of chatter went on, concerning our guests. Our good time in the evening began with a concert by the musical clubs. As had been prophesied, Exeter discovered as many ardent supporters as had Andover several weeks previous,—the whole audience rising at the singing of "The Cannon Ball." "Doan yo' cry, ma Honey" was also much enjoyed and I almost think I heard several ecstatic sighs when the "College Medley" was sung.

As the last note of "The College Medley" died away and the applause ceased, the floor was cleared for dancing Although we did not have time to get in all the numbers, we, nevertheless, thoroughly enjoyed those dances which we had and it was a radiantly happy crowd of girls who bade the men "good-night" and then, even though tired, loath to retire to their rooms, listened to the repeated cheers for Miss Parsons and "Rogers" die away in the distance.

Louise Emerson.

THE INTER-SCHOLASTIC MEET.

The night before the track meet at Cambridge, I imagine that many a girl's wish on the evening star was that the next day would be a pleasant one. In the end our wishes were granted, but for a time it looked as though we would see no

track meet. After we started, it began to rain and I could see before me several dilapidated pieces of millinery which had been called hats. The day nevertheless turned out to be a beautiful one and after taking luncheon at Dunster we started for Soldiers' Field.

Worcester Academy scored the greatest number of points and their men all showed thorough training. Nelson of Volkman was the star of the meet, breaking the world's inter-scholastic record in the 100 yard dash and tying it in the 220. Two of the most interesting events were the pole vault and the running broad jump, each being won by Andover men. No man twenty-one years of age is allowed to take part in the meet and so some of Exeter's best athletes were disqualified. The men from all the different schools showed a great deal of school spirit and cheered their men to victory. It was rather interesting though confusing, to see them rush first from one end of the stadium then to the other, giving encouraging words to their friends.

I am sure we all came away from the track meet feeling that, having seen this one, we would all take more interest in ours which was to come in a few days.

Helen Faulds.

"A DOLL'S HOUSE."

Since the days when Sarah Bernhardt made her first appearance in this country no foreign actress has attracted so much attention as the Russian, Alla Nazimova, in her production of Henrik Ibsen's plays. Everyone is more or less familiar with the story of her rapid success in New York; how she acted first in a small Russian theatre away down town where, her remarkable talent being recognized, she learned to speak English in about six months. As you hear her you wonder how she learned so quickly to speak with her slight, fascinating accent. When she comes on the stage you are conscious of feeling a bit disappointed in her for she does not immediately impress you as being beautiful. Gradually, though, you find yourself thinking

that she is beautiful, strangely so. Perhaps it is partially due to her wonderful magnetism, but by the end of the first act the slight disappointment has changed to a feeling that no previously heard description has done her full justice.

As the Nora in "A Doll's House" who comes in with her arms full of Christmas surprises and romps with her children, she is charming. The first glimpse of the serious side of her character is when she tells her friend, Mrs. Linden, about saving her husband's life by borrowing the necessary money for the year in Italy and of her denying herself to meet the interest. Mme. Nazimova's great ability as an actress is shown in her interpretation of Nora's gradual awakening to the fact that her life under the present conditions is not for her own best good. She makes you feel the immeasurable gulf between Thorwald's essentially masculine point of view, that of a man who demands that his opinions and judgments be those of his entire family, and Nora's newly acquired belief in her right to an individuality of her own. The impression that remains with you is of the awful, hopeless tragedy of it all as Nora, after waiting vainly for "the miracle" of Thorwald's taking upon himself the blame for her innocent forgery, decides that she must leave him and her children. JOANNA CARR.

THE HARVARD GAME AND TRACK-MEET.

Many of the girls who have made the baseball teams here at school, and who thought a little extra coaching would do them no harm, could hardly wait for the day of the Harvard-Princeton game to come. I happened to be one, and made the firm resolve that I would pick out one man on the Harvard team, whom I thought was the best player, and try to imitate him in catching, throwing and batting. After climbing to almost the top row, losing much breath on the way, I settled myself in a rather uncomfortable seat, and waited with eager impatience for the game to begin. Princeton came to the bat first but very shortly

resigned in favor of Harvard. However the men who wore an "H" could do no more than their predecessors. Thus the first three innings went quickly by and the fourth came, bringing with it great excitement. A Princeton man quickly reached third base on a safe hit, a stolen base, and a sacrifice hit. For a few minutes I hardly drew a breath, I was so excited. Then a sharp rap was heard, a ball was seen flying through the air—just out of the pitcher's reach, and between short stop and second base-man. The ball was sent quickly back to home three or four seconds too late, then thrown rather wildly down to first, very much too late.

The Harvard men came to the bat determined to equal the score against them and if possible to beat it, but could do no more than they had before and soon retired. I was told that the seventh inning was always Harvard's lucky one but when the inning came and went, the score remaining the same I decided to stay no longer but to go to the Stadium and watch the Yale-Harvard track meet. There were but few Harvard men struck out but because of excellent fielding only three or four safe hits were made by them during the game. I later heard that the final score was in Princeton's favor—3 to 0.

The Stadium presented quite a different sight than what we saw in the fall. Men, instead of being clad in all kinds of thick, padded, football suits, were seen running and jumping in red and blue track suits. For once my large hat came in right handy, and with the help of a programme I could keep the sun entirely from my face. The events which interested me most were the dashes and the low hurdles, both of which were very exciting. Yale won quite a number of first places in the runs, while Harvard came in very strongly in the other events. The two mile run was terrible in its way, and I am still wondering how the boys could run so far keeping up such a steady The track is very much longer than ours here at school, and during the whole afternoon I wondered whether I could get around it once—it was all I could do to keep from jumping down and trying it. In order to catch the train back to school I had to leave at the end of the 220 hurdles, and then Yale was ahead in points, the place she held to the end. There

was even more interest than usual this year, as a number of Yale and Harvard graduates have offered a cup to the college which has won the meet the majority of times in the last nine years. Both colleges had won it four times, so this year's meet was the deciding one.

MILDRED Moses.

MRS. CONANT'S TEA.

We have discovered these last few weeks that it's an unusually nice thing to be Seniors, and one of the things which makes it nicest is the tendency exhibited by other people to give us teas. Commencement, you know, is a great deal like Christmas—only it's all receiving and no giving.

We all had this "Christmas-y" feeling one afternoon when we started up to Mrs. Conant's tea. The weather man wasn't feeling at all amiable, but that didn't dampen our spirits in the least, and when we arrived and found Natalie waiting to greet us, it seemed very sunshiny. And, oh, the laughter and the fun that went on while we were eating our dainty supper! is really wonderful how much noise thirteen girls can make, especially when they know each other so well, and know each other's dearest secrets, too. We talked over the glorious time we had had at the Country Club, the wonders of the class spread, the selection of the class ring, and other things of vital interest to us all. All too soon our president announced that it was six o'clock, and time for us to wend our way homeward. So, after thanking Mrs. Conant for the altogether lovely time she had given us, we came back to school to enjoy the envious glances of the "finishers" and the under-class men.

VIRGINIA TOWLE.

SENIOR FROLICS.

I imagine that the habitués of the Vesper Country Club must have been surprised a fortnight ago to see the whole senior class descending upon them. For that Saturday we had planned to have a whole Senior Day, beginning with a luncheon

at the Country Club and ending with a spread in our own familiar art-room. At eleven o'clock the class in all its dignity boarded the Chelmsford car, which was to take us to our destination. After a beautiful ride we reached the bridge which connects the Vesper Club island with the main land. I am sorry that the dignity of the senior class could not survive the frantic wiggles of this bridge, and I may safely say that most of us were very glad to find ourselves once more on solid earth. We spent half an hour in admiring the Country Club and its beautiful surroundings and in taking pictures. Then we went into luncheon at which Mrs. Conant, our kind chaperon, presided. The bill of fare, which Mr. Conant had made out beforehand, was delicious, and certainly more than satisfied our hunger. After luncheon we went for a long walk along the river bank, which made us realize more than ever the beauties of the island. Finally we found that it was time for our car, so after another perilous march across the bridge, we started back to Lowell and our spread.

At promptly six o'clock we all assembled in the art-room where our spread was to be. Oh, how our mouths watered! All sorts of good things were spread out before us and we certainly wasted no time in commencing to eat. After the first set of dishes had been washed, Joanna read the Class History and the Class Poem to us. The Class History, which was written by Cornelia Cooke, was certainly clever and we were very pleased to learn how different we looked when we first came to Rogers Hall. Margaret Blanchard wrote the Poem, which was splendid, and we were sure nothing could have been better. Good things, if they are to be appreciated, ought not to come in a bunch, so we saved Virginia's Prophecy until after the ice-cream and strawberries. Then silence reigned supreme, and we all waited expectantly to hear Joanna read the delineation of our destinies. It was exceedingly well written, but, though we appreciated Virginia's effort, I hope she will prove a false prophet, for I would certainly hate to live in the South Sea Islands.

After the Prophecy it was time for the Day Girls to go home, so we all said good night, feeling sorry that a very happy day had come to an end. Marjory Church Fish.

THE SENIOR DANCE.

Well, my dears, the last dance of the year is over and for some of us, alas, the last dance for many a long day at Rogers.

True enough, it was a shame it rained but still it certainly was fun, especially the places by the windows(?). It was cool, too, and that is a grand thing at a dance. We all dressed in our best, waited in the halls and at last the first dance began. And then it was wonderful.

At the end of the first dance came a mad struggle for our next partners with the aid of our lovely white leather programs and at last as the second was well started, we were straightened out and danced again. All too soon came that strain dear to every daughter of a loving home and how we did hate to say good night! We had completely forgotten the rain and it seemed like waking from a wonderful dream to stumble out into the misty night, stagger up the dark stairs and get into bed and tell your room mate what the short man said, what fraternity he belonged to and what somebody's brother told you not to tell.

And we—the "grave, old seniors"—thank you, under-class-mates and finishing classes, very, very much for one of the happiest times we have to remember. M. Blanchard.

ATHLETICS.

On looking back over the year which has passed, we find that in athletics there is much upon which to congratulate ourselves. The tournaments have gone off smoothly and in good order, with no serious accidents, and no interference by bad weather. The year has brought out some unusually good material in the new girls, and they have filled the vacancies left by the old girls surprisingly well. Field hockey has been almost forgotten in our enthusiasm over basket ball and baseball; but those of us who look upon it as our favorite game are anxiously looking forward to the fall, which brings it back.

The three basket ball games have been played amid great enthusiasm and the doubt concerning the outcome of the final game greatly enhanced the suspense. Baseball was played with such a vim and good understanding that unskilled eyes might have thought some of the players worthy competitors of college stars.

Our basket ball games have shown marked improvement upon last year's, for the players have not only played a quicker, surer and safer game, but have shown also a more thorough understanding of it, remarkable in that we have had little practice. But for the aid which the side lines have insisted upon giving in umpiring there was little room for adverse comment. The girls as a whole do not know the game well enough to be qualified to give judgment on it; they do not comprehend the difficulties of umpiring and so think that their advice is much needed.

There has been a new system of umpiring introduced, in which the girls who are not out for the teams shall judge the fouls. In this way they will learn all the points of the game, and only give advice when it is asked for officially. It is hoped that next year this new system of umpiring will be adopted and through it the girls will understand the games. They will learn that their unsolicited assistance bewilders the players and annoys the umpire, and so, following the example of real players, will keep it to themselves.

The House this year has paid back old scores by winning the honors in all the games, and while some of us hope next year the victories will be on the same side, the Hall has its equal share of upholders, who are confident that the tables will be turned. However no one will know until this time next year, and the most we can hope for is for equally good players and for spirited playing.

MILDRED Moses.

THE FIRST BASKET BALL GAME.

The first basket ball game of the season took place one hot Wednesday afternoon. The excitement was intense as we had had no game since the fall. The Hall team played far ahead of their practice, and many were surprised at the outcome. One House girl even refused to bet on such a sure victory—as she thought it would be. After the ball had been from one end of the field to the other, Joanna Carr put it in the basket. A foul being called Joanna made another basket on a free throw, making a score of 3–0 in favor of the Hall when time was called. Between halves the thirsty throats of both teams were appeased by lemons. In the second half Joanna made another basket, and Gwyneth Browne made two free throws for the House. Each half was fifteen minutes long. It was one of the cleanest games I have seen for a long time, and the passing was splendid. The girls need more practice in making free throws, however, as each side had a good chance to make more than they did, for there were several fouls called for each team. The fouls were generally for stepping on the line and walking with the ball.

Miss Harrison and Dorothy Mercer umpired the game and the line-up was as follows:

HOUSE.

Faulds, g.
Lawrence, g.
Moses, r. c. (Capt.)
Morehead, c. c.
Downer, 1. c.
Kennedy, h.
Browne, h.

HALL.

Pierce, g.
Mansfield, g.
Dyer, r. c.
Cooke, c. c.
Boynton, l. c.
Carr, h. (Capt.)
Herman, Burke, h.
ROSABEL SAMPLINER.

THE SECOND BASKET BALL GAME.

May Day was bright, although rather cold and windy, and the people who were gathered along the side lines to see the second basket ball game were well wrapped up in sweaters and rugs. In the toss-up the House got the north basket, the Hall the south, and in a minute the whistle blew to play. The ball went down the field on a good pass by the House and was stopped by a Hall foul. After it had been played at the House goal several minutes, Rosabel dropped it in the basket on a distance shot. The next pass was stopped by a House foul and the ball stayed at the Hall goal for several minutes during which the playing was fast and hard at that end of the field. Then, on a fumble, it was passed down to the House again and a double foul was called. Neither side scored, and the ball started at center again. After a few minutes of hard play a House foul was called and, after the try, a field goal was thrown by Frances, making the score two to two just as the whistle blew for time.

In the second half the playing was neither steady nor continuous as there were even more stops on account of fouls than in the first half. The ball was held at the House goal the greater part of the time and three goals were made, two by Rosabel and one by Gladys. About a minute before time was called, the ball was passed to the Hall goal and Frances put it in by an underthrow, leaving the score eight to four in favor of the House.

Line-up:

HOUSE.

Moses r. c. (Capt.)
Downer l. c.
Morehead c. c.
Calhoun l. g. (Sub.)
Faulds r. g.
Sampliner l. h. (3) (sub.)

Lawrence r. h. (1) (sub.)

Field Goals—4 Free Goals—0. Fouls—6. HALL.

Boynton r. c.
Dyer l. c.
Cooke c. c.
Pierce l. g.
Mansfield r. g.
Carr l. h. (Capt.)
Herman r. h. (2)

Field Goals—2.
Free Goals—0.
Fouls—8.
MARION V. CHASE.

OUR LAST BASKET BALL GAME.

May fourth was a day full of excitement, for the basket ball game was to be played, the rubber, that decided the championship.

The game was called at 2.30 and the teams and their respective rooters were there promptly. "Rah! Rah! Rah! The Hall!" came inspiringly from the side lines as the teams lined up. The ball was thrown up between the two centres and batted over towards the House goal, and after a few minutes playing around the goal Gwyneth Browne dropped it neatly into the basket.

Gwyneth Browne played a splendid game for the House, making all of their baskets. Dorothy Downer and Mildred Moses were like streaks of lightning darting about the field, and each played her usual good game.

For the Hall, Cornelia Cooke and Frances Herman played the best game.

The game was an exciting one, although not as well played as the other two. Fumbling and wild throwing characterized the Hall playing and for the House the team work in the centre was not up to its usual mark.

When time was called at the end of second half the score stood 10-14 House.

Goals were made by the following girls:

HALL.

Goals. Frances Herman—4.

Joanna Carr—1.

Line-up was as follows:

HALL.

Boynton r. c.

Dyer 1. c.

Cooke c. c.

Pierce 1. g.

Mansfield r. g.

Carr l. h. (Capt.)

Herman r. h.

HOUSE.

Goals.

Gwyneth Brown—6.

Goals on Fouls.

Gwyneth Brown—2.

HOUSE.

Moses r. c. (Capt.)

Downer 1. c.

Morehead c. c.

Brown 1. h.

Faulds r. g.

Sampliner 1. h. (sub.)

Lawrence r. g. (sub.)

MARJORIE HAMILTON.

FIELD DAY.

This year the weather man was a little more amiable than he was last year and Field Day was really celebrated on Miss Rogers' birthday. In the morning as usual we had Field sports in which almost every girl in the school entered. The spectators. among whom were many of the old girls who always come back for Field Day, sat around warmly wrapped up in blankets and coats, lustily cheering on their favorites. Gwyneth Browne proved herself the star of the meet, winning thirty-two points including five firsts and a number of seconds. Mildred Moses, who came second, broke two school records, throwing the baseball twenty-three feet further than last year's record, and breaking the former record in the Hop-Step and Jump of 26.10 and setting it at 29.10. One of the most amusing events in the whole contest was the sack race. About ten girls started off, gripping firmly the tops of their sacks, wearing a "do or die" expression. But no sooner had they started than at least five of them fell down helplessly entangled in their respective sacks. Helen Nesmith, however, was wonderfully successful and hopped triumphantly down the field leaving her opponents sprawling hopelessly on the ground. Miriam Pierce, after making several unsuccessful attempts at getting on her feet rolled all the way to the finish. After all this excitement we were a pretty hungry crowd of girls. How good the delicious lobster salad, strawberries and ice cream did taste. Miss Bulson and Miss Dorothy certainly had to work quickly to keep filled the many plates, which were so eagerly thrust before them. In the afternoon there was a baseball game between two picked teams captained by Frances Herman and Miriam Pierce respectively.

EUGENIA MEIGS.

FIELD DAY PROGRAMME.

I. 50 YARD DASH-

G. Browne, M. Baldwin, M. Stewart, M. Moses, H. Faulds, H. Nesmith, A. Hall, M. Fish. Finals—1st, G. Browne; 2d, M. Moses; 3d, Billings.

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II. THREE LEGGED RACE—
1 (M. Baldwin, 5 (M. Walker, (K. Dyer, (K. Kessinger,
                                                   8 (R. Morehead, 11 (V. Towle, (M. Pierce, (C. Cooke,
                                                    9 (E. Fields,
(H. Faulds,
2 (E. Hockmeyer, 6 (I. Snow,
                                                                           12 (E. French,
                                                                               (L. Darracott.
   (B. Brown,
                         (A. Hall,
                         7 (H. Nesmith,
3 (S. McEvoy,
                                                  10 (B. Mudgett, 13 (B. Browne,
                         (N. Conant,
                                                    (D. Tobey,
                                                                               (M. Stewart.
   (E. Talbot,
4 (G. Parker,
  (A. Billings,
      1st Heat—1st, 4; 2d, 1; 3d, 3.
2d Heat—1st, 13; 2d, 2; 3d, 10.
Finals—1st, 13; 2d, 2; 3d, 4.
III. THROWING THE BASEBALL-
      G. Browne, F. Herman, M. Moses, R. Frishie R. Morehead, J. Burke,
                                                                            M. Stewart,
                                                                            R. Newton.
      K. Dyer.
      1st, M. Moses; 2d, G. Browne; 3d, R. Morehead.
IV. RUNNING HIGH JUMP-
      G. Browne, F. Herman,
M. Pierce, H. Nesmith,
1st, Herman; 2d, Pierce; Tie, Nesmith.
                                                                        M. Stewart, M. Fish.
      POTATO RACE-
     A. Cone, M. Pierce, K. Dyer, M. Baldv
R. Morehead, E. Stevens, F. Herman, A. Hall,
R. Woodbury, R. Newton, J. Burke, I. Snow,
B. Mudgett, D. Tobey, M. Kennedy.
1st Heat—1st, Nesmith; 2d, Browne; 3d, Hall.
2d Heat—1st, Billings; 2d, Stewart; 3d, Burke.
Finals—1st, Hall; 2d, Browne; 3d, Nesmith.
                                                                        M. Baldwin,
VI. PUTTING THE SHOT-
            G. Browne,
M. Pierce,
                                          B. Frisbie,
                                                                    H. Nesmith.
      M. Pierce, M. Fish.
1st, Browne; 2d, Pierce; 3d, Nesmith.
VII. HOP-STEP AND JUMP—
G. Browne, D. Downer,
      G. Browne,
R. Newton,
S. McEvoy,
                                             M. Pierce,
M. Stewart,
R. Morehead,
H. Faulds.
                                                                            E. Hockmeyer,
                             E. Talbot,
C. Cooke,
                                                                           M. Fish,
M. Kennedy,
                       B. Brown,
      M. Moses,
      1st, Moses; 2d, Browne; 3d, Stewart.
VIII.
          JUNIOR 50 YARD DASH—
            G. Billings, K. Darracott, E. Hockmeyer, S. McEvoy,
                                                                        E. Talbot.
                                                                       B. Brown.
      1st, Talbot; 2d, Billings; 3d, Hockmeyer.
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75 YARD DASH—
M. Moses, H. Nesmith, H. Faulds, M. Fish.
1st, Browne; 2d, Moses; 3d, Stewart.

THROWING THE BASKET BALL—B. Frisbie, H. Faulds, G. Lav. R. Newton, C. Cooke, J. Bur X. G. Lawrence, M. Kennedy, J. Burke. 1st, Browne; 2d, Frisbie; 3d, Mansfield.

XI. RUNNING BROAD JUMP-M. Pierce, R. Morehead. M. Moses, M. Stewart, M. Fish, 1st, Moses; 2d, Browne; 3d, Nesmith. F. Herman.

XII. SACK RACE— I. Snow, A. Cone, B. Mudgett, K. Dyer, E. Hockmeyer, B. Brown,
L. Darracott, R. Newton, A. Billings, H. Faulds, M. Baldwin, S. McEvoy. E. Talbot, G. Parker, E. French. C. Cooke, E. Stevens, A. Hall. D. Tobey, M. Fish, K. Darracott. 1st Heat—1st, Baldwin; 2d, Nesmith; 3d, Field. 2d Heat—1st, Parker; 2d, Browne; 3d, Hockmeyer.

3d Heat—1st, Downer; 2d, Stewart; 3d, Hall. Finals—1st, Nesmith; 2d, Baldwin; 3d, Stewart.

JUNIOR POTATO RACE— A. Billings, N. Kemp, E. French, E. Hockmeyer, K. Darracott, S. McEvoy, L. Darracott, B. Brown, E. Talbot, G. Parker. 1st, Hockmeyer; 2d, Billings; 3d, Darracott.

XIV. RELAY RACE— House Team. Day Team.

XV. BASEBALL—

2 р. м.

FIELD DAY BASEBALL GAME.

Field Day afternoon was celebrated in the usual way, by a baseball game. The House and Hall teams had not been settled upon, so two Hall girls were made captains, Miriam Pierce one, against Frances Herman, and each had a mixed team of House and Hall. The pitchers and catchers remained the same, however. The Pierce team came to the bat first, and Etta Boynton reached first base safely. Miriam was up next and after numerous fouls advanced Etta on a sacrifice hit, reaching first herself. Frances' team left the field with a score of two against them, but before the side was out five runs were made. In the next inning the score was raised to three by Miss Harrison who had taken

Kathryn Dyer's place as pitcher, and Herman's team scored three more. It had begun raining at the end of the first half and now the protests against playing in the pouring rain became louder and more frequent, so it was agreed that only one more inning be played. This inning closed with one more run on Herman's team, leaving the score nine to three in her favor. The nine runs were made by the following: Mansfield (2), Herman (2), Lawrence, Carr, Moses, Morehead and Stewart.

THE TEAMS.

Dyer, Harrison	P.	Moses
Pierce	C.	Morehead
Faulds	1st	Herman
Burke	$2\mathrm{nd}$	Stewart
Fox	3rd	Carr
Boynton	S. S.	Lawrence
Browne	R. F.	Mansfield
Hall	C. F.	Kennedy
Parker	L. F.	Hockmeyer
		MILDRED Moses.

THE BASEBALL GAME.

The annual baseball game was won this year by the House, which completes its series of victories. The game has been considered as belonging to the House all year but during the last week the playing of the Hall infield had so improved that the game was anticipated by the more knowing ones as well worth seeing. It was, however, unfortunate that some of the girls apparently were so sure of the result that they did not give their teams a proper support; some indeed not even coming to the game.

The best feature of the game was the work of the House battery, and the Hall may well congratulate itself that they are to have Rachel Morehead next year.

Considering the fact that the result of the game was anticipated, the Hall played a good, plucky game and kept the score down better than was expected.

After the game twelve very lucky girls were given an R. H., which all had worked hard to obtain, as the letters are given only to those who are regulars on the three teams. Miss Ruth Wilder, an old Rogers Hall girl and prominent athlete gave them out, telling us how much they should mean to us all.

The line up for the game was as follows:

HOUSE.	A. B.	R.	2в.	2в.	R.	A. B.	HALL.
Morehead, c.	3	2	2			2	Carr
Hall, r. f.	3					2	Pierce
Moses, p.	3	2	1			2	Cooke
Kennedy, c. f.	3	1		1	1	2	Herman
Downer, 3b.	3	1	1			2	Burke
Stewart, 2b.	3	1				2	Boynton
Browne, 1. f.	3					2	Dyer
Faulds, 1b.	3	2				1	Mansfield
Lawrence, s. s.	2					1	Newton
Total	26	9			1	16	

Struck out—Moses 13, Dyer 10. Left on bases—Lawrence, Downer. Two base hits—Morehead, Moses, Downer, Herman. Wild pitch—Moses 2. Struck by pitched ball—Browne.

DOROTHY MERCER.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

Generally, when the word tournament is mentioned all the girls look frightened and imagine they must go through some awful ordeal. But it was not that way this year when the news of the tennis tournament was announced. The paper on which we were to sign had hardly been posted before a number of names appeared on it. Before long everything was arranged and the girls drew for opponents. The first to play were Gwyneth Browne and Julia Burke against Bonney Lilley and Marjorie Fox, the latter winning two out of three games. The scores were (6-4) (6-0) (6-4). On the other court during this time. Elsie Lunham and Rosabel Sampliner were playing against Snow and Stewart. At times the playing was very good and for a while we could hardly tell who would come out victorious. Irene Snow and Marjorie Stewart worked up and won the first two sets (8-6) (6-1). Faulds and Moses, having as opponents Carol Calhoun and Dorothy Downer, played one set and started a second, but as study hour commenced they were to play it on on the following Tuesday. On Tuesday, Faulds and Moses defaulted to their opponents.

The girls left in the tournament for the semi-finals were Stewart-Snow, Herman-Morehead who drew the bye, Calhoun-Downer and Fox-Lilley. They drew for whom they were to play against, Stewart-Snow drawing the number corresponding to Calhoun-Downer and Herman-Morehead the same as Fox-Lilley. These eight girls all play very good games and so drew forth a number of spectators. Calhoun and Downer won from Stewart and Snow (6—2) (6—3), and, although it was not an even score, still the playing was a marked improvement over Thursday's. Herman and Morehead won from Fox and Lilley, one set being a love set and the other (6—4).

The finals between Calhoun-Downer and Herman-Morehead were started on Tuesday and played off on Thursday. Rachel Morehead played better at this time than during the whole tournament and there were many pretty plays by Dorothy Downer. In the finals three out of five sets have to be won before the champions for the year are chosen. The champion-

ship went to Rachel Morehead and Frances Herman, who won three sets straight (6—4) (6—3) (6—3). Of course it is a great honor to win the tournament, but it seems to me that it is a still greater honor to receive as rewards the tennis racket covers with the R. H.'s on them. An R. H. means a great deal to a true Rogers Hall girl and I am sure we consider Rachel and Frances very lucky to be called the tennis champions of Rogers Hall for the year 1908.

Helen Faulds.

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT.

Among other guests on Founder's Day, May 7th, were three of our old-time athletes, Josephine Morse (1907), Polly Pew, and Dorothy Wright (1906).

Clara Francis (1903), who is travelling abroad, was last heard from in Sicily.

Elizabeth James has been touring through the north of France, and expects to return home about May 27th.

Carnzu Abbot sailed for Genoa on April 21st. She will spend the next three months motoring in France and England.

Louise Hyde is to be married June 3rd to Dr. Frederick Mason. Helen Easton is to be her maid of honor.

Mrs. Alexander Magruder, (Elinor Palmer, R. H. 1900, Radcliffe, 1904), has returned to Lowell for a short visit.

Dorothy Norton was a member of the Junior Prom. Committee at Smith.

Caroline Wright, (R. H. 1903, Radcliffe 1907), had the leading woman's part in the production of "Our Boys," given April 23rd and May 20th for the benefit of a Lowell charity.

Many Rogers Hall girls took part in the "Pageant of Flowers" given on April 25th by the Lowell Art Association. They were Ruth Burke, Ada Chalifoux, Pauline Farrington, Dorothy Wright, Juliette Huntress, Isabel Nesmith, Harriet Nesmith. Jessie Ames (R. H. 1899, Smith 1903) was an ideal Queen Flora.

Alma Rogerson has announced her engagement.

Among the alumnæ at Commencement were Marion Chandler, Marguerite Roesing, Beatrice Lyford, Alma Shepard, Ruth MacCracken, Lois Fonda, Ruby Abbott, Anna Newhall, Margaret Delano, Calla Wilson, Grace Smith, Ruth Sprague, Polly Pew, Ethel Merriam and Josephine Morse.

Dorothy Eckhart (R. H. '02, Vassar '06) has announced her engagement to Rev. E. Reginald Williams, rector of the Church of the Holy Comforter at Kenilworth, Illinois. The wedding will take place in the fall.

Mary Dewey (R. H. 1897) is to be married on June tenth to Mr. Rolfe Wheelock Smith.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Horace Coburn we are able to publish extracts from a couple of letters which Miss Harriet Coburn has written during her trip abroad. We know they will be of great interest to the many girls who knew her, either as pupil or teacher at Rogers Hall.

CAIRO.

"Most of the things in the Arabic Museum weren't especially interesting as we couldn't read what they were about, but I was interested in the beautiful old copies of the Koran in the library, some of them done before the reign of William the Conqueror.

We went into another mosque that I liked better than any of them it was so elaborately colored and had palm-trees and banyans growing inside. As it was on about the filthiest street you can imagine, it was a relief to get into that quiet shady place with two cats, and a monkey, and several babies playing quietly. Of course we drove through those queer little streets again; they're adorable from a carriage but something too awful afoot with the flies, and the blind people asking for baksheesh, and the innumerable stalls piled full of deadly looking pastry.

One of the nicest things we've done we did on Monday, and that was seeing one of the handsome old harems. It is not now in use, but is in perfect condition, and gave me more insight into the lives of these poor women than anything else, with its beautiful banqueting hall and innumerable spy-holes.

Tuesday was to me the banner day of all for we went to Sakara. It was an interesting trip though I wish I could see the Nile with the mountain scenery as you do further up. Just as we got to the Nile bridge a regiment of English soldiers in their kahki suits was crossing, followed by their pack-train of camels, single file. There must have been two hundred of them, for as long as the bridge was in sight we could still see their woggly heads above the railing.

All along the banks were odd water-wheels with earthen jars tied on them, turned by a camel or a water-buffalo or in some places by men. We saw the place where Pharaoh's daughter found Moses but not a bulrush was in sight.

After having lunch on the launch, we were dumped off on a muddy bank where our donkey-boys were waiting for us. I had one who spoke very good English and who said he knew French and German

"O yes," he said, "me Mohammedan, me go to school, me ver' fine boy." He interested me because he was pure Egyptian and had hair just the same color as that on Rameses' mummy.

There never was anything more delightful than that donkey-ride to Sakara. We went through fields of clover, along narrow little walks used in flood time, and through two large mud villages. Just before we reached the desert we came to old Memphis, now nothing but miles of mounds, with palm-trees everywhere and groups of excavators still at work. It was interesting to see the two colossal statues of Rameses, one almost perfectly preserved, hewn out of one piece of red granite. Yet there's something oppressive about those miles of cemeteries and buried houses, especially when the whole place is strewn with fragments of human bones."

LEAVING JAFFA, ENTERING CONSTANTINOPLE.

"The darkness had come before we got on deck but the moon was brilliant and the miniarets and turrets of the mosques looked very lovely. The harbor was a little disappointing the next morning for I expected to see the mountains rising behind the city. It's a tremendous place with some very handsome

buildings rather picturesquely mixed in with every variety of stucco house and unpainted wooden ones with red roofs. From where our ship was, the entrance to the Bosporus looked too small to squeeze through.

The city was a disappointment to everyone, (I don't know exactly what we expected but it was something more than we got) still it would have been worth the trip just to see that sarcophagus of Alexander. It positively took my breath away it was so beautiful. Everything about it is perfect, I don't believe anything in Athens can equal it. We saw the mosque of Santa Sophia, too,—fine, but not so perfect as I had imagined it to be.

We drove around the city, went up in the Galata tower and had a perfectly magnificent view of the city; and got down the dark, queer steps alive, rather to my surprise. All this country gives you a queer feeling. Everyone is followed, and if possible every bit of one's conversation is listened to. In Santa Sophia they took us into a dark way with a Turkish creature with a loaded revolver stuck nonchalantly in his sash, and then bolted all the doors behind us. I had visions of spending the rest of my life in a harem, but nothing happened at all exciting.

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We had lunch at the Austrian restaurant and then went to see the whirling dervishes. They do it just the way they do in Barnum's but it was interesting to see them with a priest directing them and a choir chanting in their own mosque. We thought we were going to a harem, but as it was Friday, their Sunday, our guide couldn't get us in. We went into the palace of the Sultan's mother, though, a very interesting place with all the walls made of the loveliest blue tiles, and then, of course, we had to wander around the bazaars again for a last look at the queer candy and blanc manges.

The sail up the Bosporus! It was the loveliest thing I've ever done and I'd no idea it would be. For the first time the fascination of Constantinople got hold of me,—those rolling green hills, so close to us, the most varied and picturesque little villages, with darling toy gardens, and here and there a castle or a fort. It's the twistiest piece of water imaginable for a large ship. When we came to Roberts College we were not a quarter of a mile from shore and the boys were all lined up along the wall waving to us. Our flag, saluted, the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and we were all most enthusiastic and patriotic. It's the finest thing in all Turkey and I'm glad it's American."

COMMENCEMENT.

It doesn't seem possible that yesterday I graduated from Rogers Hall and am now part of that honorable number—the Alumnæ. Down here at Scituate there are so many of the class that there hasn't been a very tearful separation. Gerry, Splash, Connie, Gladys, Joanna, Virginia and myself are together with nothing to do all day but digin the sand and wash dishes. The others are scattered far and near and we probably won't all be together again until we meet next year in the dear old schoolroom to see those who have taken our places graduate.

Yesterday we were in the schoolroom receiving our diplomas; sad at leaving Rogers Hall forever but glad that summer vacation had come, the vacation that for most of us is going to last all our lives. But Hazel, Natalie and the three Marjories are going to college; Hazel and Natalie to Smith, Marjorie Stewart to Vassar, Marjory Fish to Bryn Mawr and Marjorie Fox to Simmons.

People said that because there were thirteen of us we were too unlucky to have a sunny day but for once thirteen proved a lucky number and brought us the nicest kind of day, sunny and cool.

Everybody was up bright and early for Commencement was to be at ten and all the rooms had to be decorated and ready. The Seniors, who for once did not have to work, were under everyone's feet until sent to dress themselves, to look as much as possible like Sweet Girl Graduates.

We thought we would be original this year and follow no precedent but our own sweet wills so we did away with the conventional red roses and instead had large bouquets of lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots. Blue and white were the class colors.

Dr. Crothers, whose humorous and clever essays most of us have read, gave the graduation speech and even surpassed our expectations. It was delightful to listen to his straightforward, direct way of speaking and his bright and amusing similes. By living up to our motto "Possunt qui volunt" we may be able to do some of the things he said we owed to ourselves.

Dr. Wallace, who has greatly endeared himself to us all by the interest he himself seemed to take in the Bible lessons he has given us during the winter, accepted our gift to the school in behalf of the Trustees.

Cornelia presented the class gift in the name of the class of 1908 in such a simple, unaffected manner that we were justly proud of her.

Now it is all over and there is nothing left to remind us that June second was the Day of Days except a roll of sheepskin and happy and tender memories of the school we have left forever.

After the exercises everyone went out on the lawn for luncheon. It was great fun meeting the fathers and mothers and the best friends of our friends and the luncheon itself was delicious. It was hard work leaving at last but we had to do it as school was over and trains refuse to wait while one prolongs one's farewells.

DOROTHY MERCER.

